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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE present exhibition of the Royal Academy is considerably above the comparatively low average of late years. For several past seasons the public have had to deplore the absence of some of our leading artists, and the consequent want of commanding works. Royal Academicians, in fact, have starved their own exhibition by their efforts made to enrich the palace at Westminster with great historic works executed in fresco and water-glass. Dyce died, as it were, with his pencil in hand, having given, not to easel but to mural paintings, the best years of his life. Herbert has just finished in the Peers' robing-room a grand composition, which will for coming generations be the glory of the English school, and his labour, thus concentrated at Westminster, is of course so much energy diverted from Trafalgar Square. Maclise, in like manner, has poured forth the exuberance of his genius in vast monumental tableaux which, henceforth as graven tablets of history, will go down to latest posterity, to the honour of our British Art and the glory of our country's arms. He too, therefore, has been unable, from time to time, to place his bold broad mark on the walls of the Academy. E. M. Ward, it is true, last year gave to the exhibition one of its leading attractions, 'The Visit of the Foundlings to Hogarth's Studio;' but this May we miss again his graphic hand, save in a minor contribution, the labour of the summer months having been devoted to the painting of 'The Landing of Charles II.,' one of the series of works taken from English history wherewith he adorns the Commons' corridor. By like commissions the crowning efforts of C. W. Cope have been concentrated on St. Stephens, and consequently have migrated from Charing Cross. It is due to these artists, and to the Academy, which thereby loses in *éclat*, that these facts should be recounted; it is right, moreover, it should be known that these painters have not only denuded the exhibition, but, at the same time, have impoverished themselves by their arduous efforts to raise in this country a school of historic and monumental Art. In passing, we may say that parliament has doled out to these academicians a remuneration wholly inadequate, and that works of which the country has reason to be proud are now prosecuted under a hard contract at a positive pecuniary sacrifice. We feel persuaded that this grievance requires only to be known in order to receive prompt redress. This rehearsal of labours "in another place" we have made in order to give a good reason why the Royal Academy exhibition of late years has shown a falling away among the upper ranks of exhibitors; and why, at the same time and in the same proportion, the burden as well as the renown of sustaining the ancient honour of the exhibition have fallen upon younger shoulders. The case being thus fairly stated, the oft-repeated charge of growing decrepitude and decadence in the Academy itself is shown to be manifestly unjust. We believe, indeed, that this corporate body was never in greater strength; and we feel convinced, moreover, that if it will but accede to the salutary reforms enunciated by the recent Royal Commission,—if it will be content to widen its area, to reorganise its schools, and to admit both as students and members, the available talent of the country, which now lies outside, aloof, and even hostile,—we shall then all live to witness the Academy itself consolidated in its power; we shall find the Arts of the country ready to acknowledge in a wisely constituted body the fostering care of a parent; we shall see that our painters, sculptors, and architects will, as indeed they now do, only with warmer zeal and more confiding trust, flock and congregate to this the great exhibition of the year as to an arena where honours may be won, and a tribunal where the judgment of professional peers will pronounce a just verdict.

We repeat, the present exhibition is excellent; and that not only in the possession of a fair proportion of leading and first-class pictures, but also from the large number of works of merit or promise contributed by rising or absolutely unknown artists. A rapid enumeration of some of the principal pictures which adorn each room in succession, will serve to show the character of the collection, and to indicate in what directions its strength lies. In the East, or Large Room, the three posts of honour are occupied by the following works:—a brilliant scene from the easel of Mr. PHILLIP, 'The Spanish Wake;' an effective composition from Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, Polar bears, bearing the moralising title, 'Man proposes, God disposes;' and thirdly, an interior of crowded incident and detail, 'The House of the Coptic Patriarch, Cairo,' elaborated by J. F. LEWIS. Nearly opposite, in a small canvas, sits a little girl, 'My Second Sermon,' painted by J. E. MILLAIS, a sequel to 'My First Sermon,' of last exhibition. The grand style is represented by a life-size picture, 'Ahab and Jezebel,' by E. ARMITAGE. The ocean is, as of old, under the sway of CLARKSON STANFIELD, in two of his most charming compositions, 'Peace' and 'War:' the English coast has been again patrolled by J. C. HOOK; as witness several scenes on the Cornish shore, among which miners "from under the sea" may be specially commended; and then the large room closes its brilliant array by one of the most remarkable pictures of the year, 'Dante in Exile,' by F. LEIGHTON. Coming to the Middle Room, we are greeted by an assemblage scarcely less illustrious. In 'The Burial of John Hampden,' by P. H. CALDERON, we have a scene solemnly shadowed in mourning; in 'The Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend,' a gay festivity; and in 'The Castle of St. Angelo,' by DAVID ROBERTS, we are treading, as it were, on the broad stage of history. The West Room is fortunate in the possession of capital works, some of which, by their unwonted size, break the monotony of the horizontal line, and give grateful variety. F. GOODALL'S 'Messenger from Sinai' comes as a justification of his election as an academician, if any vindication were required for an honour certainly earned several years before it was conferred. A. ELMORE'S 'Excelsior' is certainly as noble a work as this studious painter ever produced. C. W. COPE'S 'Contemplation' has much of the rapt devotion of the Italian masters. The fourth large upright picture is thoroughly English, a landscape 'In the North Country,' by T. CRESWICK. We must not forget to mention, among the works which give further value to the West Room, 'Ruins of a Roman Bridge, Tangier,' by E. W. COOKE; 'Luther Posting his Theses on the Church-door of Wittenberg,' by E. CROWE; 'La Reine malheureuse,' by W. F. YEAMES; 'The Last Tack Home,' by J. G. NAISH; and 'The Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century,' by J. HAYLLAR. Such, in brief, are among the pictures which arrested our attention on the day of the private view. We will now proceed in detail to the analysis and classification of the entire Exhibition.

HIGH ART:

HISTORY—SACRED AND SECULAR.

"It cannot be doubted," writes Mr. Watts, in a letter addressed to Lord Elcho, a member of the recent Royal Academy Commission, "it cannot be doubted that the English School of Art, in many respects admirable, is deficient in elevation and majesty, qualities in which English literature is second to none." . . . . "It appears to me," he continues, "to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English Art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history; the power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost entirely without corresponding expression in English Art." . . . . "But a people who care more for Handel's music than for that of any other composer, would not long be insensible to similar impressions conveyed in a different but very analogous form." We have quoted these passages, because they come as the deliberate judgment of a painter who, in public opinion, has been identified with high Art, and because they thus with weight pronounce on the well-known deficiencies of the English school; while, at the same time, assurance is given that the genius of our artists and the aspiration of our people will yet find in nobly-executed works the worthy manifestation of great deeds and grand thoughts. But it cannot be doubted that our English artists have hitherto been denied the training essential to the execution of severe historic designs, and, consequently, such efforts in their hands but too often degenerate into mere studies of costume. Our English school of painting, from this its deficiency in tuition, is certainly inferior to foreign academies, in the essential element of drawing. A French student, as compared with an English student, certainly enjoys superior advantages, which are at once evident on a survey of the monumental pictures and other like works executed in Paris under each successive dynasty. A French student enters the "Académie des Beaux Arts," at the same time he probably has joined himself to the *atelier* of a leading painter, his guide and master, such as Delaroche and Coignet of former days; and then, as the ultimate reward of his labours, he obtains the *grand prix de Rome*, under which, freed from the necessity of painting to live, he is able, at the expense of the state, to lodge in the Villa Medici on the Pincian Hill, and under the tuition of a duly qualified director, such as Ingres, Horace Vernet, or Delaroche, to study and to acquire the lofty style of Art. The want of some like organised system and state endowment is alone sufficient to account for the comparatively low condition of high historic painting in this country. Nevertheless we are among those who gladly acknowledge the debt of

gratitude due to the Royal Academy for having, over the space of nearly a century, sustained schools where gratuitous instruction has been received. Still the need of something more searching and thorough is now all but universally felt, and each recurring exhibition does but prove that the reform and reorganisation of the schools can no longer be delayed. Mr. Watts states that when very young he entered the Academy classes, but finding there was no teaching he very soon ceased to attend. And if we look around the present exhibition, we are forced to the conclusion that many others among our painters, following the example of Mr. Watts, ceased at an elementary stage to prosecute their studies in the schools of the Academy: and thus, thrown upon individual resources, they have been left to pick up knowledge as best they were able. Furthermore, it is a fact worthy of note that three of the chief representatives of high Art on these walls—Mr. Armitage, the painter of 'Ahab and Jezebel,' Mr. Leighton, who exhibits 'Dante in Exile,' and Mr. Watts, the designer of 'Time and Oblivion'—have matured their several styles by foreign travel, or through the aid of continental academies.

E. Armitage, in his picture of 'Ahab and Jezebel' (15), has furnished the exhibition with a noble example of a historic subject treated in the academic style. The theme which the painter here sets forth in simple majesty is taken from the twenty-first chapter of the First Book of Kings. Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab, King of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard. But Naboth replied to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And thereupon Ahab went into his house heavy and displeased, and he laid him down upon his bed and turned away his face, and would eat no bread. But Jezebel his wife came unto him and said, Why is thy spirit so sad? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry, I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth. These words literally describe the picture which Mr. Armitage has painted. The king—a regal figure crowned with diadem, robed in sumptuous attire, and upwards of seven feet in stature—reclines an effeminate sybarite on a couch. He is sick at heart, his countenance is sullen, even sorrowful, and the grapes and the wine are laid aside untasted. Over his head bends, or rather, as a fury, cowers, the wicked Jezebel, who, as an Eastern Lady Macbeth, goads an irresolute husband to a deed of infamy. She is robed as a queen in rich array. On her brow shines a tiara; her hair falling thickly on the shoulders is bound by a turban, and round about her loins sits an Eastern shawl of dazzling splendour. Like a tiger thirsting for blood, this demon of passion, with clenched hand, seems eager to spring upon her prey. The artist, in his effort to depict this character in its concentrated villainy, has, we think, gone rather beyond the moderation which the high historic style imposes, an error which is now admitted on all hands to have marred some of the otherwise grand, perhaps in a certain sense too grand, conceptions of Fuseli and Haydon. Yet, taken for all in all, this picture by Mr. Armitage commands high commendation. In his previous works the painter has been content with a broad bold treatment, but in the present picture, which, we think, must be received as his most mature effort, he attempts something more. To a firmly drawn outline—an outline or composition, be it observed, partaking of the character and style of the classic bas-relief—he adds elaborated detail. The couch of porphyry inlaid with ivory, the rich curtain decorated with griffins devouring grapes, the bas-relief of an avenging God drawing the bow, and other carefully-studied accessories, have been culled from plates drawn by Mr. Layard, and from the Assyrian remains in the British Museum. By this masterly work Mr. Armitage gives proof of his qualifications for the office of director of the schools of the Academy—an office which we trust will, with least possible delay, be instituted as part of the contemplated reforms, and for the performance of the arduous duties involved in which appointment Mr. Armitage, in the opinion of competent authorities, has, by his academic antecedents, become eminently qualified.

F. Leighton shows in strength: indeed, powers which have been previously scattered, strivings that have hitherto fallen short of the ends at which they have aimed, are in the present exhibition gathered together, and have now in great degree found their fulfilment. The promise given and the success attained by the artist's first picture of 'Cimabue,' here, in his last work, 'Dante in Exile' (194), reach fruition. The painter has chosen a period when the poet, driven into exile, sought asylum in the palace of the Duca della Scala, in the dissolute city of Verona. Dante, a tall gaunt figure, austere in every lineament, and of countenance pain-worn and awe-striking, descends the palace stairs, a Jeremiah among inspired bards, bearing the judgment of woe and retribution for a guilty generation. His soul is darkened by suffering; for, to quote his own dire words, prophetic of his doom, "Thou," even

> "Thou shalt prove
> How salt the savour is of other's bread;
> How hard the passage to descend and climb
> By other's stairs. But what shall gall thee most,
> Will be the worthless and vile company
> With whom thou must be thrown while in these straits."

The single figure of Dante stands alone—as heaven-born genius is wont to do—isolated and misunderstood, and even serving but as an object of pointed contempt and open scorn. Gay and dissolute courtiers, and idle hangers about town—for in the fourteenth century, even as now in the present day, the frivolous-minded of both sexes formed the multitude, and gave tone to what was called society—such characters, and the best, indeed, of their kind, are gathered into groups to watch the steps and scrutinise the mien of this strange seer of visions, the latest novelty and the greatest wonder in the city of Verona. This, then, is the composition of Mr. Leighton's work:—a palace stairs and court as a background, Dante for a central figure, and gay groups of fashion and beauty as accessories and surroundings. The contrasts are managed for effect. On the right is a head of command, noble in its form and aspect; in its front stands, as a foil, the court jester. On the other side are grouped ladies which, for bloom of youth and subtle sensibility of beauty, were not unworthy of a poet's love; in opposition is placed an old lady, shrewd and keen in line of strongly-marked features. The whole picture, indeed, shows knowledge; the composition has been matter of coolest calculation, the dealing out of the colours a question of chromatic equivalents. We are not quite sure that we can speak so unequivocally of the spirit or sentiment wherewith the forms are instinct. Finesse is not wholly compatible with simplicity; the academic style is apt to be artificial, and high Art may be pushed so far as to throw aside nature. Mr. Leighton's two remaining pictures, though smaller in size, are scarcely less provocative of criticism. 'Orpheus and Eurydice' (217) brings into prominence both the faults and the merits of the artist. Orpheus receives with repellent hand the passionate appeal of Eurydice. The face of the man-deity, far from muse-inspired, seems sunk in sensuality, and becomes painful through an expression scarcely within the limits of moderation. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that on the figure of Eurydice has been showered surpassing beauty: the face is delicate, as if of chiselled alabaster; the throat and neck, of gentlest curves of grace, are tenderly modelled, shaded with pearly greys. The action of the arms too, and the fall of the carefully-studied drapery, are composed with a sensitive eye for symmetry. Mr. Leighton's third and last picture, 'Golden Hours' (293), possesses more naturalistic vigour, but in the squareness of a pair of shoulders, and in the clumsiness of the lady's waist, it scarcely escapes bodily deformity. The head, however, of the cavalier who makes the hours golden through music, comes as the redeeming point. This is a face in every feature responsive to Art's ennobling impulse; sensuous indeed it is, and dreamy to the last degree, as men muse-inspired are wont to be. These three pictures, certainly among the artist's very best, above all afford satisfactory proof that Mr. Leighton possesses the enviable power not so much of learning as of unlearning. Hostile criticisms are flying about against these performances; but censors will turn eulogists if the artist can but look more simply to nature, and cast from him preconceived conceptions which taint even his choicest forms of beauty. All men are in danger of mannerism; and this is the rock upon which Mr. Leighton has long been threatened with shipwreck. He, however, has turned the helm, and now steers on a safer tack.

P. H. Calderon last year produced a deep impression by his studious picture, an episode in "the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." To the present exhibition he contributes a work no less thoughtful, and suggestive of reflections stretching far beyond the limits of his canvas, 'The Burial of John Hampden' (204). During an action at Chalgrove, Oxfordshire, in the year 1643, Hampden was struck with a bullet, and, some days after, died of his wound. Had the parliamentary party sustained a complete overthrow, the consternation of the army could not have been greater. Hampden was loved and venerated by his people, and now his comrades in arms follow with mournful steps his body to the grave. "All the troops," writes Lord Nugent in his Memorials, "that could be spared from the quarters round joined to escort the honoured corpse to its last resting-place, once his beloved abode, among the hills and woods of the Chilterns. They followed him to his grave in the parish church, close adjoining his mansion, their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered. Thus they marched, singing the 90th Psalm as they proceeded to the funeral." This impressive narrative has prompted Mr. Calderon to the painting of a solemn picture. The company of sorrow-bending mourners, warriors whose stout hearts are melting, have filed in funereal array through the woods of the Chilterns, and the coffin just reaches the porch of the humble church, as the sun goes down behind the hills. Mr. Calderon's treatment is in keeping with the situation and occasion. The colour is, of course, sombre; the general aspect of the picture even melancholy. The character of the resolute and manly heads, so strongly marked in the time of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth, the artist portrays with accordant breadth and power. This painter, in fact, in each picture which he produces, proves himself eminently qualified to seize and to master the great truths that make history,

in its pictorial treatment, a study so noble and yet so arduous. On the other hand, we think that Mr. Calderon might paint a better picture, if he would take the pains to put into his narrative, which is thrown broadcast upon his canvas, greater circumstantial detail, and more minuteness of finish. A painting is not only a thought, it is also a language—a language which, in its grammar, must observe minutest accuracy in etymology, syntax, and rhythm. Last year we asked Mr. Calderon for further finish; again we beg to repeat the request.

The technical, and, indeed, more than technical, imperfections which must prejudice works sometimes thrown off at random from want of patience, and sometimes arrested at a point short of completeness, because the artist has not the required knowledge or skill to carry out his intentions to their close and consummation, are forcibly illustrated by several otherwise commendable pictures, hung so near the eye as to challenge the scrutiny they court. G. A. Storey, for example, puts together a telling and pleasing composition, 'The Meeting of William Seymour and the Lady Arabella Stuart at the Court of James I.' (465), which is marred in considerable degree by an execution that scarcely escapes being slovenly. The heads are but slightly sketched, yet here and there we come upon a figure or a dress faithfully elaborated, showing the painter possesses the requisite power, had he but the will. Again, a very clever picture undoubtedly, 'George Fox refusing to take the oath at Houlker Hall' (471), by J. Pettie, has the dash of a sketch rather than the deliberation of a mature picture. But here again, while the execution is at fault, we have the satisfaction of acknowledging that the thought and intent are in force. George Fox, a figure of rude simplicity, stands steadfast in calm resolve. His judges, in mock solemnity, are painted with the pencil of a satirist. Thus, also, J. E. Hodgson, in a picture, 'Queen Elizabeth at Purfleet' (512), taken, like the work which we noticed last year by the same artist, from the Armada, has pronounced several heads with considerable character; but in technical qualities we have to deplore remissness. The execution is ragged, and the lines and masses are all but wholly without composition. W. J. Grant is another of our young artists whose genius only requires to gather maturing experience. 'Katherine Parr and Henry' (489) is a work composed with knowledge of effect, though the effect gained does not err on the side of weak refinement. The eyes of at least one half of the company start and stare, as is common with a certain style of actors on the stage. Mr. Grant's smaller picture, 'Secret Intelligence' (553), is, we think, better painted, and after a higher mental tone.

History may be dealt with, as we have seen, in so large and even loose a way, as to lack circumstance and reality, or it may be made to chronicle an infinity of trivial detail destructive of power and grandeur. H. Fisk, in his picture of 'Robespierre,' in the last exhibition, fell into the latter snare, and in his contribution to the present Academy, entitled 'The Last Night of Jesus Christ in his Nazarene Home' (551), he still remains a victim to the same fallacy. Yet, barring this littleness in the place of largeness, the work has merit; the conception and situation are novel. The boy Christ has risen from his couch laid on the roof-top overlooking the small town of Nazareth, and nestled among hills; the traveller's staff is by his side, ready for the coming journey, and high thoughts carry his mind to heavenly musings. St. Joseph lies lost in the depth of slumber, for the stars still keep watch in the zenith, and morn has not yet broken in the horizon. The middle-age painters, restricted to a limited series of sacred subjects, were doomed to repeat everlastingly the same idea; Delaroche and other masters of the modern school have been permitted a freer and wider range. If Mr. Fisk has not endowed the divine character of Jesus of Nazareth with fitting dignity, he has, at any rate, added one more incident to a life every circumstance of which were theme for painter, no less than for preacher. W. Gale has apparently taken an Eastern journey, and one of the results of his studies, 'The Virgin led by Joseph' (595), is abundantly careful and painstaking. W. J. Webb, in 'The Lost Sheep' (312), symbolises the Good Shepherd. An Arab, in the wild desert country of Judea, comes upon a lost and weary sheep, which he tenderly bears on his shoulders homewards. The landscape, the rocky foreground, and all other accessories are painted faithfully, and the spirit of the work is serious and earnest. T. Heaphy, by his picture of last year, 'Kepler,' as well as by his work in the present exhibition, 'Bernard Palissy' (592), proves himself one of those painters who, caring little for breadth, expend their power on detail. His figures are carefully worked out, his accessories elaborated under the dictates of a conscience which imposes slavery as a duty. A mother and child have escaped from the lingering ordeal with some remnant of life and nature.

Thus we have described, on the one hand, a school suffering under scattered detail, and, on the other, we have passed in review works which may err from superabundant breadth. Some few of our painters there are who seem to be aiming at the golden mean, at a style which shall reconcile generic truth with individual accident, which shall seek to give humanity its worth, and to keep clothes cut and stitched by the tailor in subordination—a school and a style which will know how to bring out history as the march of civilisation, as the manifestation and development of enduring truths, through the instrumentality of human agents; and thus it is possible that the time may come when the grand movements of the drama of the world's progress, when the great actors that move across the stage, together with each circumstance and detail of costume and furniture, shall assert their rightful prominence, or submit to seemly subordination. For the present, we have still to wait in hope for the advent of this ideal, yet naturalistic, school.

G. F. Watts, in his grand design of 'Time and Oblivion' (437), does not, of course, pretend to have solved the problem of a balanced and well-adjusted historic treatment. By the catalogue we are told that this sketch is intended as "a design for sculpture," "to be executed in diverse materials after the manner of Phidias." The subject does not want in grandeur: "Time," personified, bearing the usual attribute of a scythe, strides with outstretched arms into eternity. By his side "Oblivion" hides her drooping head deep in shadow. The fault we find with this work is not that it fails in finish, to which it does not pretend. It attempts, in fact, nothing more than to sketch an idea in the rough. But the artist has, we think, fallen into an error more fundamental than any mere question of carrying out with completeness his intent; he has failed to distinguish between the treatment severally required by bas-relief and painting, and his work accordingly hesitates and vacillates between the picturesque effect accorded to the one, and the severity required of the other. An attempt, however, so bold and unaccustomed deserves praise. To launch a production, not wholly unworthy of the age of Phidias, to which it aspires, into the midst of an exhibition wherein the master of ceremonies and the vendor or lender of costumes are the dispensers of properties and the arbiters of proprieties, required no small degree of courage.

Among historic pictures which, happily, reach the mean so much to be desired, which duly balance and reconcile breadth of effect with minuteness in circumstantial detail, Mrs. Ward's 'Princes in the Tower' (565) is a felicitous example. The story has been well chosen and skilfully told. The elder of the two princes is seated; his finely-formed head rich in luxuriant hair, and still preserving traits of beauty, though touched with sorrow, leans upon his hand. To the door of the prison, Gloucester, bearing the stamp of villainy in every feature, has brought the younger boy, who starts back in dismay at the sight of his brother a prisoner in the Tower. Scanty light struggles through a small window into this mournful cell, out of which, we are told, the young king and his brother "were never again seen abroad." Mrs. Ward has, on none of her previous pictures, bestowed more thought, or given to execution more care; both for intention and for technical elaboration little remains to be desired. We incline to think, however, that the general effect would have been more pleasing, if a monotony of brown, which in this dungeon, perhaps of necessity, preponderates on floor and walls, could have been broken, and relieved by cooler greys.

The studious and faithful chroniclers of history are increasing in number and augmenting in diligence. It is a good sign for the times when we can, among young and rising members of the profession, add to the historic painters already passed in review the names of Crowe, Yeames, Hayllar, and Rossiter. E. Crowe, by his picture of the present year, 'Luther posting his Theses on the Church Door of Wittemberg' (360), will sustain, if not extend, the reputation he has already made. The scene, which is striking, the artist has effectively put upon canvas. The text for the picture D'Aubigné furnishes in the following graphic passage taken from his "History of the Reformation:"—"On the 31st of October, 1517, at noon on the day preceding the festival of All Saints, Luther, who had already made up his mind, walks boldly towards the church, where a superstitious crowd of pilgrims was repairing, and posts upon the door ninety-five theses, or propositions, against the doctrine of indulgences." Mr. Crowe, if he had been in the service of the pope, could scarcely have satirised Luther more cruelly. We scarcely understand how it is that the hero of the Reformation, who flung an inkstand at the devil, besides performing sundry other equally dramatic and pictorial deeds, has met with such ill appreciation at the hands even of artists supposed to be sympathetic with his labours. We must exclude, then, the principal figure in Mr. Crowe's picture from commendation; excepting this one mistake, which is fortunately not absolutely fatal, we can declare the composition, both in management and execution, satisfactory. The artist has put himself to some pains to render his picture instructive. He introduces portraits of Tetzel, Luther's father, mother, and sister, of Catherine Bora, Lucas Cranach, &c. This introduction of portraits has the merit of blending with history the individuality of biography, after a manner which makes each enhance the interest and the value of the other. Another carefully studied picture by the same artist, 'Dean Swift looking at a Lock of Stella's Hair' (594), illustrates with faithful hand and severe truth a melancholy page in the annals of literature. W. F. Yeames follows up his success of last year

by a work singularly original and striking, 'La Reine malheureuse' (477), taken from the calamities of Henrietta Maria, the devoted queen of the doomed "martyr king." Henrietta had just returned from Holland, whither she had gone to raise supplies for the aid of Charles in the prosecution of his war against the Parliament. She had landed in Burlington Bay only two days when five ships, commanded by the parliamentary admiral, were seen in the offing. The squadron forthwith commences a hot cannonade. The queen and the women of her household, accompanied by cavaliers, are seen in the picture, as they crouch into a ditch to escape the cannon-balls which are whistling loud overhead. The women, and the men too, are cowering with fear. The queen alone remains calm. Mr. Yeames has given to the figures character. His work is throughout well studied. J. Hayllar, in gayer mood, paints a clever and carefully worked-out picture, under the title of 'The Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century' (450). A letter of the period is written in words which now read as if seasoned with humour and irony:—"The journey was marvellous for ease and expedition, for such is the perfect evenness of the new highway, that her highness left the coach only once, whilst hinds and folk of a base sort lifted it on with their poles." Her coach has indeed sunk, if only once, at least with a vengeance deep enough—not less deep than up to the axletree, so perfect was the highway! The ladies, in rich attire, are picking their path with light steps and dainty feet. Mr. Hayllar has veiled his comedy after the manner usually known as "genteel." C. Rossiter paints a clever, though in subject scarcely a pleasing, picture of 'That true St. Margaret, the Scottish maiden whom Claverhouse chained to a post in the rising tide of the sea' (484). This work by C. Rossiter, and the last-mentioned picture by J. Hayllar, are unfortunately hung rather too high for either scrutiny or appreciation. In conclusion, we must not omit to mention two small works, differing from all which have gone before, and differing not less widely the one from the other. 'Sebaste' (380), by Mrs. C. Newton, is in a style unfortunately not favoured by hanging committees. It has nothing of the rude naturalism now in vogue; on the contrary, it is painted tenderly and lovingly, after the later manner known to the Italian spiritualists. The other work to which we have referred, and with which we must hasten to a conclusion the present division of our subject, is a figure of 'Rispah' (33), by R. S. Stanhope, a work mediæval by its severity, and naturalistic through its vigour. Mrs. Newton by beauty touches the heart; Mr. Stanhope, belonging to an opposite school, by forms ungainly assaults the intellect with claim to originality.

COMPOSITIONS—LITERAL, IMAGINATIVE, AND POETIC.

Under the designation of "High Art" we have just passed in review several works which can lay little or no claim to the honourable distinction; and now, in like manner, for the sake of some intelligible classification, which shall preserve a complex series of criticisms from confusion, we must throw together, under the present heading, pictures widely differing from each other. The division upon which we enter occupies an intermediate and extended territory, lying between historic Art as an upper frontier, and the *genre* of the Dutch school at its lower extremity. The intrinsic worth of the compositions we now propose to pass in review depends essentially on the nobility or the beauty of the idea which they express and embody. Artists, we think, are too much accustomed to overlook this important consideration; they too often show themselves indifferent to the thought or motive upon which they are ready to devote—if not, indeed, unworthily to waste—precious days, and weeks, and months, intent all the while chiefly to attain mere technical qualities of colour, texture, or tone. Thus it is to be feared that many of our painters, losing, perhaps, the faith and ardour of youth, and ceasing longer to strive to keep the eye of the mind steadfast on the true, the beautiful, and the good, degenerate into clever mechanists, and even tricksters, content to show dexterity of hand, and to shine by skill and brilliancy of workmanship. To our mind a picture should be a poem, and no poem ought to be written, and no picture painted, when the poet or artist, if the truth were confessed, has nothing to say. As soon as an idea is found, and not before, does the time come to think of minor matters; then, and then only, should the mind turn to the study of mere points of metre, language, grammar, and typography. And it is this very distinction between the conceiving thought and the manipulative hand, which divides so distinctly the sensitive, sympathetic, and highly-educated classes in this country, from the ranks of trained—and, because deliberately trained, therefore too often cold and callous—artists, given over to paint, palette, and canvas. And it is for this reason, among others, that we advocate a proposed reform in the constitution of the Academy—a reform which seeks to infuse into the dry bones of professional life, ever tending to a routine humdrum, a lay element which, however wanting in practical knowledge, shall be fitted and able, by education, wealth, and position, to connect the outer public, and even the parliament and the government of this country, with the leading members of the profession. Thus insensibly would be raised the mental standard of our national school, and to our country's Art would be imparted that high and poetic thought which, kindled in our universities, and fostered for long years in chosen minds, too often dies, finding not, even in the ideal world of pictures, the noble truth for which it were ready to do battle.

'Excelsior' (424), by A. Elmore, R.A., cannot suffer from the preceding strictures. The subject, indeed, when first we heard of the painter's perilous attempt, struck us as beset with peculiar difficulties. The lines of the American poet, which, when fresh upon the world, were not wholly removed from commonplace, have since become hacknied in every drawing-room, not to say worn threadbare by illustrations put on the fronts of music-books, or seen in the pages of penny and popular prints. It is no slight praise to say that Mr. Elmore, in his noble picture, has escaped from these besetting snares. He has conceived his subject in a simple grandeur, which delivers the work from mawkish sentiment. A strong man, no sentimentalist, but in mind and body framed for a hero, is seen upon an earnest and arduous march. His hand clasps the banner "with the strange device," furled and falling around his head. His eye turns upwards with earnest onward gaze—the mountain heights, white with snow and red in sunset, towering above him, and clouds cleft by the eagle's wing clinging around his path. The figure is life-size, the drawing studious, the execution firm, and the colour solemn.

C. W. Cope, R.A., contributes a single and life-size figure, heavenly in aspiration, under the appropriate title 'Contemplation' (434). The lines by Coleridge, inserted in the catalogue, interpret the intention of the painter:—

> "Struck with deep joy,
> Silent with swimming sense, gazing till all doth seem
> Less gross than bodily, and of such hues
> As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet He makes
> Spirits perceive his presence."

The rapture-gazing eyes are turned upwards in devotion, the hand holds a book of evening song, and the figure itself seems lifted, as it were, above the lower sphere of earth. The work is painted with a delicacy, and inspired by a fervour, consonant with Italian Art. The same painter is also seen in a charming head, the portrait of a lady (18); likewise in a picture which, by its subject and treatment, though simple, comes with the freshness of a new idea, 'Reading for Honours in the Country' (335).

Frederick Goodall, R.A., is likewise represented by three pictures, worthy of the reputation he has already won: 'The Messenger from Sinai at the Wells of Moses' (397), 'Summer Song' (59), and 'The Song of the Nubian Slave' (294), the last being "the diploma work deposited in the Academy on the artist's election as an Academician." "The Messenger from Sinai" has hastened across the parched desert on a camel's back, bearing tidings from afar, and now, having reached the wells of Moses, he craves of a girl drawing water the draught wherewith to quench his devouring thirst. Solomon writes in words which seem as if wafted from the desert air, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Such is the sentiment or association which the composition is likely to suggest: news good or ill, but at all events momentous, borne swiftly by "the ship of the desert" from a distant land, the herald himself parched and panting with burning heat, resting for a moment on his way to slack his scorching thirst. The picture is large, and the composition has been made striking. The messenger decked in turban, rich in interwoven green and gold and red, and seated on a towering camel's back, caparisoned with saddle-bag, dagger, and other accoutrements fitted for a distant journey, is in the act of stooping to meet the arm of the water-bearer, who reaches a cup towards his eager hand. The mutual action of the two figures, and the lines of the resultant composition, have been studiously managed. The colour, also, vivid and Eastern, is arranged with subtle sense of harmony, as may be seen in the distribution and the nicely-calculated balance of the greens, blues, reds, and yellows, not thrown together crudely, but broken and blended into soft semitones. This composition is in Mr. Goodall's later style of Eastern splendour. Another of his contributions, 'Summer Song' (59), reverts to his former and English manner, sober grey and green. 'Summer Song' is sylvan, the fields are fertile and flowery, the river flows in glassy tide on its peaceful way, the trees rise from out the deer-park in silent dignity. And then this dewy English landscape is made festive as a Boccacio garden by a company of joyous ladies and cavaliers, companions, it may be, at the court of Charles I., who while away their summer hours with sweet song and good cheer.

J. Phillip, R.A., has this year surpassed even himself: 'La Gloria: a Spanish Wake' (51) is indeed glorious, it gives light and splendour to the exhibition, of which it forms one of the chief ornaments. This 'Spanish Wake' may be designated a dance over a death, as will be seen by casting the eye to the side of the picture, where lies, behind a curtain, a dead child, stretched on a couch lighted by a lamp. Beneath are seated in melancholy group two women, mourning in bitterness over their untimely loss. Above them stoops a good-hearted fellow in the act

of urging these women to lay aside their grief, and join in the festive dance. But the tambourine lies idly on the ground, and the hand which was wont to awake its music is heavily stricken. This side of the picture has been rightly shadowed in gloom; its colour is sombre as the sentiment; an anguish terrible as despair darkens into tragedy. This is the *penseroso* passage in the composition; on the right is the reverse, the *allegro*, sparkling and festive with life and the revelry of the dance. Yet even here may be seen the touch of sorrow on the cheek; laughter has not quite chased grief away, smiles still mingle with tears, the sunshine of renewed and exultant life has not quite lighted up the shadow of death. But the colour already leaves the sombre key of melancholy, and breaks forth into triumph and lustre. Here vermillion, and lake, and intensest yellow, vie each with the other. Every character, attitude, and dress is in keeping. The forms of the features are finely chiselled; the nostrils are full, as for the free outburst of passion's breath, and the black piercing eyes dart from their shadowed orbs the devil's fire. A girl in the centre of the group, the belle of the ball, with the witchery of Art and nature, points the fantastic toe, raising with one hand her free and easy dress, and in the other holding in triumph the hat which she has snatched from the head of her companion in the dance. The merry-making group around play the guitar, beat the tambourine, and indulge in the vociferous expression of transport. The foregoing description will suffice to indicate the amazing life, fire, and truth which Mr. Phillip has thrown into this remarkable picture.

J. Phillip, R.A., paints, as we have just seen, a Spanish festival over a death; H. O'Neil, A., commemorates an English rejoicing over an approaching marriage. No two scenes could, in their component elements, be more dissimilar; no two pictures, as works of Art, could stand in greater contrast. Mr. O'Neil was a bold man to take such a subject, 'The Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend' (337). The Princess, with various members of the Royal Family of Denmark,—the Prince of Wales also surrounded by the younger scions of the English court,—has just landed from the steamer upon the pier, carpeted under foot and covered over head in honour of the occasion. This group, carefully painted, occupies the centre of the picture; the mayor and mayoress, with other municipal authorities of Gravesend, are, of course, not forgotten. But the artist has relied, at least for pictorial display, chiefly on a formidable and alluring phalanx of pretty girls, ranged, as banks of summer flowers, on either side of the canvas. These lilies blossoming on the shores of the Thames, are gay in straw hats and red mantles, and, putting on winning smiles, they give expression to the fulness of their hearts by a shower of violets and primroses. Had not Mr. O'Neil ventured on the attempt, which, in its issue, is not unsuccessful, such a subject might have been deemed unpaintable. The gentlemanly reading which he has given to the character of the Prince of Wales cannot be too highly commended. However, the pictures by this artist most after our own heart, are two small fancy compositions, of a mother and child, 'Awake' (29), and 'Asleep' (372)—each, especially the first, charming for simplicity and loveliness.

The pictures by P. F. Poole, R.A., Frederick R. Pickersgill, R.A., and J. C. Hook, R.A., may be thrown together more for contrast than for comparison. Mr. Poole belongs to the romantic school; Mr. Pickersgill seems still under subjection to the dry, cold laws of the Academy, which curtail genius and check the flow of emotion; while on the other hand, Mr. Hook appears as the child of nature, sturdy as the rocks, free as the elements, which he paints with vigorous hand, unconscious of artifice. It may be said, then, without pushing generalisation beyond legitimate limits, that, by a well-known classification, Hook can be termed naturalistic, Pickersgill academic, and Poole romantic. But we must confess that we have seen each of these three artists to greater advantage than in the present exhibition. It will be found, however, that Mr. Poole's Arcadian composition of 'Greek Peasants' (114) still seeks for the poetry, still glows with the ardour which, in former years, he loved so well; and we, who have hung in rapture over his visions of romance clothed in gorgeous attire, can scarcely venture to think that the artist ever sacrificed to the intoxicated pleasure of colour the sterner qualities of his art. Still, in his pictures of the present year, we should gladly recognise more studious care in the drawing of the figures. But Mr. Poole can well afford to rely on his past triumphs: 'Solomon Eagle,' 'The Song of the Troubadours,' and 'The Goths in the Garden of Italy,' are among the greatest achievements of the English school. Passing to Mr. Pickersgill, his single work (123), depicting two lovers breathing "such vows as lovers use to swear," is careful in drawing and execution, and attractive in colour, after the artist's long-established manner. Mr. Hook, whether for better or for worse, probably indeed with divided reward and penalty attendant on his experiment, overleaped, some years since, as we have said, the narrow bounds of academic law, and plunged headlong into the arms of nature. Wordsworth tells us that nature never did disown the child who loved her; a consoling truth which Hook, beyond most men, has had good reason to lay near to his heart. And for the most part, in the works this artist has given to the world, he shows himself faithful to the compact wherewith he bound himself to follow after nature with humble, trustful step. Of his five contributions to the present exhibition, the picture named 'From under the Sea' (146) is the best, certainly the most original. Mr. Hook has been sketching on the coast of Cornwall, and this subject may be accepted as the most valued prize he there gathered. The incident seized is novel in the world of pictures, but usual in the region of mines. A truck conveying miners from their labours, their hats still bearing the smoking candle, mounts the tramway that issues from the dark mine which in this case happens to extend "under the sea." The faces of these men, their hats and coats of dead and dirty brown, tell out, in a contrast which the artist knows so well to manage, against the dusky blue of the sea beneath. This effect, which would otherwise be too sombre, is animated by a group thrown in at the right, in which we regret to find a rudeness and carelessness in the painting—liberties that artists are too apt to take when relying, as by right, on established reputations.

Several pictures which, did space permit, are worthy of deliberate criticism, we must now, for the sake of conciseness, connect by a mere running comment. 'Ordered on Foreign Service' (97), by R. Collinson, is the finished sketch of a well-known composition, commendable for its character, colour, and detail. Near at hand is hung 'The Knight's Guerdon' (89), a single, highly-matured, and stately female head by R. B. Martineau, to which in the catalogue he has a right to append the following lines of the poet-laureate:—

> "How sweet the looks that ladies bend
> On whom their favours fall."

Hanging within reach of the last two pictures, may be seen Mr. Fitzgerald's clever idea, sketched in brief, a vision 'After the Battle' (80). A warrior starts, and here stands with drawn sword, ready to slay the ghosts rising, as in a famous picture by Kaulbach, from an army of slain soldiers lying on the battle-field. 'A Bird in the Hand' (69), by M. F. Halliday, merits loving regard by the depth of its poetic feeling, and from the rapturous intensity of its colour. 'La Belle Yseult' (26), by J. B. Bedford, a single head, forced up to the last point of exquisite finish, deserves no stinted praise. Then passing from the great "East Room" towards the exit of the exhibition, and coming to the "North Room," we fall upon one or two works which must claim a cursory word. 'Home in Acadie' (528), by F. Wyburd, is smooth, refined, poetic in sentiment, but sickly and monotonous in colour, and deficient in vigour. 'Harry Esmond's welcome at Walcote' (502), by Miss R. Solomon, fails and succeeds in an opposite direction. F. W. W. Topham, the son of an approved water-colour artist, comes before the public with a picture, 'Juliet and Friar Laurence' (510), which merits welcome. F. Sandys, whose portraits in this and last exhibition have roused little short of a sensation, seeks to provoke no less admiration—not to say astonishment and dismay—in an altogether anomalous production, 'Morgan-le-fay' (519). The figure is mediæval, a petrified spasm, sensational as a ghost from a grave, and severe as a block cut from stone or wood. We are happy to hear that the work is not without admirers, fit, though possibly few.

A. Hughes, in past years not unfavourably known—when the so-called school of "Pre-Raphaelitism" was still in the ascendance—by pictures poetic in conception and fervent in intense and harmonious colour, is now seen in three laborious works, which come as a sequel to his earlier manner. It is difficult for an artist to cast aside the swaddling clothes wherein he has been in his younger days nursed and petted; it is difficult for a man after such training to walk abroad in the world, and to put on a bold, strong front in the presence of his fellows. But considering all things—taking into account the reversal that has so suddenly and severely fallen upon the school in which Mr. Hughes was an earnest and honoured disciple—we think this painter may be congratulated upon his happy escape, without injury absolutely fatal. His offerings for the year, 'A Music Party' (62), 'Then by a Sunbeam I will climb to Thee' (384), being a scene inside a church, and a work with another title of sentiment, called 'Silver and Gold' (486), are each and all poetic and refined in conception, and singularly sensitive to delicate and harmonious modulations of colour. The figures, however, are lacking in manly vigour; they want the stamina and robustness which the greatest masters have shown not to be incompatible with beauty.

PORTRAITS.

The outcry raised each year against the number of portraits in the Academy is loud. The discontent provoked in the minds of the profession and of the general public grows great from the knowledge of the fact that while for want of space a multitude of works are crowded out from each exhibition; that while landscapes—except when painted by an Academician—are driven from the point of sight on the line to the vanishing point in the sky outline; we repeat, the discontent and indignation grows very great that while this injury—often cruel, and sometimes unjust—is inflicted upon various branches of the profession, a large collective wall space

is usurped by the heads of city aldermen, mayors of provincial towns, chairmen to boards of guardians, portraits "painted to the order of, and paid for by, admiring friends." It is fair, however, that it should be known that this infliction upon the public is not not always to be laid to the charge of the artist. Often, indeed, the exhibition of a portrait is not matter of option, but of necessity. "The compulsion," states Mr. Grant, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, "is on the part of those people whose portraits I paint, and who like to have their portraits exhibited." It is also right that the public should know that the Academy has been anxious to devise a remedy for the crying evil. Under the existing constitution of that body, each Academician, as well as each Associate, is entitled to exhibit eight works as of right. Now many members, though enjoying this vested interest, are of the opinion that the exhibition would be raised in merit by curtailing this privilege incident to membership from eight to four. Mr. Grant, whose professional interest might, it was supposed, have been prejudiced by any limitation of existing rights, states, in the evidence already quoted—"I am clearly of this opinion, especially as regards works upon the line." "I consider," continues Mr. Grant, "four portraits quite sufficient to show the world what a man's abilities are as an artist." "A portrait painter," said Viscount Harding, putting an opinion in the form of a question, "would send his four best portraits instead of having, as he now has, to give way to the importunities of people who wish their portraits to be exhibited?" "Yes," responded Mr. Grant, "I should be greatly relieved by the passing of such a law." Accordingly the Royal Commissioners have reported in favour of this salutary reform. It is, however, but just to state that the portrait painters, whether Academicians or Associates, have rarely taken full advantage of the permitted privilege of exhibiting eight works. For example, an analysis of the catalogue of the present season gives the following results:—Grant sends four portraits; Gordon five; Knight five; Boxall two; and Millais, who this year must be ranked among portrait painters, four. Thus five Academicians, instead of burdening the Academy with the maximum of forty portraits, restrict themselves to just half the number. And thus further it will be observed from the above epitome, that had each Academician been restricted to four works, the total of twenty would have been reduced only by two. Then coming to the Associates, the catalogue shows the following results: Richmond sends four portraits; Thorburn three; Sant six. Thus the three portrait-painting Associates, instead of exercising their full privileges up to the total of twenty-four pictures, are content to exhibit only thirteen. Under the re-constitution of the Academy, however, the rights at least of all future Associates will probably be greatly curtailed. But the above statistics, which show that eight Academicians and Associates have contributed not more than thirty-three portraits, will, at all events, serve, we think, to mitigate the ire of outsiders, who cry shame upon a presumed, but scarcely proven, injustice and abuse. At the same time we entertain no manner of doubt that the general aspect of the exhibition suffers material injury from the undue preponderance of mere portraits. For instance, the effect of the great room would certainly be altogether more satisfactory and imposing could the walls, instead of being crowded by portraits of "a lady" or "a gentleman," be crowned by historic life-size works, such as that contributed by Mr. Armitage; an arrangement in the hanging well known in Paris, which fails not to impart to the exhibition in the Champs Elysées a power and command much wanting in the rooms of our London Academy.

The largest canvas in the entire exhibition is occupied by 'Their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort' (162), equestrian portraits, painted by F. Grant, R.A. The horses are well drawn and painted; the style is, of course, a little grey and chalky, not quite of the richness of colour or of the transparency of shadow which Rubens might have thrown into a picture of this dimension, ennobled by steeds and riders. The head of a lady, 'The Hon. Mrs. J. Macdonald' (278), brings out to great advantage the manner of this artist; it may be slight in the painting, but in expression and bearing it is delightfully graceful and lady-like. The portraits by J. P. Knight, R.A., such as that, for example, of 'General Cabrera' (46), are vigorous, though the force attained is a little too much dependent on violence in the shadows. J. Phillip, R.A., in the same naturalistic manner, paints the head of 'The Earl Dalhousie' (237), reliant in part—as was the case with some of the great portrait painters of old—upon the texture attained by, and the consequent light-giving quality of, thickly laid colours. Sir Watson Gordon, R.A., in the ancient prescriptive treatment which, from the time of Vandyke down to Reynolds and the subsequent followers in the school, has ruled the fashion, enjoys certain individual advantages over his compeers and contemporaries, as may be judged by an examination of several of his contributions—the heads, for example, of 'James Young, Esq.' (47), 'Professor Christison' (159), and 'Dr. William Seller' (341). The manner of these works is simple, unpretending, and unadorned; the colour contents itself with unobtrusive neutrals, certainly not vieing with Titianesque splendours. The execution is broad and bold, and yet in the modelling and moulding of the features great delicacy may be observed in the half tones. Such is the style of Sir Watson Gordon, which after its kind and within its limits has certainly never been surpassed. W. Boxall, R.A., contributes, as his diploma work, a venerated head, that of John Gibson, R.A., simply yet nobly rendered, abstemious of distracting accessories, and coloured in unobtrusive greys. This portrait will, in future years, grow in value, especially should the Academy ever find space to display, as they deserve, the diploma works now buried in dark oblivion. The style of Mr. Boxall is wholly different from the solid, bold work of Knight, Gordon, or Phillips; it is fuzzy in manipulation, and vaporous in chiar-oscuro. The manner again of the three portrait-painting associates—Richmond, Thorburn, and Sant—shows contrast both in the end sought and in the means employed. The two former artists are unobtrusive and quiet; the last of the three seldom paints a picture which does not allure the eye by some dramatic effect of light and colour. To adduce individual examples, 'The Countess of Home' (171), by G. Richmond, is harmoniously painted with the usual ease and elegance of the master. The head of 'The Rev. John Keble' (673), the author of "The Christian Year," should not be overlooked; a head in itself remarkable, a character ever memorable, a portrait executed in crayons with that exquisite tenderness, with that quietness of deportment, which become so well the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian—qualities which G. Richmond has so long known how to express with a hand that never steps beyond the modesty of nature. To this faithful record of a man renowned in the Church, may here be added portraits of several great men, illustrious in the state or known to the republic of letters. 'Thackeray' (679) is here seen, as sketched by S. Laurence, in a drawing which through engravings and even by photographs obtains wide currency. Again, this literary giant, whose works will continue to delight and instruct generations that can see the author no more, whose modes of labour, whose haunts and home will become points of interest and research to the biographer,—Thackeray, the writer of imagination and wisdom, whose loss we all have had to lament during the past year—'Thackeray in his Study in 1854' (404), is brought by E. M. Ward, R.A., literally and vividly to the eye just as he lived, and thought, and worked. The characteristic bearing of Thackeray's head has been well caught, cast upward with a scrutinising eye thrown through those two wide orbs of spectacles, his outlooks on the world which he scanned so keenly. The accessories of a study, which now in its minutest accidents have acquired no ordinary interest, are faithfully transcribed, even to the trivialities of slippers, cigar, and waste-paper basket. This likeness of Mr. Thackeray is one of a series of literary portraits which Mr. Ward, closely connected and associated with men illustrious in letters and Arts, has had the privilege of taking—a series interesting as memories and valuable moreover as materials by which contemporary history receives trustworthy elucidation.

We will throw into one concise paragraph the portraits in the present exhibition that will claim attention by virtue of the celebrity of the sitters, if not always by the merit of the finished pictures as works of Art. 'Captain Speke and Captain Grant' (324), by H. W. Phillips; 'The Studio: portraits of W. F. Witherington, R.A., P. Macdowell, R.A., F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.' (317), by J. E. Williams; 'His late Majesty Frederick VII., King of Denmark' (319), by Madame Jerichau; 'Sir David Brewster' (459), by R. Macbeth; and 'The Hon. Robert Curzon' (415), by A. Glasgow; 'The Duchess of Wellington,' by J. W. Walton; and P. Moira's highly-wrought miniature-portrait of the Duc d'Aumale. To complete the list we must add the names before enumerated—Rev. J. Keble, Thackeray, John Gibson, Professor Christison, and the Earl Dalhousie. In the sculpture-room we notice a marble statue of 'John Hunter' (862), by H. Weekes, R.A.; 'Lord Brougham' (892), by M. Noble; 'Professor Ramsay' (903), by W. Davis; 'The Duke of Newcastle' (907), by A. Munro; and 'Sir Cornewall Lewis' (911), by H. Weekes, R.A.

In the older, if not, indeed, better style of portrait—sober, solid, and simple—we noticed a comprehensive picture of 'Captain Dingwall Fordyce' (66), by C. Macnee. A large canvas occupied by the 'Children of Robert Hay, Esq.' (361), including a pony and other accessories, set in a wide-stretching landscape, painted by C. Lutyens, though wanting in colour and effect, is very commendable. Of later years it cannot be doubted that new and unaccustomed methods and effects have been imported into the once narrow and dry, stately and stiff, propriety-portraits of our forefathers, who were generally doomed to descend to their children with no other accessories or blandishments than such as a curtain, a column, or a table could give. Portrait-painting was, in years past, save in the hands of a few of its leading professors, poverty-stricken and paralysed. Now, however, there cannot be a doubt that the painters of the present generation have imparted to the art richness, variety, and life. Among members of this younger school, sometimes in danger, it is true, of adopting meretricious allurement, we may mention Sant, Weigall, Wells, Millais, Sandys. The

composition portrait-picture of 'Mrs. Richard Fothergill and her children' (111), by J. SANT, A., is popular, effective, even showy. But the greatest success, perhaps, which this artist has attained, is in his triumph over a much-talked-of difficulty, his solution of a noted problem, by the painting of a second "Blue Boy." Gainsborough, it will be remembered, first tried the experiment to refute the maxim taught by Reynolds and others, that the principal figure in a composition must be clothed in a warm colour. Mr. Sant has followed Gainsborough's idea, and accordingly here we have, in the portrait of 'The Eldest Son of Lord Raglan' (279), a perfect triumph for cold blue. But Mr. Sant has mastered the difficulty, which, after all, was over-rated, in a method different from the one adopted by his predecessor. The first blue boy was encircled by a warm background; this second is placed in the midst of surroundings more cool, or, at least, more neutral than blue itself. Each method, though apparently contradictory the one to the other, attains, in fact, the same end, that of giving to the blue increased value and power. Mr. Sant still further enhances his effect by the high light of a white frill and waistcoat, as well as by the brilliancy of a head warm in its flesh tints. Mr. WEIGALL, like Mr. Grant and Mr. Sant, is successful as the painter of women, yet does his manner, as seen to great advantage in the full-length figure of the 'Princess of Wales' (50), differ from that of any one of his compeers. Mr. Weigall has imparted to this picture style, elegance, and beauty. The silvery, gossamer quality of the white dress, set off by a black sash, is delightful to look at. This is the best rendering of royalty in the exhibition, which, certainly, has suffered violence at the hands of several artists, both English and foreign. Mr. WELLS, in previous works, made himself conspicuous by his rich and deep-toned colour, caught from the school of Venice, and the portrait of 'James Hodgson, Esq.' (38), in the present exhibition, bears reminiscences of his former years. The colour and the composition, however, are not well balanced. To our mind a better picture—probably the very best ever painted by Mr. Wells, is the full-length portrait of 'Mrs. Stewart Hodgson' (290), a lady carrying a parasol over her head, while at her back blooms a bush of purple lilac. The difficulties in the management of this picture are unusually great—difficulties which have been overcome with consummate artistic skill. We are glad to see the painter free from certain eccentricities, which we cannot but think marred his previous works. It has, however, been reserved for Mr. MILLAIS to give to portraiture a pictorial extension scarcely before dreamt of. In satire, indeed, it was sometimes said that the first duty of a portrait painter is to paint a good picture, and his second to secure, if possible, a correct likeness. Mr. Millais, while he probably has not despised the last injunction, certainly performs to perfection the primary duty of making a delightful work of Art. We cannot be astonished that parents long to see the children whom they love thus portrayed and perpetuated in childhood's loveliest years and most bewitching moods. In the picture-portrait called 'My Second Sermon' (13), everybody is rejoiced to recognise, sitting in the same place as last year, the little girl, now dear to many a heart, who then was listening to her "first sermon" in rapt attention. She now has grown into a naughty little child, so naughty as to be fast asleep in church. Yet, strange to say, no one loves her a whit the less. And so here she sleeps, in the depths of profoundest slumber—a sleep not of the eyes only, but an unconscious oblivion which has crept over mouth and every feature, which has descended to arms, and hands, and legs, and feet, even down to the tip of the lowest toe. The painting is skilful, the colour is skilful too, effective by contrasted harmonies, the red of the cloak and of the stockings bearing out against the grey green of the baize-covered pew. 'Leisure Hours' (289) is another fancy title which this artist has bestowed upon two lovely little girls, grouped into a picture fertile in composition, and sumptuous in colour. They are robed in purple velvet, trimmed with white, and amuse the "leisure hours" of their happy day, a day as happy as long, with flowers, looking ever and anon into a vase wherein golden fish are sporting. A screen, rich in gilding and green, as a background, closes in the scene. Yet another style, by which a picture-portrait now seeks to win the favour, which the hostile art of photography is stealing from all but the most cunning of our painters, remains to be mentioned, the style of which Vandyck was the master more than two centuries ago. Of this manner of elaborated miniature, enlarged to half life-size, F. SANDYS is our modern manipulator—a manner, exemplified in the 'Portrait' (546), in which he has attained a perfection no one else can approach. In conclusion, we would call special attention to two portraits by A. BACCANI, one of 'Lady Mary Fox' (40), the other of 'Mrs. Freake' (172), which in some good degree combine the scattered merits of the several schools we have passed in review. The colour of Venice, the glowing and golden rapture of Titian, they certainly do not attain. But for harmony and keeping of quiet tones, for the reconciliation of detail with unity of general effect, for the rounding of the figure, and yet for the blending of the head and the dress with the background, and, lastly, but not least, for unostentatious carriage and quiet mental expression, for such choice, and —in balanced combination—exceptional qualities, these portraits can find few, if any rivals.

SCENES DOMESTIC: SLOW, PATHETIC, AND GAY.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and so even the commonplace of daily life gives birth to actual incidents which, for variety and even by intensity, transcend the painter's fancy. Pictures which encircle a man's home, and dwell, as it were, within the warmth of his own fire-side, though necessarily circumscribed in range, are certainly not wanting in power of appeal to feelings dearest and closest to our common humanity. Vast works of national import may be grand, but just in proportion as they rise to the dignity of their great argument, are they removed in cold sublimity above the level of every-day life, and thus become foreign to the affections which move the inner world, veiled from public eye—a world which, to each one of us, lies nearest to our heart of hearts. Hence smaller pictures which are dedicated to home, which cling in love to what is most loving, deservedly occupy no inconsiderable space on the walls of our exhibitions, and obtain no slight per-centage even of monetary patronage. And this favour, which such works have secured and are likely to retain, they are certainly entitled to, provided only that they are good after their specific kind. And to be good, and to be worthy of our favour, it is, in the first place, imperative that the thought or sentiment shall be in itself commendable or permissible; that if the subject be pathetic, the pathos shall appeal to honest and true hearts; or if it be lively, that the fun shall be within permitted social limits. These, in fact, are the ethics of Art, which, within their special sphere, are no less stern and imperative than the minor morals which impart to society its tone and decorum. And then, again, by common consent it has been thought fitting that these pictures, which, after all, are dedicated to comparatively trivial incidents, and must of necessity be circumscribed within narrow limits, should be sustained with circumstantial verity, and worked out to utmost finish. In pictures of a higher flight, which set forth, for example, the destiny of nations, it were scarcely seemly to dwell upon the texture of a robe or the pattern on a slipper. But in small cabinet works, that often dilate on nothing more momentous that an evening party in a parlour, which narrate nothing more grand than a storm in a family teapot, it certainly were not out of place to show a Wedgwood pattern on the china. The substance of our remarks, then, is simply this, that in cabinet domestic pictures, the sentiment shall be sympathetic, and the wit, if not precisely Attic, at all events such as is permissible to ears polite. As for the execution, it shall be like a tale well told—in other words, neatly turned out of hand, sparkling, if possible, and pointed, but certainly, at the very least, plain, perspicuous, and persuasive.

The pictures of J. C. HORSLEY, A., fulfil, perhaps, as far as it is possible, these several demands. 'The bashful Swain' (429) tells his own tale. He approaches towards the open door in trepidation; a nosegay, an offering to his lady, as large as a cabbage, is under his arm; his stick he holds to his mouth to choke his rising emotions; and at his heels follow a clamorous flock of geese, which seem to claim him as companion. Inside the cottage is a wholly different state of things. Three lovely girls, sisters or cousins, are happy as the day is long, bright and beauteous in the play of the sunlight which streams in at door and window, and merry with passing wit and humour, of which, we may be sure, "the bashful swain" serves as the butt. The lady, the object of the country bumpkin's passion, is seated at her work threading her needle; her companions are "chaffing" at her expense; a dog and a cat hold hostile interview, whether or not to foreshadow the doubtful bliss of coming matrimony, we know not. Such is the story; the technical qualities are equally felicitous. For example, the conflict of cross lights falling on the seated figure has been managed with much adroitness, the play of sunshine, indeed, within this cottage interior is dazzling and yet not distracting. The difficulty which the artist must have encountered to preserve unity, and to give to his figures roundness, can only be estimated by those who have made a like attempt.

T. FAED, A., continues as faithful as the poet Burns to the annals of the poor. In his chief picture of the year, a text taken from the Edinburgh poet, Ballantine, furnishes him with a topic. Ballantine, in one of his homely rhymes, wrote the line—

"He was faither, and mither, and all things to me;"

and Mr. T. Faed, taking up the theme, has depicted an honest shoemaker seated at his last, holding between his knees a motherless darling, on whose little hands he puts, with sedulous affection, a pair of neat gloves. The less fortunate children of the village, companions of the petted girl, stand by, ready to walk with their class-mate to the parish school. This may seem but rude, untutored life, yet, verily, is it refined, and, withal, happy. The picture, for workman-like qualities, is among the artist's most successful productions—humble in nature, yet high in finish. The texture of the surface, and the quality of the light, are not attained without care and mature knowledge. In some portions

the paint has designedly been laid on heavily, in order the better to receive the glaze which gives atmosphere, transparency, and keeping; and then, to impart brilliancy and a certain *éclat*, which cannot be, after all, wholly wanting in a work, however unadorned, a few bright colours are abstemiously added. J. Faed paints in a style widely differing from that of his brother Thomas: he looks to a sphere more superfine; he prefers a bright silk dress to a dusky cotton gown; he likes better, even for the purposes of a picture, a gentleman with a decent coat on his back, than a peasant, however honest, with a patch on his breeches. 'Catherine Seyton' (576), from Scott's "Abbot," "glancing her deep blue eyes a little towards Roland Greme," and, "after a vain struggle, breaking out into an involuntary fit of laughter," is one of the best-painted pictures in the entire exhibition, and certainly by far the most successful work we have yet seen from the easel of J. Faed. The whole picture maintains a winning refinement, which is not broken through, even in the explosive burst of Catherine's hearty laughter. The two figures are happily composed, not only in relation the one to the other, but also in regard to the size of the canvas to be filled, and yet not crowded—vital points, in which an artist often fails, from the want of a geometric eye for space and proportion. The painter, too, has justly balanced the figures against the accessories, giving to the human element its due preponderance over tables and chairs; and yet these appurtenances stand substantially upon the floor, and are executed with a precision and polish which might excite the admiration of a West-end cabinetmaker.

W. C. T. Dobson, A., contributes, after his usual simple and sympathetic manner, two small pictures, 'A Girl with Ferns' (4), and 'Morning' (265), the latter also a little girl who is yet in the "morning" of life, saying her "morning" prayer. The child reads from an open book her orison, her innocent soul seeming far from temptation's snare, yet does she earnestly put her life in the keeping of the Good Shepherd who leads and guards the gentle lambs. The picture has been painted tenderly, with painstaking thought even to the smallest circumstance. Another work which may be here mentioned as every way commendable for its sentiment and motive, not pointing, indeed, as the picture just mentioned, to the bright morning of life, but descending the deep valley of shadows, is Miss Osborn's solemn composition, entitled 'For the Last Time' (555). Two sisters sorrowing, hand in hand, are opening the door of the chamber where death keeps watch over all that was mortal and earthly of a parent gone to the Father of spirits. These orphans in their house and home, their heads bowed under grief's burden, bear in their hands flowers as a last offering. The pathos, it will be seen, is impressive, and that the more so, because no intrusion breaks in upon the silence and the solitude, which the painter, with a sensitive heart to the demands of the situation, has studiously maintained. We incline to think, however, that the picture would have been none the worse for a little more attention to the execution, especially in the region of the head, of at least one of the figures.

G. E. Hicks strikes the high note of joy with a brilliant touch. Among our English artists he is allied to the school of Mr. Frith, and among French painters he would take honourable rank in that numerous class which is dedicated to the delineation of life in its foibles, and society in its fashions or frolics. He has a facile, felicitous manner, which glides smoothly over the surface of the world—he carries a brush which sparkles as it sports with his subject, and leaves in its track a polish that bears the outward show of refinement. We are sorry the painter of 'The Dividend Day' and 'The Post Office' presents himself this year to our notice only by a small work (130), and that without the advantage of even a title. Of the subject, however, as also of the good quality of the picture there can be no doubt. A young mother dangles a ball along the floor for her baby to play with. Her figure has that grace which Mr. Hicks knows so well how to impart; the execution is brilliant, the detail sufficiently express. And here, breathing the atmosphere of drawing-rooms, we may as well pass to an artist who has latterly, within the limits of a few small frames, painted the very pink of fashion, as personified at least in ladies robed sumptuously, ladies so indolent and fine as to be of no earthly use, save to be looked at and to sit the recipients of adulation. 'The Sunbeam' (554) is the sentimental title which Mr. Egley bestows on his latest thought, an idea that is supposed to be heightened by the following lines which Tennyson supplies in the pet poem of "Eleanore:"—

> "In a shadowy saloon,
> On silken cushions, half reclined,
> I watch thy grace."

Mr. Egley has clothed the lady in princely attire, seated her in a rich boudoir; the walls are hung with tapestry; in the heroine's lap are violets; yet on her face lies the shadow of an abiding melancholy; the canker-worm has eaten into the roses of her cheek, and the fire of the eye has been quenched in tears. We are sorry to confess that this cheap romance has not affected us quite so deeply as it might have done in years when we had not learnt the easy trick. Not far distant from this fine lady hangs another lady, to our heart more estimable: 'My Pupil' (543), by J. W. Haynes, is an unsophisticated girl seated at an easel, making a sketch of the bust of Clythe. Notwithstanding a certain smoothness and thinness in the painting, and a total absence of texture in surface or material, which involve some weakness, this figure is to be commended for its quiet, lady-like deportment. J. Ballantyne's 'Last New Novel' (156), a girl seated at a window devouring the last new novel, is to be commended. Not far distant we espy another happy thought, which cannot be passed by without a word of welcome. 'Companions in Mischief' (125), by S. Sidley, are nothing more than a little girl and a mischievous cat, the one cutting to pieces precious lace, the other playing with a ball of Berlin wool. In the same room is a quaint, clever conceit, under the title 'How the Little Lady stood to Velasquez' (178), carried out gravely, yet with befitting humour, by J. Archer. Those who have studied the marvellous portraits by Velasquez in Madrid, will best know how duly to appreciate this transcript in brief, not to say this parody, on the great originals. The remaining picture by Mr. Archer, 'Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere' (428), scarcely realises the expectation we had formed from his previous productions. He has shown himself hitherto severe—no bad indication in an artist who may be still the student—but in the present work he descends to styles more decorative, and thereby forsakes the higher sphere for which he had entered as no unworthy probationer. In this same paragraph we may include two lady,—or, as we believe they would prefer to be designated, female,—artists, Mrs. Bridell and Miss Brownlow, wide as the poles asunder. Mrs. Bridell, who, for her father's and her husband's sake, deserves well of the world of literature and Art, has this year executed a work not unworthy of her antecedents and her memories. 'Love Letters' (456) make a picture of considerable character and power, which would have been more attractive at least, had greater suavity and gentleness been blended in a composition which now remains somewhat harsh and discordant. As a contrast, the fault—if there be a fault—in Miss Brownlow's conception of 'Repentance and Faith' (488), is simply that for want of vigour she has fallen into a refinement little short of sickly. She evinces, however, a mind sensitive to beauty and responsive to pure emotion, and her work thus, merits approbation.

The Dutch school has gained in England, at least since the days of Wilkie, numerous and arduous disciples. Whether the modern adherents to a method, often more manual or technical than mental, have quite come up to the old originals may be questioned. For composition, we know of nothing in our modern school so skilful as a picture by Ostade in the Tribune of the Louvre; for execution, nothing can surpass the bright, shining armour which Teniers painted; and in elaborate finish no modern work has gone beyond the 'Anchorite' of Gerard Dow, in the Dresden Gallery. Yet perhaps what we may have lost in these directions we have gained, and even more than gained, as a recompense, in a certain propriety, decorum, and delicacy of feeling, which, if not absolutely foreign to a Dutchman, may be said, without any vain boast, to belong inherently to an Englishman. Pictures after our own Saxon-Dutch school crowd upon all our exhibitions; and although the limits of their canvas be small, the range of their subject is wide and varied, reaching even from prose to poetry, from moralising to satire, from the pathos of tears to the broad grin of laughter.

Nicol, Hunt, Hardy—a name known in duplicate—Clark, Smith, Burr, and others, may be thrown together for sake of brevity into this Saxon-Dutch category. 'Among the Old Masters' (391), by E. Nicol, is a work which indulges in broadest humour; a state of mind which the artist cultivates with peculiar gusto and success. The point in the joke is simply this: a stupid Irish boor finds himself, to his infinite amaze, seated in a goodly mansion hung with choice pictures by the old masters. The fellow is astounded with ignorant and gaping wonder. The execution equals the conception. C. Hunt is another of our artists who strive to make, as it were, the pit and gallery audience of the Academy ring with peals of laughter. His 'Banquet-scene—Macbeth' (276), furnishes a child's parody. A boy-ghost, robed in white sheet, points the finger of avenging destiny towards the guilty Macbeth. The lady of this mock tragedy bids, in mien of due solemnity, her guests begone. Yet boys still there are at the banquet, who will persist in eating of the good things set before them. The tale is capitally told, and the picture equally well painted. Then leaving this quiet humour, or rather broad farce, and betaking to a vein more level and sedate, we must give emphasis to a picture called 'Evening' (405), by G. Hardy. The father eats his supper, and his child says the evening prayer. This is certainly one of the best interiors in the exhibition, excellent in a finish got by knowledge rather than by toil; the colour, too, is blended into harmony with an eye made sensitive to delicate mutations. There are pictures by a namesake, F. D. Hardy, which also merit notice. A. H. Burr, who last year secured renown, has this season, in a picture which he calls 'Fun' (530), not sustained his reputation. The scattered materials in this cottage interior require bringing together, and greater care in

the drawing and the painting might have been desirable. G. SMITH, in a picture which bears the title 'Beware of the Dog' (5), indulges in a pleasant distribution of colour, the blending of pink, red, and yellow, set off by purple, an arrangement which gives brilliancy and beauty to Mulready's later works. E. COCKBURN, by his little picture 'Daddy's Coming' (224), wins great praise. This cottage interior is after the usual sort, with the addition of a small incident thrown towards the window. The sun has just set over the hill country, in which "daddy" toils as peasant labourer, and with the blush of evening comes the hope of a father's return. And so the little boy has clambered to the window, and with joy announces that "Daddy's coming." A. PROVIS, in an 'Interior' (116), has attained a quality of light that we have not yet observed in his duodecimo editions, which, in smallest compass, contain so many jottings. We cannot pass without commendation, 'Industry' (25), by G. H. BOUGHTON; and 'Reading the Scriptures' (35), by J. M. BARBER. Nor can we certainly forget 'The Squire's Feast' (272), by G. B. O'NEILL, a full composition of contrasted character, ranging from old women drinking tea to the sleek clergyman with bland smiles and spiritual patronage entering at the door.

A. TIDEMAND, the deservedly honoured national painter of Norway, has attempted to surpass his former self in the delineation of 'An Old Norwegian Duel' (542). His previous works, seen at the International Exhibition and elsewhere, have been sympathetic; this is repulsive. Mr. Tidemand has written to his "Dear Mr. Phillips" a letter since printed, which tells us, "that the duel which forms the subject of my picture is a fight with axes, a weapon much in use about one hundred and fifty years ago. . . . My picture represents the issue of a combat with this weapon, and that issue, in the present instance, is fatal to both parties. . . . The duel took place at a farm in Tellemark, in Southern Norway, and the place is still shown where seven men fell in combat. They had long been feasting and drinking at the farm, when high words were uttered, closely followed by defiance, and that by fight. The man who had first been struck down, has been laid on the bench near the table. His young wife, frantic with grief, leans over him, and her child, dimly conscious of a great misfortune, hides its face in the mother's lap," &c., &c. These extracts may suffice to indicate that a picture which reaches no ordinary dimensions, has been crowded as thick as it can hold with horrors. This, we think, is, for several reasons, a mistake. Among others, while the grandeur of tragedy has been missed, the spectator is left to muse on the miserable issue of what we in England should deem nothing else than a tavern broil. The work, notwithstanding, merits respect, even admiration. It contains nearly thirty figures, elaborated by study, and intense with expression. It is indeed the artist's most mature and ambitious work; yet are we bound to repeat, that chiefly from an error in the choice of the subject, the picture is a blunder. A style homely and truthful, which does not possess any great inherent fascination, is the more dependent upon a theme which shall, as in the best known works of Tidemand, come home to the heart.

OUTDOOR FIGURES, RUDE, RUSTIC, AND REFINED.

The out-door life of our northern latitude contrasts in its sombre colours with the bright and festive existence enjoyed by the peoples of the south. Yet our English school has now, for several generations, turned to good account scenes which, denied to the sunny south, peculiarly pertain to our English climate. As long as in our happy isle the seasons of seed-time and of harvest come round—whenever man puts the sickle to the golden field, and women bind the sheaf, and children flock as gleaners to gather the portion given to the poor, so often may the artist with rejoicing place in his portfolio "outdoor figures, rude, rustic, and refined."

A. RANKLEY has seldom been seen to so much advantage as in the present year. His principal work, 'The Doctor's Coming' (347), has remarkable force and effect. The subject is a gipsy encampment—mother, father, and infant child, are disposed at the mouth of a rude tent, the firelight shining brightly into their faces. Illness has entered their dwelling, if dwelling or home it can be called, and aid must be got from the neighbouring village. The outer landscape is grey in twilight, or rather dark, in a night illumined only by stars. Seen in the distance, a man on horseback trots across the moor, and approaching near to the tent, hurries forward a little girl, who proclaims, "The doctor's coming." From the same artist we have another work, in a diverse mood, 'A Chat across the Way' (168). By the side of a garden stands a pleasant-looking girl, neatly, not to say smartly, dressed, and possessed of a winning manner. She chats across the way to her companion, who looks and listens, leaning out of a window. The picture is nicely painted. Mrs. ROBBINSON may learn a lesson from this unpretending idea, carried out with animation, yet free from ostentation. A flaunting damsel, painted by this lady, will not take in any one, so the 'Beware' (236) of the title, from the following well-known lines of Longfellow, was scarcely needed,—

> "She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
> Take care!
> She gives a side glance and looks down,
> Beware! beware!"

Close at hand is a little 'Limerick Lace Girl' (235), by E. HAVELL, a maiden who, unlike the dangerous beauty just passed, will not ensnare by her guile, though she may win by her innocence. This is a pretty face, beaming with health, colour, and the sunshine of smiles, capitally painted. Hard by runs 'The Streamlet' (262), by E. HOLMES, and stooping over it is a girl dipping for water; the landscape accessories form a brilliant study. 'Counting the Change' (455), by C. S. LIDDERDALE, is another country lass, doing her best to look picturesque; having sold her eggs from her basket, she sits on a stile reckoning the proceeds. We always have reason to admire this artist's quiet, unassuming manner. Passing to the great "East Room," and running the eye along, or a little above, the skirting board, we come upon several works which invite, while they reward, close inspection. 'The Fern Gatherer' (19), by R. HERDMAN, may be commended for its rich and golden colour. 'Say Ta' (36), by G. D. LESLIE, is a composition not unworthy of a name honoured in the annals of English Art. In a barge moored by the side of a canal are a mother and child; a couple of well-dressed ladies, taking a walk on a fine summer's day, notice the poor woman, and give her infant an apple. "Say ta, baby," is the mother's natural response and injunction. This homely incident the artist transcribes just as it might have occurred, without any apparent artifice in the composition. Yet a moment's analysis will suffice to show that a good reason can be given for the placing of every incident; and certainly no pains have been spared in the study of the numerous accessories. G. H. BOUGHTON, after the misty manner which certain French artists affect, shadows forth an old gossip, bearing Mrs. Gamp's umbrella we should suppose, who enforces her 'Interminable Story' (90) on a girl just out from a church school. 'Left in Charge' (106), by L. C. HENLEY, a baby left in care of elder children, is one of those pretty and oft-repeated compositions at a cottage door which tell so well when nicely painted. 'Pascuccia' (127) is the name given by R. LEHMANN to a Roman model, who, laying aside a bundle of sticks, extends his hand for charity. The figure is painted with a smooth surface, and clothed in a dun colour; both obtain little favour in this country. Close by let the visitor not fail to observe 'Moss Troopers fording a Morass' (129), by F. WEEKES. The visors of the horsemen are up, and piercing eyes look for the approaching enemy from afar. The small pictures of this young artist, the son of an Academician, are never wanting in character. A little further on we come upon another good idea, quaintly conceived and capitally painted, 'Music *versus* Work' (147), by J. E. WORRALL. A boy of all work has laid aside his broom to play on a tin whistle. We are always glad when it is possible to steal a laugh within the solemn propriety walls of the Academy. To Mr. MARKS we generally look for any little fun we may promise ourselves, but he has turned to moralising. 'Say not to thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee' (464), is the proverb which this painter enforces at the shop door of a fat and jolly baker, whose heart of charity a poor minstrel playing in the streets has failed to soften. The scene is laid in a French town, thronged with characters after the usual type—girls, for example, are drawing water at a well, and three monks converse with a country peasant. The style, which is of a quaint and severe naturalism, maintains good keeping with the gable ends of the mediæval houses. The two other pictures by this artist, 'Doctors Differ' (326), and 'The House of Prayer' (584), though smaller in size, are choice in quality. In the last, an old woman, with a child by her side, is seated in the aisle of a church; a Gothic tomb of mitred bishop serves to give state and solemnity to the spot. The scene is impressive. The widow, with open book, offers for herself and her child the prayer to God, "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed." And now in the circuit of the exhibition, in search after the pictures which can be strung together with running comment, having reached the North Room, we may as well add to our list the eccentric though clever productions of J. A. WHISTLER. Immediately above 'The House of Prayer,' just passed in review, happens to hang Mr. Whistler's 'Wapping' (585). If contrast were desired, here it may be found with a vengeance, in the opposition of a church to a pot-house. At Wapping, it would seem, is a public-house with balcony overlooking the Thames; at all events, within the picture, which seems true to the very life seen on the spot, sits a repulsive company, the centre figure a man of desperate ugliness. The choice of a subject so repellent deserves censure. Nothing can redeem characters thus completely sunk in vulgarity. However, it is but just to acknowledge that in the painting of the river, and the craft floating thereon, Mr. Whistler has shown marvellous power. Near at hand, the same artist shows his versatility, not to say genius, in another picture, 'Die Lange Lizen—of the Six Marks' (593), a title which, we believe, being interpreted may mean, the long Chinese lady painting a choice vase, known as a class to connoisseurs by six marks. Mr. Whistler, in this singular but clever conceit, affects the

Chinese manner; the lady might herself have sat as a model to a painter of the celestial empire; or she looks as if she had just stepped out from a china bowl, so stiff is she in bearing, and so redolent of colour is her attire. We may expect great things of Mr. Whistler, if he will but bring his talent under the control of common sense. And as we seem to have fallen for the moment into a vein of pictorial eccentricity and paradox, we may as well take flight to another room, where hangs aloft at the sky, 'Ex Voto' (230), by A. LEGROS. A murder appears to have occurred at no distant period on the confines of a forest, and the spot is marked, after the custom in many countries, by a picture, before which a company of women, near relatives of the deceased, have come in affectionate pilgrimage to pay their devotion. The figures are large, somewhat crude in the whites, and in mien more repellent than attractive. The style, wholly foreign to our English school, surprises by its novelty. W. Q. ORCHARDSON is another artist who strikes a key to which our senses are as yet unattuned. 'The Flowers o' the Forest' (414), figures in an open field, by this artist, is a work stamped by an independent spirit.

Poets there are, both true and pseudo, such as Watts, Princep, Poynter, and others. A little picture by the first of these artists, called 'Choosing' (395), is, to the last degree, charming. The subject is simple, nothing more than the head of a girl leaning forward in the act of smelling and choosing a flower, herself a flower tender and lovely. Mr. WATTS, in this small work, certainly one of the most artistic in the exhibition, shows his usual subtle sense of the harmony of colour. Mr. PRINCEP, as we have already hinted, aspires to be a poet-painter, but at present, however high-flown may be his thoughts, his gift of expression at least lags far behind. In the last exhibition this artist came into prominent regard by a large composition, which gained a place upon the line. "We have not spared," we then wrote, "the defects in Mr. Princep's picture; we may, however, in conclusion say, that the power it displays should, at no distant day, secure for its painter an illustrious position." We regret now to add that the defects which marred this painter's previous work still continue to preclude him from that high position to which he evidently aspires. Looking at such a production as 'Benedick and Beatrice' (560), we should surmise indeed that the painter errs from fostering an ambition beyond his attained technical mastery. Surely the anatomy of poor Benedick is painfully dubious in vital organs. The single life-size figure christened 'Berenice' (3), does not want nobility. Robert Browning writes—"Berenice"

> "Is a lady, such a lady: hands so white and lips so red;
> On the neck the small head buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
> O'er the breast's superb abundance."

The painter has given no unworthy embodiment to the poet's rapturous words. At all events, Berenice is of a bouncing size; but she would have been more winning had the artist, for the occasion, assumed greater delicacy and suavity of manner. 'The Siren' (509), by E. J. POYNTER, is a graceful figure, not so much in the style of Mr. Frost's chaste nudities, as after the manner of Mr. Leighton's refined voluptuousness. The siren holds the spell of enticing beauty, and in her eye lurks sinister intent as she strikes her harp, and sings—

> "Whither away? fly no more;
> Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore?"

The "exhaustless East" furnishes Webb, Herbert, jun., and Lewis with scenes graphic in character and gorgeous in colour. Mr. WEBB's 'Shop in Jerusalem' (383) is, in execution, unequal. The camel's head, the turban-covered Bedouin, with certain accessories, are well painted. 'In the East' (535), by Mr. HERBERT, jun., may be commended especially for its translucent atmosphere, flooded with light. The East also in the various pictures by J. F. LEWIS, A., obtains elaborate and circumstantial chronicling. 'The House of the Coptic Patriarch, Cairo' (110), ranks as the largest work painted by this artist for many a year; would that we could add the best. It has been rightly said that upon this single canvas are crowded materials for twenty pictures; and in order that the reader may fully realise the force of this assertion, we give the following catalogue of contents: two camels, two goats, two Turks, one camel-driver, two women, two boys, forty-one pigeons, four ducks, and one cat! This, of course, does not include the infinitude of small items which crowd a Cairo court-yard, here scattered as sand on a sea shore. This medley shows no effort at composition, no striving to bring into unity the conflict of distracting incidents. As for the tank of water in the centre of the yard, it might be a bed of gravel or a ploughed field. But what is wanting in this picture finds ample recompense in 'The Caged Doves, Cairo' (577). The sunlight streaming through the lattice window, sparkling as it falls like a shower of gold on the lady's dress, is an effect which Mr. Lewis has often striven after, and now attains even to the point of incredible perfection.

With two delightful pictures we will conclude our review of the class of works in which man is dominant over nature, in which the figure preponderates over the inclusive landscape. Mr. WEBSTER's serio-comic composition, 'The Battle of Waterloo' (249), is in his happiest mood. A penny peep-show, doing no doubt infinite justice to the great victory, has been just put up, much to the delight of the children of the place, who crowd round eager for a look. Every countenance tells its individual tale. Some urchins are wondering, others patiently waiting; some anxiously longing, others laughing; while one is drinking in the marvels of the scene quite to his heart's content. No man reads the character of a child with the intuition of Mr. Webster. Lastly, yet emphatically, let us commend to loving admiration the little picture of 'The Wounded Robin' (394), by H. LE JEUNE, A. The poor robin, lying helpless in the cold snow of winter, calls forth the sympathy of children on a neighbouring bank, ready to bring succour. The work, within its simple sphere, is gentle and sweet.

LANDSCAPES, SEA-PIECES, AND PAINTINGS OF ANIMALS AND STILL-LIFE.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., contributes one of the largest landscapes painted since the days of Salvator Rosa and Titian. 'Across the Beck in the North Country' (470) has the advantage of being thoroughly English, both in simplicity of subject and in fidelity to nature. We all know what a change has come upon landscape art since the times of Gaspar Poussin and of Claude, and even since the days of their English disciples, Loutherbourg and Wilson. Of the old broad, bold, and "blotesque" manner, which threw in shadows or painted mountains with one simple sweep of the brush, there are now few, if any, representatives. In some respects the Linnell family, father and sons, so far, at all events, as they have remained untainted by the "Pre-Raphaelite" heresy, preserve the old and grand traditions. They often paint a picture for the sake of an idea, or, in other words, they make nature's moving drama of effects dominant over inanimate materials. 'Haymakers' (37), by J. LINNELL, sen., must thus be received as a display of colour, and little more. To the family of the Linnells we may here add the two Danbys, and the Brothers Boddington, Percy, and Gilbert, three several households who have signalised our English landscape school by harmony of colour or thrilling poetry of effect. It is, perhaps, matter of regret that each of these families is known by its separate and prescriptive manner, as if letters patent had been taken out, giving to each establishment the exclusive privilege of perpetual reproduction of the favoured and specified idea. Thankful, indeed, must a member of any one of these fraternities feel, when a thought not already used up dawns upon his intellect. Watching closely the line of march taken by these artists across the field of nature, it becomes interesting to notice when any of the number may have stolen on an unbeaten track. We incline to think that T. DANBY has, in the present year, been thus fortunate. Certain it is that in his picture, 'The Escape' (534), he shadows forth a poem suggestive through mystery and impressive by pathos. A boat laden with fugitives is borne on a tumultuous sea, for the sun has gone down in wrath this day, and the wave, and the sky, and the heart of man, are sorely troubled. The brother, J. DANBY, paints 'North Shields' (323), illumined by the sun of Venice. The sky is deep in space and atmosphere, through which the bright eye of day pierces with brilliant rays. Messrs. Boddington, Percy, Gilbert, and Williams, are one and all represented by pretty and skilfully-executed pictures, after the style for which they are deservedly known. H. JOHNSON's 'Temple of Minerva in Ægina' (321) is one of the scenic and dramatic compositions in which this artist delights. Mr. Johnson shows as much art in the construction of his sunset skies as the architect of Ægina did in the building of the temple. Doric columns crown a headland which overlooks the blue Mediterranean, sparkling in the light of the setting sun. This temple of Minerva is as a throne, and the sky as a theatre for the elements to play in. J. THOMPSON paints a pretty, cheerful landscape, with figures which confer on it a title, 'The Height of Ambition' (529). 'Watergate Bay' (99), by J. MOGFORD, is a careful study of rocky headlands, stretching across a flat beach into the sea.

It is surprising, as it is satisfactory, to see how completely the ultra and more repellent forms of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school have died out. This slavish style, which has had its day, may, however, have done some service as the apprenticeship of genius, and it is but fair to confess that the landscapes which, in our exhibitions, are either hopeful in promise, or are actually complete in mature knowledge, more or less show the good results of that devoted study of nature which was, in fact, the only saving truth which Pre-Raphaelitism proclaimed. The service that Mr. Ruskin has done in this, if in no other direction, should never be forgotten. And now that men's minds can in sober coolness survey the merits of a controversy which once waged so fiercely, the thraldom that formerly threatened our English school need no longer be dreaded, and our young artists may, as freed men, make a fair compact with nature, giving and taking reciprocally, gathering from fields and streams, woods and mountains, truth, beauty, and grandeur, and, at the same time, throwing into things inanimate the language of genius and the colouring of imagination. Thus may we look for, indeed already do we see, the signs of approaching reconciliation, the meeting of schools old and new, the accordance of individual truth with

pictorial unity and the laws of artistic composition.

A carefully studied work, 'Thunder Clouds clearing away' (417), by H. DAVIS, may be quoted as an example, both of the rewards and of the penalties which attend a deliberate "Pre-Raphaelite" career. Criticising the pictures of this painter in last year's academy, we said, "Did we desire to show the advantages to which careful Pre-Raphaelite studies, made by a young man feeling as it were his way, might ultimately be turned in maturer years, we could scarcely obtain better proof than in the works executed by this artist." But the picture by Mr. Davis in the present exhibition shows that the painter is not yet safely out of the wood; he is still entangled in the meshes of Pre-Raphaelitism, he is at this very moment in peril, from his persistent attempts at impossibilities, for he has not yet learnt to surrender trifles in order that he may lay strong hold on master truths. Thus it is that a work of no ordinary merit, which certainly must have cost infinite labour, fails from its scattered details of obtaining commensurate effect. The clever studies by MACCALLUM—certainly in their way not to be surpassed—'The Morning Glow" (505), and 'Mont Blanc from the Val d'Aosta' (564), for the same reason fail in attaining the broad solid masses which tell best in the completion of an exhibition. 'The Bread of Man' (480) is the title that H. L. ROBERTS gives to a careful study of a corn-field. The ears of corn appear to be life-size, and the red flowers and their companion weeds are painted to the same scale. Labour such as this, when it shall be directed to subjects better suited to a picture, will meet with, as it deserves, acknowledgment and reward. We notice a little picture, 'The Whortleberry Gatherer' (52), by Miss M. REDGRAVE, cheerful in concentration of light and colour, careful in study, and altogether worthy of commendation. We also observe another very faithful transcript, 'Mullion Cove, near the Lizard' (520), by Miss A. BLUNDEN. The picture is hard; but that may be as much the fault of the rocks as of the painter. J. B. SURGEY'S 'House that Jack built on the Coast of Suffolk' (71), a house constructed out of an old up-turned boat, which serves for a roof, deserves mention for good honest workmanship. Several little pictures by H. MOORE ought not to be passed by without a word of warm recognition. 'In the Cottager's Cow Pasture' (234), this artist gets daylight and also detail, but the execution is dry, and the sky singularly ragged and chalky. We are glad to be able to give all but unqualified approval to J. BRETT'S 'Massa, Bay of Naples' (569), a complete reversal of the style adopted in a rude work of former years, called 'The Hedger.' 'Massa' is a picture of remarkable brilliancy; it palpitates with light and heat, like nature herself when basking or rather panting under an Italian sun. The colour, too, is delicious, remarkably tender in the iridescent tones playing on the surface of the water. The flood of sunlight cast across the headland, gold in its brightness and blue in the shadow of the trees, is dazzling. Mr. Brett may have painted works which have obtained more notoriety, but the intrinsic merit of this picture transcends the *éclat* won by eccentricity. Among the water colours G. WOLFE exhibits a drawing, 'St. Ives Harbour' (632), which is pleasing in effect and detailed in study.

Certain artists there are who, not adhering to the old school, and not given over to the new—far removed on the one hand from the slushy, sloppy generalisation which scarcely distinguished apart any one of the seven days of God's creation, and equally distant, on the other, from the scattered dottings and scratchings which the genuine Pre-Raphaelite calls nature—certain painters there are, such as Leader and Hulme, and perhaps we may add V. Cole, who are able to walk in the middle way; who, while they gather a pebble or cull a flower lying at their feet, can yet raise the eye to the distant mountain, or take a wide survey across the stretching plain. Mr. V. COLE, in his noble landscape, 'The Decline of Day' (346), is certainly still a little scattered, a vice pertaining to the school out of which we trust he is now finally emerging. Some pictures there are that set forth nature in mean attire and in poverty-stricken aspect; but a landscape such as this is specially to be extolled in that it gives to the earth its glory, as when God pronounced a blessing and declared that all He had made was good. 'Ockham, Surrey, in Summer' (446), by F. W. HULME, is somewhat too green, if not for summer, at least for a picture. Yet is the painter to be commended, among other things, for the adroitness with which he has dealt with the difficulty of the season he chooses. His summer greens run through the gamut from high to low, from the sharpness, or rather the brilliancy, of yellow-green down to the coolness of greens grey and blue. Thus, and thus only, can this least pictorial of the hues found in nature be rendered tolerable in Art. If we were asked for the landscape which by its well-balanced merits stood above the reach of criticism, we should probably point to B. W. LEADER'S 'Sunny Afternoon, North Wales' (575). This is a careful, studious, unpretending work, in which breadth does not sacrifice detail, nor detail destroy general effect. It is a picture wherein no trick of composition intrudes, for nature seems to grow unchecked by the hand of man, and unconscious of the beauties wherein she is clothed.

We have seen that the Dutch are the prototypes of modern *genre*, and, in like manner, Van Huysum, born at Amsterdam nearly two centuries ago, is the master from which our English school of flower and fruit painting dates its origin, and in some degree derives its style. In certain qualities the pictures of still-life painted in Holland have never been surpassed. However, we incline to think that the flowers culled by our native artists bear a more cheerful and happy countenance than the roses painted in the Low Countries—that more of sunshine sparkles in the eye, that greater freedom sports in flower and leaf. The Misses MUTRIE, indeed, have not unfrequently gone to the wild hedgerow to gather the clematis and the foxglove, which they painted in nature's haunts, leisurely blossoming in unbroken retirement and rest. Our English painters, in truth, have not been unmindful of the Scripture injunction, to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." And then, again, as in 'Primulas in a Pot' (288), exhibited by Miss M. D. MUTRIE, we can trace the culture of delicate hands; we see, as it were, a nature domesticated and brought under training. Seldom, in short, have the two sisters been met with to greater advantage than in 'Spring Flowers' (286), 'Garden Flowers' (561), and 'Souvenir' (544), all painted with loving care. Miss E. H. STANNARD, 'By the Old Garden Wall' (457), heaps up grapes, pine-apple, and melon, with good effect. It is, however, to be regretted that this painter spoils excellent work by a mistaken attempt at grandiose composition; as, for example, in this very picture, where the capitals and entablature of a Greek temple are thrust with ostentation into the background.

Architecture has at no time and in no country been treated with more agreeable pictorial effect, or been displayed in greater scenic grandeur, than by the artists of England during the last half century. In this telling and popular manner DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., has long enjoyed the mastery—a happy facility of which he gives signal proof in the present exhibition. 'The Castle of St. Angelo' (232) is, in fact, an epitome of the city of Rome. On the left rises Monte Mario; beneath the Mausoleum of Augustus rolls the Tiber, spanned by the Roman bridge which bears the angels of Bernini; on the right may be distinguished the Pope's palace of the Quirinal, and in the further distance is shadowed forth the Pincian hill. As a matter of course, a stone pine raises its umbrella-head into the sky, and the foreground is set off with the usual etceteras of broken columns and entablatures. The picture in its treatment is brilliant; and for concentration of objects world-wide in renown, it can scarcely be surpassed in interest. W. HENRY paints 'Venice' (313) in a manner which calls for emphatic eulogy. His style is not that of Turner, of Cooke, or of Roberts, but of Canaletto, literal as a photograph, yet not without the quiet poetry that speaks through simple facts unadorned. G. STANFIELD'S 'Amphitheatre, Verona' (496), combines the fidelity that an architect demands, with the pictorial effect in which the public delights.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., and E. W. Cooke, R.A., divide the empire of the sea, which bears in calm glasses, as in a mirror, the bark that rides upon her tranquil breast, or in breeze and storm lashes with wild waves a rock-bound coast. Mr. STANFIELD, in two companion pictures—companions in contrast—'War' (155) and 'Peace' (170), tells a story, and thereby paints and points a moral. The abode of 'Peace' is on the Medway, where men-of-war lie in ordinary, as giants who have laid aside their arms, and are content to enjoy the consciousness of power in repose. Other ships, too, there are, which spread their wing-like sails against the sky, ready to take to flight on the peaceful errand of commerce. The heaven is serene, and nature rests in tranquil beauty. In the companion picture, the god of war thirsts for slaughter. Dark clouds lower, and the lurid smoke of the cannon covers the sky in a mantle of darkness. A man-of-war throws shells into the town on the distant horizon, which already is consumed by fire. In conception these two pictures are in Mr. Stanfield's happiest mood; the execution is careful, even faltering. Mr. COOKE appears, on his election as Royal Academician, in full strength; and, certainly, by the handsome gift of 'Scheveling Pincks running to anchor off Yarmouth' (223), his "diploma work," he has shown unwonted generosity. A Dutch boat, its tan-brown sail relieving against the dark sky, drives before a raging storm. The sea is admirable for the drawing of waves, justly balanced in ever-changing curves, and lovely in transparent colours, which pass through delicate transition from greys to blues and emerald greens. Among Mr. Cooke's three remaining pictures, 'The Ruins of a Roman Bridge, Tangier' (466), can certainly never be forgotten. Last year this artist, in his picture 'The Rock of Gibraltar,' delighted Murchison and the geologists; in the present season, by the remarkable fragment of a giant Roman bridge, he gives no less pleasure to Fergusson and the architects. An arch being broken, a caravan—consisting of camels, merchants, and attendants—is seen in the act of fording the mountain torrent. In the foreground grow the cactus and tall sedgy grass, and in the distance rise the Spanish shores and stretch the Straits of Gibraltar. The remaining coast scenes in the exhibition are not numerous. What can

F. R. Lee, R.A., mean by such a work as 'Adrift on the Ocean' (451)? We have heard it conjectured that this is a picture of whales, but how any fish, large or small, can live in chalk water and lead, requires further explanation. C. E. Johnson paints 'The Launch' (177), a small work, thoroughly well studied. In few words, it is difficult for us to express due admiration for Mr. Naish's 'Last Tack Home' (444). This is a picture of uncompromising truth and of unconscious poetry, and the execution possesses first-rate quality.

The Academy has not been so strong for a long time in animal pictures as in the present year. Our three chief painters of horses, sheep, and other quadrupeds — Landseer, Cooper, and Ansdell—are at their best. Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by no less than four works, of which 'The Piper and the pair of Nutcrackers' (82), and 'The Polar Bears' (163), attain to the pretty poetry, and even reach the tragic grandeur, wherewith this artist has from time to time invested the sportive play as well as the more desperate action of the animal creation. The first of these pictures presents us with a bullfinch piping before a pair of squirrels, painted with all the finish and facility, and set off with that indescribable grace, which exclusively pertain to Landseer. The second of the two pictures we have mentioned takes the spectator to the terror-striking ice-fields where Franklin and his companions found in death snow for their grave and winding-sheet. Two hungry bears have come upon the relics of the expedition—a mast, a sail, a telescope, and a flag. One of the savage brutes tears the red union jack, the other crunches the rib bones of an unfortunate navigator. The cold mountains of ice, vast and desolate, are illumed by gleams of sunlight. Altogether the picture is remarkably impressive by its poetry, pathos, and terror. In execution the work is a little slight, and the bodies of the bears are certainly wanting in substance. T. S. Cooper, A., has seldom been seen to greater advantage. 'Sunshine and Shadow' (211), may be accepted as a summary of the artist's powers. Here cattle and sheep are reposing in the fat meadows, where the tranquil waters flow. Here the cool shade of the grey and silvery willow, capitally painted, invites to noontide rest. Some of the sheep are enjoying a siesta; others, with drowsy eye and patient bearing countenance, pant with heavy breath under the summer heat. R. Ansdell, A., in his effective picture, 'Sheep rescued' (231), while seeking power, is betrayed into blackness. For this want of tenderness of tone, sometimes felt painfully in this artist's works, we are given as a recompense 'Lytham Sandhills' (513), which, for the delicate and quiet qualities of its silvery sky and sea, set off by the brilliant contrast of black and white cattle standing in the foreground, we are happy to rank among the painter's choicest products.

SCULPTURE.

A word will suffice for this cellar and its contents. Seldom, even in the days when sculpture was committed to "the black hole" of the Academy, have we found a collection that does so little justice to the admitted resources of the English school. Each of the styles, however, whereby the art of sculpture is distinguished has a few solitary, if not very signal examples, which we shall pass in cursory review. The school that seeks to cast poetry into plaster, or aspires to carve beauty in marble, is upheld by J. Hancock's 'Penseroso,' a figure poetic and in conception consonant with Milton's words,

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

The artist, however, will do well to revise his drapery, which at present, in its too decisive folds, militates against the force of the head. But it is for Mr. Leifchild that the poet's bay wreath must be reserved. His 'Erinna' bespeaks genius, a genius however that lies under a heavy debt of gratitude to Michael Angelo. Mr. Leifchild is haunted by the vision of Night and Morn which slumber convulsively in the chapel of the Medici. Yet while he follows after the giant Tuscan is he preserved from the extravagance that has usually befallen the great sculptor's imitators. J. Durham, in the gently sleeping 'Daughter of the Earl of Lincoln,' glides from portraiture into poetry, so tenderly has he modulated the flesh, such exquisite form and expression has he given to a slumber-lying hand. The sisters, Misses Thornycroft, deserve a welcome on their first coming out, the one with a bust commendable for simplicity, the other with a figure of Ophelia, noteworthy as a pretty idea. J. Ræmackers's 'Peep of Day' and 'Evening Star' are charming little heads, carried out with attractive execution. Portevin's 'Joueur de Billes' is perhaps the most original statue in the room, but belongs to that section in the French school which strives to be clever, and condescends not to be pleasing.

Then passing to portraiture, we give preeminence to Baron Marochetti's bust of Dr. Blackwood, for quiet strength and pronounced character; and to J. Adams's head of D. Colnaghi, for individual detail, massed and mellowed in well-kept unity. Of the several styles of bust making, broad and sketchy, minute and even "Pre-Raphaelite," some good examples are not wanting. M. Noble's head of 'Sir James Outram' is the style emphatic and dogmatic. Boehm's rough-hewn bust of Charles Newton is picturesque. M. Wood's marble portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales show manipulation soft and polished; and T. Woolner's graphic head of Mr. Combe is of school Pre-Raphaelite. Among full-length portraits, H. Weekes, R.A., exhibits one for commendation, another for criticism. The figure of 'William Harvey' is what a portrait statue ought to be; here somewhat of a genius and a gentleman stands fittingly before posterity. In different guise does 'John Hunter' sit before the world, altogether free and easy in attitude, a manner that Roubilliac or Bernini might have caught at gladly.

In conclusion we repeat the exhibition is good; yet good though it be, we trust that, in coming years, we shall be able to congratulate the Academy on a display still better. We may anticipate that, ere very long, the painters of certain works which now cumber the walls will be taken to a reward not found in this world. We may hope that the space thus gained will be occupied to better advantage by the mature pictures of men now rising into power, as well as by the works of other artists at present held aloof through the too exclusive character of the Academy itself. We trust, in short, that the time is not far distant when the collective genius of the country shall be gathered into an enlarged and reformed corporate body, worthy of our people and of our national arts. Then, and not till then, shall we have right to expect from the Government the grant of a building adequate to the demands of the entire profession, and to the growing exigencies of the three great arts of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture. Looking forward to the realisation of these desires, we again repeat that the present exhibition, though good, will be followed in the future by still better.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ORANGE MERCHANTMAN GOING TO PIECES.

Engraved by R. Wallis.

This picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1819, bore the lengthy title of 'The Meuse: Orange Merchantman going to pieces on the Bar. Briel Church bearing south-east by south; Maas-Sluis east by south.' The spectator of the painting was thus left in no doubt as to the scene represented, and the locality where the disaster occurred. The former almost declares itself, for oranges are floating about on the surface of the water, and the crew of the near boat are hauling in a box of the fruit; in the middle distance is the wreck, round which a number of fishing-boats are gathered to aid in unloading the vessel, or to pick up whatever of cargo, rigging, &c., may have been detached from it. None but an artist of consummate genius like Turner, who often developed it in an eccentric manner, would have treated such a subject in so singular a way as to dot the water with yellow spots, and with a definite purpose, that of enriching the colour of the water; the pictorial value of these introductions can only be estimated by examining the canvas itself.

Though in point of grandeur this composition is inferior to many of Turner's sea-pieces, it is nevertheless a very brilliant picture. The sky expresses an April day, clouds laden with rain pass rapidly over it; sunshine and shadow alternately lighten and shroud the view. The storm which wrecked the merchantman must have dispersed some hours ago, but the wind is yet high, causing a long rolling motion of the waves. The arrangement of the various vessels is most picturesque, and the whole scene is instinct with life.

The little town of Briel, sometimes called *The Brill*, seen in the distance to the right, is situated near the mouth of the Meuse, or Maas; it has a large and commodious harbour, capable of holding several hundred vessels. The town is principally inhabited by a seafaring population, principally fishermen and pilots, but it is not without some historical interest. In 1572 the confederate Flemings and Dutch having been driven out of the Netherlands by the Spanish Duke of Alba,* equipped a fleet in England, and entered the harbour of Briel, which surrendered to them, and thus became the earliest seat of the independence of the Dutch republic. In 1585 the town was given up to our Queen Elizabeth, as security for advances made by her to the states of Holland, and it continued garrisoned by English soldiers till 1616, when it was restored. Briel, which is only a few miles from Rotterdam, is a well-built town, and strongly fortified.

Mr. Wornum, in his published remarks on Turner's picture, says:—"This very spot was the scene of an important naval battle in 1351, in the civil war between Margaret of Hainault and her second son, William. Margaret, wife of the Emperor of Germany, became Countess of Holland on the death of her brother. The provinces, with her son at their head, endeavoured to expel her. Her Hainault ships, with the assistance of some English and French vessels, gained a victory over her son off the island of Walcheren, and followed his retreating ships to the mouth of the Meuse, where William, having received reinforcements, gained a decisive victory over his mother. Margaret fled to England, and was shortly followed thither by her son. A peace was made between them by the intercession of the English king, Edward III. William took possession of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, while the Countess retained Hainault. William married, in England, Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster."

* This Duke of Alba was, undoubtedly, the ablest general of his age, but a most bitter enemy of the Protestants, and almost a Nero in cruelty. He beheaded the Counts d'Egmont and Horn, and caused the secretary of the former nobleman to be torn to death by horses. When the town of Haarlem surrendered to his forces, he executed two thousand of the inhabitants after promising immunity to all if they submitted. During the time he held the military government of the Spanish Netherlands, it is computed that he delivered into the hands of the executioner no fewer than eighteen thousand victims, and kindled a war which raged for thirty-seven years, cost Spain the blood of her best troops, immense treasures, and the final loss of some of her richest provinces.

J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINXT.

R. WALLIS, SCULPT.

ORANGE MERCHANTMAN GOING TO PIECES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE SIXTIETH EXHIBITION.

PUBLIC opinion pronounces this one of the best exhibitions ever known. In some respects, and in some only, this verdict is correct. It is true that, with the advance in the taste of the people, and with the more than corresponding development of professional talent, the number of decidedly inferior works has, year by year, steadily diminished, and, consequently, in an equal ratio the collective average becomes high. Furthermore, when the art of water-colour painting consisted of little more than a wash—the resources of the artist were necessarily circumscribed within comparatively narrow limits. But as the colours at command multiplied, as the papers manufactured became of every variety of substance and surface, from the smoothness of an ivory tablet to the roughness of a brick and plaster wall, and as the modes of manipulation magnified the power of the skilful master ambitious to push his art to the utmost pitch of elaboration, so did water-colour painting at length extend its dimensions and enhance its glory, so that the question now arises, whether the world, in the entire circuit of its history, in its boasted methods of fresco, tempera, encaustic, or oil, has ever known a medium so consummate in advantage as water. And now we have at length arrived at a period when the process of this water-colour painting is all but perfected. One artist may, as compared with his brother artist, turn to better account the opportunities or privileges placed at his disposal. That is a question of individual aptitude and skill; but the fact remains, notwithstanding the deficiency or efficiency of individual professors, that the art, as an art, has now reached to its utmost resources and its fullest development. No painter in water can now complain that the materials at his command are faulty instruments for the expression of his thoughts. Whatever is in a man may now come out clothed either in sportive brilliancy or in sombrest shadow, just as he desire. These facts and considerations being duly weighed, it no longer is matter of surprise that the present exhibition shows steady progression on its predecessors. The art, as an art, being now capable of all that a painter's most sanguine imagination can demand, we find that the artist has taken widest and freest range over an illimitable nature, bringing from his storehouse things wondrous, both new and old. And so it is that there is nothing which has happened in history, no effect or form known to outward nature, that we may not expect to see put in brilliant array upon the walls of our water-colour exhibitions. The variety is infinite, and the modes of manifestation know not limitation. In the present exhibition, for example, Richardson, Palmer, Branwhite, Newton, George Fripp, Whittaker, Foster, and Davidson have portrayed nature in her pride and her humility, in her moments of joy and of sorrow, in her brightest garb and in her funereal pall. Again, if we turn to the world of humanity, Burton, Alfred Fripp, Gilbert, Walter Goodall, Haag, Jenkins, Tayler, Topham, Lundgren, Smallfield, and Walker are as an army to subdue and take possession of life and history. Thus it is that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; and thus is it the verdict before entered, that this is one of the greatest exhibitions ever known, is substantially true. It is better than that of last year, by virtue of the law which will make the exhibition of 1865 better than all that have preceded it. Still, notwithstanding the ever-rising average, have we reason to deplore the absence of any one work of commanding mastery.

The post of honour has rightly been accorded to Mr. BURTON'S studious drawing, 'The Meeting on the Turret Stairs' (82). Mr. Burton, from his first contribution to the gallery up to this his maturest work, has set himself earnestly to acquire that academic accuracy of drawing which the history of Art abundantly proves to be essential to the achievement of pure forms, and the expression of noble ideas. It has been too often the misfortune of water-colour Art to take refuge in a broad, suggestive wash, which imparts to the spectator little more than a pleasing impression. Mr. Burton, with a few others who of late years keep him company in our exhibitions, bids fair to impart to water-colour painting a higher range. The subject of his present composition is shrouded just in that mystery which gives wing to conjecture. A warrior clad in coat of mail meets a lady in the narrow winding of a turret stairs; they pass, yet not without snatching a hasty embrace that tells of love yet burning in the embers of its former fire. Mr. SMALLFIELD must be commended as another of our artists studious of form, yet seduced by colour. 'The Slave of the Fish-pond' (224) is a Nubian boy designedly thrown into an attitude which courts the utmost difficulty in foreshortening. The artist has not quite solved the problem he set himself. The picture, however, in quality of light and colour, is exquisite. The slave takes from the fish-pond, overgrown with lilies, the golden fish. The bright lilies, the gold fire of the fish, the warmth of the Nubian's copper skin, vie with each other; against which weight of colour is balanced the chalky white of the stone steps and terrace, and the cool blue of tender leaves. 'The Time of Roses' (46) is another gem from the same easel. "Oh! Roses," writes the poet, "for the flush of youth,"—the age of innocence and beauty of which the queen of flowers may serve as a symbol. Besides a spell of loveliness, this drawing possesses noteworthy technical excellencies. The pearly white of the dress, and the cool of the grey sky, give enhanced value to the blush of the youthful complexion. Some plebeian heads in this gallery by the same artist are not so completely to our taste. The drawings of ALFRED FRIPP have for some years taken the lead in this school, which seeks after subtle and combined qualities of form, light, and colour. 'The Mischievous Pet' (139) is the drawing in which this artist has laboured most elaborately after this accumulative result. Each separate object, every detail, and especially each touch of colour, has its appointed place and purpose in this composition of concerted harmony. Two small drawings by J. JENKINS, 'Evangeline' (267), and 'Home' (283), deserve commendation for care in the drawing, and for the refined sweetness of the sentiment. For contrast, let us throw in the rudely-vigorous figures of O. OAKLEY. In a composition called 'Happy Leisure' (209), consisting of a lady and a pet parrot, the artist certainly might with advantage have put himself to a little more trouble, at any rate in the drawing and placing of the feet. The simple 'Harvest Child' (305), though small, is one of the best studies by this artist, because the most careful.

But the water-colour artist does not so much delight in the faultless realisation of a single figure, as in the telling working out through a collective group of some pointed narrative. Frederick Tayler, Walter Goodall, Riviere, Topham, Gilbert, and Carl Haag, have long been famed, in their several departments, for the putting together of pleasing pictures of incident. 'The Mistress of the Buck Hounds' (161), by FREDERICK TAYLER, is after this painter's well-known style. The bearing of the horse and its rider has state and grace; a certain high birth and breeding seem to inspire steed and horse-woman; and the hounds, all alive and thirsting for sport, utter a cry which echoes to the hills. In drawing and execution, however, this composition is not in the artist's happiest mood. WALTER GOODALL contributes several pleasing and placid works, which win by innate refinement. Of these, 'A Brittany Interior' (260) is the most considerable. The subject might be met with in half the cottages of the province, and by this, its universality, it becomes the more sympathetic with human nature. A peasant returning to his home, takes his child from the cradle, moved by a father's love; the mother looks on with placid satisfaction. A sunshine of happiness floods into this humble abode. The pleasant effect here gained depends on the fortunate choice of a subject, on the harmony of a balanced composition and the play of joyful light. In actual painting, the artist lags behind these his good intentions. H. P. RIVIERE, for a genuine Irish interior, seasoned with smoke, dirt, and rags, and jovial with the romping dance and the laughter-moving joke, can scarcely be surpassed. He seems latterly, however, at least in 'The Street Opera' (232), to have changed his sketching ground; yet it cannot be denied that he has here hit upon a subject to his humour. Street musicians, though sometimes a nuisance to the ear, may often—as in the group here caught in the very act—be made a delight to the pencil. Mr. Riviere can enjoy fun without descending into coarseness. His drawings have often broad humour, always decisive character, and he carries out his purpose with a firm hand, careful even to the texture of a background. F. W. TOPHAM is ever happy among peasants, but to our fancy he has seldom been more at home than in the present exhibition. Among his varied compositions, the one called 'Saved' (172) is moving and tragic. The saving is that of a boy from the lake close by, where he has narrowly escaped a drowning; his mother, on her knees, thanks Heaven for the deliverance of her son. The moon casts her placid light upon the unconscious waters, and nature is at peace within herself, ready to soothe the sorrows of her suffering children. A newly-elected associate, E. LUNDGREN, sends an effective drawing, 'Choristers at Seville' (216). The rich robes of the priests, the red and white dresses of the singing boys, the light of the candles, the smoke of the incense, the droning countenances of the ecclesiastics, can scarcely fail to arrest attention. The subject is developed by a rough-and-ready hand, with more regard for distant *éclat* than for the admiration which grows on close approach. JOHN GILBERT is another of our artists—deservedly indeed a renowned veteran in Art—who trusts to the effect gained by a force into which he etches as much finish as time or inclination may permit. Some of his drawings show haste. 'The Battle of the Boyne' (20), though it contain passages of mastery, would be improved had extempore dash given place to deliberate study. Mr. Gilbert's two best drawings are that of 'Falstaff and Bardolph' (144), surpassingly excellent for the broad and grotesque delineations of the characters; and secondly, that entitled 'A Tavern Brawl' (2), certainly in the artist's choicest manner. This is no modern tavern or pot-house quarrel over beer and tobacco. The combatants are cavaliers with swords and feathered hats. The tavern itself is a stately interior, pannelled and hung with

portraits and tapestries. In this consummate work, the composition is calculated even to the placing of the minutest object, and the happening of the most trivial incident. The drawing is elaborated by facile lines, after the manner of an etching, and the colour gains the contrast and weight attained by the Dutch masters through the introduction of determined masses of black in the dresses. Assuredly when John Gilbert is at his best, no one in his special line can venture to approach him. CARL HAAG is not seen at his greatest size, but what he may want in magnitude he makes up in quality. Never indeed have we known more thoroughly satisfactory drawings from this artist than the three in which camels, an animal picturesque, yet to the sketcher impracticable, are introduced as the principal characters. 'The Desert' (83), the most important of the three, is, as it were, bridged by a far-extending caravan, which rises as an arched and ruined aqueduct across the thirsty plain. The camels, pictorial and towering, are almost statuesque and monumental in their aspect and dimensions. This drawing is executed with a care which makes close examination not the gratification of curiosity but a delight.

Among the recently-elected associates, we bring together F. Walker and E. B. Jones, certainly not for comparison, but for the sake of violent contrast. Two painters more diametrically opposed never before lived in one hemisphere, and assuredly never could have entered the same exhibition. We receive Mr. Walker as a man who sees nature just like any one of us, only with an eye more gifted. But for Mr. Jones we know not what spectacles he can have put on to have gained a vision so astounding. Had Duccio of Siena, or Cimabue of Florence, walked into Pall Mall and hung upon these walls their mediæval and archaic panels, surely no greater surprise could have been in reserve for the visitors to the gallery. But to get rid of our astonishment as best we may, let us examine in succession and in detail the several productions of F. Walker and E. B. Jones. To Mr. WALKER we are grateful, for he gives us two works which must live for ever in the memory—'Spring' (92) and 'The Church Pew' (317), the last a scene from Thackeray's "Philip." 'Spring' brings a girl gathering primroses, whose dress in the act has been caught in a nut-bush, from the entanglement of which she seeks to free herself. The unconscious girl is seen through the boughs, which, as a net-work, intercept the figure. The situation strikes as novel, and yet is one which might be seen any day on the confines of a wood. For artistic qualities the drawing must be pronounced admirable. The colour is delightfully calm, the execution careful and unostentatious. The primroses and other details in the landscape are put in with mastery, and the only blot we can detect is the slovenly painting of a hand. The other picture by Mr. Walker, a family seated in a church pew, will have been the theme of universal adulation long before these words can issue from the printer's press. It is a drawing which tells much and suggests more. Every face has its history and its lesson; thought and devotion are impressed on each feature. The forms are well rounded, the outlines truthful, the details sufficient to speak the intent; and the colour, like everything else, is content to remain sober and unostentatious. What a wide gulph we must pass, what strange perturbations we must experience ere we can come to the amazing productions of E. B. JONES. Let us approach by way of 'The Annunciation' (200). Here is a bedstead set above a garden, at which the Virgin kneels in her night-dress The angel Gabriel in his flight appears to have been caught in an apple-tree; however, he manages just to look in at a kind of trap-door opening to tell his errand. But close at hand the visitor espies another work by the same artist, at sight of which wonder transcends all bounds. That the painter may have the advantage of speaking for himself, we transcribe the title or description which, through the catalogue, is given in elucidation of the mysterious and awe-inspiring conception:—(215) 'Of a knight who was merciful to his enemy when he might have destroyed him; and how the image of Christ kissed him, in token that his acts had pleased God.' The painter has actually ventured to represent Christ, or rather the wooden effigy of Christ on a carved crucifix, in act of bowing down from the cross to embrace the good knight, who, far from being comforted, seems to shake in his clattering armour. Surely in this too literal reading, the artist has committed the grave blunder of forgetting the inherent distinction between the arts of poetry and of painting—between the metaphor permitted to written words and the more literal reading required in positive forms, which stand for visible facts, and cannot be received as mere impalpable conceptions. And then coming to another point, the uses of sacred Art such as this—if, indeed, it can be called sacred—we confess ourselves to be wholly sceptical. We suppose, however, that we must take condemnation to ourselves, when we admit that we are unable to feel such efforts to be reverent, though doubtless designed to be holy even in excess. We cannot, indeed, but fear that such ultra manifestations of mediævalism, however well meant, must tend inevitably, though of course unconsciously, to bring ridicule upon truths which we all desire to hold in veneration. It has been our privilege to study the growth of religious painting in countries where Christian Art was born and reared, and we say deliberately that these works are a violence upon what the great masters have taught as beautiful and true and good. Fervour they may possibly have for minds mortified to all natural sense of beauty, but to those who believe what indeed the noblest Italian Art teaches, that truth is beauty, and beauty is truth, forms such as these are absolutely abhorrent.

Landscape Art, speaking generally, may be divided between schools of detail and of effect; drawings, on the one hand, which, minute in study, have obtained by a strange perversity of language the term Pre-Raphaelite, or, on the other hand, compositions after the broad manner of Wilson and Loutherbourg, put together upon a preconceived idea or principle, and designed to express some one dominant thought or emotion, such as the tranquillity of twilight or the wild fury of the lashing storm. And speaking of storm, we may at once dispose of Mr. DUNCAN'S 'Wreck' (5), a tempest with a vengeance, a grand but impossible sea on which the boat could not live an instant. There are painters it would seem, who, like some of our greatest politicians, despise the word impossible. 'A Fresh Breeze' (220), by the same artist, may be noted for its sportive, liquid, grey, transparent sea. T. M. RICHARDSON formed his style when so-called "Pre-Raphaelitism" was unknown, and he consequently can dash at a bold effect without faltering or misgiving. 'A Swiss Village' (184), crowned with the Jungfrau, is one of this painter's most sumptuously clad landscapes. The giant mountain has been squared into huge blocks without any attempt at trivial detail: the composition is of course put together with knowledge of scenic effect. 'Sunrise on the König See' (193), is one of the largest but far from the least objectionable of that class of ambitious drawings in the execution of which Mr. COLLINGWOOD SMITH must be allowed to stand supreme. If the modern school of landscape have done any service, it has been by throwing out of date and placing at a discount this clever carelessness of hand. A true love and reverence for nature would suggest a more respectful treatment of her forms. The drawings of Mr. BRANWHITE stand alone; pertaining to no one exclusive class, they seek to combine power in effect with emphasis of detail. 'The Gleam of Winter Sunlight' (236) is one of the most telling efforts of this artist, vigorous in execution, rich and varied in colour, and grand in form. ALFRED NEWTON, some few years since, took the world by surprise, especially for the truth with which he delineated a distant snow-clad mountain in its detailed anatomy. In those days Mr. Newton was classed among "Pre-Raphaelites," with this difference, that the labour which "the brethren" lavished on foregrounds this younger disciple transferred to distances. It had been objected, indeed, that the "Pre-Raphaelites" could not paint a distance. Mr. Newton came to prove the contrary. However this artist, like others of the school, forsook his first love, escaping the bondage of slavishly-wrought details to gain the more easy triumphs of broadly-cast effects. Mr. Newton's drawings this year are unequal; however, 'Loch Levin,' at all events, is in his best manner. A grand scene is here grandly painted. The early snow has flung its filagree white net over the topmost heights; the morning mists are rising from the solemn lake which slumbers under the mountain's shade. A central place of honour has been assigned to Mr. PALMER'S 'Dream on the Apennines' (150), which, by its blaze of colour, pierces with Argos eye across the exhibition. Mr. Palmer might have been painter to the kings of the golden age. His colour-box must certainly be richly stored with the philosopher's stone. The grandest passage in this outlook over the Roman plain is the stately group of trees to the right, which veils the fury of the furnace-burning sun.

After this surfeit, it is a relief to turn to the drawings of GEORGE FRIPP and J. W. WHITTAKER, simple in the unassuming modesty of nature. 'The Pass of Nant Frangon' (88), by Mr. Fripp, is specially to be commended for the exquisite tone preserved by allegiance to transparent colour, and for the keeping of the relative distances in their severally allotted places, qualities in which this landscape is without a rival. In passing, we must commend the cattle pictures by BRITTAN WILLIS, for a brilliancy scarcely attained by Cuyp himself. The Venetian drawings by JAMES HOLLAND, also a drawing from the same city by EDWARD GOODALL, ought to claim, by their studied harmony of colour, an attention which the limits of our space unfortunately does not now permit. And so we must at once deal in brief with some leading pictures which illustrate the closing division of our subject, the school of laborious detail. Mr. NAFTEL has for some years shown himself fragmentary and scattered, but he now gives signs of transition from disconnected detail to a collective general effect, and thereby gains proportionate grandeur. Mr. BIRKET FOSTER also, if we mistake not, is striving to mass into unity the infinite dots of which his landscapes have been so dexterously composed. He, too, like others, may be in transition, for none are so perfect as not to strive after something yet unaccomplished. However, to our liking, 'Flying a Kite' (125) can scarcely be surpassed. The composition of the figures with the landscape is adroit; the story is pretty,

the details are sufficient for their purpose and position, and have, above all, been kept duly subordinate to the general effect. In the same category, C. DAVIDSON's 'Autumn' (112) deserves no stinted praise, as a study of stem drawing, and for its thronging troop of congregated leaves. Two other artists remain to be noticed, and then we have done. ALFRED HUNT has for some time walked in eccentric courses, but now at length, in two remarkable drawings, 'Matterdale' (16), and 'Ulleswater' (26), he bids fair to reach the summit towards which his steps have tended. Mr. BOYCE, as witness 'The Old Barn' (299), cherishes a single eye for simple nature, which, in the reverence of deep feeling, he ventures not to alter, or even to compose. The art of this artist, one of the newly-elected associates, is artless.

With pride may the society appeal to this its sixtieth exhibition. The works of one, the most venerable among its members, William Hunt—now, alas! taken from his labours—are here to attest its old renown. An admirable bust, executed by Mr. Munro, stands in the centre of the room in memory of the departed.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE THIRTIETH EXHIBITION.

THE New Society of Water Colour Artists, under the adopted title of "The Institute," opens this year a pleasing exhibition. The gallery is inviting to the eye on first entrance by its varied yet accordant aspect; an agreeable impression which more detailed examination of individual works does not dissipate. Some drawings, it is true, have here gained admittance which had better have been absent altogether. Still, the general average is good—an average which we incline to think mounts higher year by year, giving evidence of satisfactory progression to the society. In each of the departments, indeed, of water-colour Art do these walls display works of noteworthy excellence. Figure-painting is represented with credit by Tidey, Corbould, Jopling, Absolon, and Cattermole. Landscape is delineated pleasantly, and more or less studiously, by Warren the younger, Bennett, Rowbotham, and Reed. Architecture and picturesque buildings are faithfully and forcibly transcribed by Werner and Prout. Sheep have seldom been flocked with greater shepherd care than by Shalders, or flowers culled more lovingly than by Mrs. Duffield, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Margetts, and Mrs. Harris. Here, then, are ample materials for the making of any exhibition agreeable, instructive, and successful.

Two drawings only out of a gathering of three hundred and twenty-three aspire to the lofty region of high Art: the one, 'The Night of the Betrayal' (253), by HENRY TIDEY; the other, 'Morte d'Arthur' (282), by E. H. CORBOULD. Mr. Tidey is one among the few—alas! but too few—of our modern artists who essay religious subjects after the noble manner of the great masters. All honour is due to any painter for venturing on so arduous a task, and we congratulate Mr. Tidey on the very considerable success which has crowned his labours both in the present and the previous exhibition. 'The Night of the Betrayal' is arranged as a triptych in three parts—a centre with two wings, which hang as doors, and close at will upon the largest compartment. This, it will be remembered, is after the manner of the altar pictures of the middle ages, a mode not ill adapted to our modern and secular uses, inasmuch as the entire composition may be thus closed from light, dirt, or common gaze, and thereby be kept safe and sacred as a cabinet or shrine for a study, an oratory, or even an ordinary drawing-room. The more household gods we can thus make to ourselves the better; the more we can adapt the sacred usages of the Church to our Christian homes, the better shall we be able to infuse into our daily life the poetry of Art and the æsthetic ardour of devotion. This triptych division, moreover, enables a painter to display his subject from diverse and consecutive points of view. It is the misfortune of an artist, as distinguished from a poet, to be limited to a single moment of time; but the painter who spreads, as here, his narrative over three successive tables, can tell of a before and a hereafter. Thus Mr. Tidey gives as the prelude to 'The Night of the Betrayal' 'The Garden of Gethsemane,' and as its sequel 'The Repentance of Peter.' That these works, judged by the highest standard, are wholly satisfactory, is more, perhaps, than can be expected. It is their ill fate that they are animated by a modern spirit, that they are melodramatic and scenic, and that consequently they want the simplicity, and even the sincerity and the singleness of devotion which in the purest schools and periods have given value to religious Art. The contrast which Mr. Tidey institutes between moonlight and torchlight is of course effective, but yet commonplace. The subject might with advantage have been spared from all such easy tricks. The picture would also be improved by greater detail in drawing; by less, on the one hand, of the vaporous style to which the artist is addicted, and, on the other, by more severity of outline, and by forms pronounced with greater firmness. Having pointed out these shortcomings, we again repeat that Mr. Tidey has, taken for all in all, executed a noble work. The figure of Christ in 'The Gethsemane' is specially to be commended for its dignity; and the conception of St. Peter, as he goes out to weep in bitterness, shrouded in the shadow of mystery, is more than usually original—it is indeed a grand reading of the character. We trust that the artist may receive every encouragement for the further prosecution of his arduous labours.

The second work we have mentioned as aspiring to the regions of high or poetic Art is E. H. CORBOULD'S 'Morte d'Arthur,' from the well-known poem by Tennyson. The noise of battle had rolled all day long among the mountains by the winter sea, when the brave King Arthur, stricken by the foe, lay wounded nigh to death. Then drew near a dusky barge, "dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern"—

> "And all the decks were dense with stately forms,
> Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream of those
> Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
> A cry that shiver'd to the singing stars,
> And, as it were, one voice, an agony
> Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
> All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
> Or hath come, since the waking of the world.
> Then murmured Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
> And to the barge they came. There those three queens
> Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
> * * * * * * *
> So like a shatter'd column lay the king."

We transcribe these lines because they best interpret Mr. Corbould's picture. King Arthur lies stretched upon the barge, attended by his knights, and surrounded by three queens in agony. Every form is noble and lovely, and the drawing both of the heads and of the hands most careful. The colour and texture of the robes and other accessories, and also the lustre of the jewels in the crowns, are realised with infinite care. It is to be regretted that the artist in gaining substance has lost transparency, and in seeking power has been betrayed into blackness of shadow.

Last year, writing of Mr. JOPLING and his works, then comparatively little known, we said,—"This artist is gifted with an eye for colour, and sometimes shows a pencil precise in drawing, which only requires still further study to meet high reward." This eye for colour has become still more sensitive to the subtleties of harmony, and this pencil still more sedulously trained to accuracy of drawing, so that in the present exhibition we have to congratulate Mr. Jopling on the production of a mature work, which, though nothing more than a single life-size head, has in its kind never been surpassed in the whole range of water-colour Art. 'Fluffy' (232) is the somewhat capricious title which the painter has given to his elaborate study; 'Fluffy' being the name of the little curly, doll-like dog which an affected miss fondles after the prevailing fashion of the moment. The lady rejoices in that rich crop of golden hair which now obtains in the artist-world peculiar favour, not unlike to the auburn tresses wherewith colour-loving Venice crowned her queens of beauty. The background is, of course, chosen for the contrast of complimentary colour; and the dark shadow of a deep purple robe gives still further brilliancy to the soft skin and clear complexion. The execution is elaborate yet facile.

Mr. BOUVIER has a poet's love of beauty; his imagination seems to be smitten with classic harmony of form, and his eye delights in delicate purity of colour. 'The Caryan Slave' (217), a graceful girl dressed in classic robes, bearing a dish of grapes, is a figure which, by its refinement and delicacy of beauty, merits the honour it has received. Some of the younger members of the Royal Family purchased this drawing at a special private view. But the artist has attempted a subject beyond his power in 'The Maids of Honour in the Reign of George I.' (184). It cannot be too often repeated, that a knowledge of drawing is the only sure foundation whereon a painter can build, and that sentiment, feeling, poetry, and every other imaginative gift are too frail to stand, when wanting in the firm basis which the draughtsman's power alone can give. It is a snare to our water-colour painters, that they can take refuge in the facilities and fascinations of the medium in which they work, and that they may attain no inconsiderable success without submitting to the drudgery of thorough academic training. In both societies, however, there are honourable exceptions of men who make precision of hand the indispensable prelude to facility of brush. We may mention, in passing, several small and unpretending compositions by C. GREEN, a newly-elected associate, as commendable for care in outline. This painter, we understand, is practised in drawing upon wood, an art which Albert Durer in olden times, and John Gilbert and Birket Foster in modern, have proved to be propitious practising-ground to mature pictorial productions. CHARLES CATTERMOLE, also a newly-elected associate, bearing an honoured name which we are glad to welcome, even for the sake of a well-known veteran, into the ranks of artists bearing promise of renown, would do well to remember that, as we have already said, no success can be stable which does not stand on the correct drawing of the human figure as its starting-point. 'The Casting of the Perseus' (116) is certainly too ambitious an attempt for this painter's present attainments. What he can do, and what he ought to do, is precisely indicated by the more careful study which he has thrown into the single

figure called 'The Warder' (121). This artist, who here comes before us for the first time, is allied in manner to John Gilbert and the elder Cattermole, and, if we mistake not, he possesses qualities which will, before many years, win for him honour and reward. Among his numerous contributions to this gallery, 'Artillery on the March' (94) is, perhaps, the best—a drawing capital in action, character, and composition, excellencies wherein this artist bids to be pre-eminent. The president, HENRY WARREN, contributes several works, not, for the most part, inspired, as in former years, by eastern romance, but humbled down to the simplicity and unassuming truth of our English rural life. 'In the Woods where the sweet Nuts grow' (164) is, we think, among its companions, the most felicitous. The subject pretends to nothing more than a country girl gathering nuts, while her little sister holds up her pinafore to catch the prize. The figures have a winning aspect, and the accessories of the leaves of the forest are brought in with literal and charming fidelity. J. H. MOLE is another of that numerous class of artists who practise the popular style, which gives to landscape the life of figure incident. In this kind of works, of course, sometimes the landscape, and sometimes the figure, rises dominant. 'Stonesay Castle' (47), by Mr. Mole, the precincts peopled by a few interesting figures, attains a lucid noon-tide light pleasant to gaze on. LOUIS HAGHE also combines figures with accessories, and thereby attains accumulative results. But the background which he chooses is not a crowd of green leaves; rather does he call the very stones to witness to the import of the story he tells. 'Torquato Tasso seeking an Asylum in the Convent of St. Onofrio, Rome' (38), adds one more to the many illustrations which Mr. Haghe has given of telling epochs in the world's history. The scene is striking. Tasso, with the cardinal by his side, is met by the monks of the convent, under the portico known by every pilgrim who has entered the Holy City. Beneath, in the distance, winds the Tiber, and rises the Castle of St. Angelo. The drawing shows an eye for pictorial narrative, but the execution, which is at once feeble in hand and florid in colour, fails to carry out the full import of the situation indicated. To Mr. Haghe we always look, and not in vain, for some such impressive historic scene as Tasso retiring to a convent, or Rienzi haranguing the people in the Roman Forum.

Few artists can tell a story more neatly than JOHN ABSOLON. His narrative is clear in what may not inaptly be called pictorial diction; his incidents are well chosen and rightly placed, and his general treatment commends itself as altogether pleasing and popular. In the present exhibition the pencil of this artist is prolific. Mr. Absolon contributes no fewer than eight works, of which the composition entitled 'The Limner' (100) ranks as best. His theme has been suggested by "The Vicar of Wakefield," a book of which neither painters nor the public ever tire. "Our taste," writes Goldsmith, "so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet." 'The Limner' is here busy at the picture of "the family;" and near at hand sits Olivia, with the would-be Alexander duly prostrate at her feet. Mr. Absolon has imparted to his drawing much of the sparkling yet sly satire in which Goldsmith as an author delighted. CHARLES H. WEIGALL sends a picture of quiet humour, fairly painted, under the suggestive word 'Opportunity' (225). The good old mother of the house has fallen asleep in her chair, and a lover thereupon seizes the golden "opportunity" of making urgent appeal to the daughter. Such incidents, however oft repeated, never lose their power to please. Mr. Weigall has told the tale cleverly. After a wholly different manner does Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY make her appeal to the heart, or rather to the conscience. 'The Eleventh Hour' (203) seems to prognosticate the proffered salvation of a hardened offender just ere his sentence, it may be at the gallows, launches his soul into eternal perdition. The culprit is in gaol, his ankles are bound with irons, and a woman who has entered the dungeon for his spiritual rescue, thrusts with impetuous appeal into his face a cross, as the emblem of his deliverance. The scene is portrayed with Mrs. Murray's usual power. The colour is strong, the execution has a rude vigour, and the effect is studiously striking. These qualities Mrs. Murray has long had at her command, and we are happy to recognise in the present work, the best we remember from her pencil, increased care both in the drawing and the execution.

The remainder of this article we must devote to a summary of architectural drawings, sea-pieces, and landscapes. The architecture of streets, churches, and temples, has here found pictorial treatment from several of our artists gifted with an eye for picturesque effect. Between an architectural diagram or elevation and an effective architectural picture, the difference we all know is great. A building must be time-worn, moss-grown, and storm-beaten, it must lose in some measure the marks of the handiwork of man, and have put on the clothing of nature; it must have thrown itself to the elements and have become the playmate of the wind, the rain, and the sunshine, ere its bare walls can be the congenial companions of trees, and rocks, and torrents. Among the artists who, in the present exhibition, prove themselves adepts in this scenic display of architecture, we have marked the names of Vacher, Prout, Deane, and Werner. CHARLES VACHER, in 'The Colossi of Thebes' (48), makes a burning sunset serve as the scenery, in front of which the giants of the plain stand as on the broad stage of Egypt. The numerous drawings contributed by this artist are impressive and poetic in effect, but his style would certainly be more consonant with the subjects he chooses, could he impart to the majestic ruins of the Nile the strength and magnitude which are their due. Mr. PROUT, as a contrast, reaps all the advantages that can accrue from literal prose. His manner is that which the public have long learnt to associate with his family name. He delights in the picturesque streets of old cities, he dotes over the details of dilapidated houses, he glories in gable ends and the ruggedness of a broken sky-outline. Mr. Skinner Prout has long been serving an apprenticeship, and we are glad to mark in such drawings as those of 'Falaise' (59) and 'Dinan' (273) that he has won a diploma of mastery. Mr. DEANE must be mentioned in the same category. 'La Tour de Beurre, Rouen' (14), and 'The South Door of Rouen Cathedral' (186), deserve praise. In a wholly different mood Mr. CHASE has made a pilgrimage to Stratford. 'Anne Hathaway's Bedroom' (125), and 'The room in which Shakspeare was born' (132), are commendable for care, likewise for the amount of clear daylight which the artist has managed to bring into these humble interiors. Lastly, we scarcely know in what adequate terms to speak of CARL WERNER'S inimitable transcripts of Eastern architecture and Eastern city life. 'Street Scene, Cairo' (262), is as precise in the drawing of the walls as if a stone-mason had stood by with plummet, line, and chisel in hand. 'The Carpet Bazaar' (254), in the same city, is also perfect after its kind; the buildings, for faithful portraiture, could scarcely be surpassed, and the figures are faultless in action, situation, and colour.

In this gallery Mr. THOMAS ROBINS rules the ocean. 'Blowing Hard' (97) is free in the play of wave and forcible in the dash of the beating storm; 'The Milton Oyster-boat' (255) floats like a thing of life on the sportive sea. These walls are also adorned, in common with the four sides of every London exhibition, by landscapes of winning beauty. Reed, Rowbotham, Warren the younger, Bennett, Whymper, Leitch, Shalders, and Aaron Penley, are among the names to which this gallery is conspicuously indebted. 'Windermere at Sunset' (29), by PENLEY, is a careful drawing, after the olden manner known to our fathers. 'Loch Maree' (62), by W. BENNETT, has been taken from

> "The land of rainbows, spanning glens, whose walls,
> Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colour'd mists."

Mr. WHYMPER belongs to the school of unostentatious greys, which the last painter, Mr. Bennett, forsook, when he ran in chase of rainbows. 'Five o'clock in the Morning on the Sands of Aber' (175) is a drawing skilful in the treatment of a simple, and therefore in some sort difficult, subject, made up of nothing more than a dusky sky, wet, flat sea-shore, and a troop of gulls. 'Hayfield on the Banks of the Thames' (198), also by the same artist, forms an exquisite little gem, both for detail, colour, and composition. Mr. LEITCH is less placid in his effects; he renders his compositions emphatic by a colour, powerful if not indeed violent. 'The Campagna of Rome' (89), peopled by goatherds and peasants, makes a rich and pleasing picture. 'Runciglione' (120), from the same studio, a large subject in miniature, is a pretty, lively-minded landscape. For a sheepfold—or rather for a flock of sheep which, not in fold, take free range through meadow, lane, and hedgerow—Mr. SHALDERS is the man. His handling sometimes reminds of Birket Foster; yet he has a manner of his own. His sheep are round in the back and soft in fleece, and for deportment as quiet and patient as sheep can be. 'On the Holmwood, Dorking' (238), this artist introduces one of our truly characteristic hedge-rows, thick and formidable in brambles and tangled grass. But of all our artists who compete for renown by the indomitable courage required for so-called Pre-Raphaelite finish, Mr. WARREN, the younger, is the most untiring; and in a small picture called 'Hay-time' (260), he has indeed attained no ordinary success. The drawing of the trunks and stems, and the pencilling of the leaves of the beechwood, are not to be surpassed; and the yellows, the bright greens, the grey greens, and the blues intermingle with a nice eye both for contrast and harmony. Carrying a wholly different countenance and complexion are the scenic compositions of Mr. ROWBOTHAM, such as his drawing of 'Amalfi' (7), radiant in the warm sun, and soft in the southern atmosphere of the blue Mediterranean. This style Mr. Rowbotham has reduced to the seductive facility of a pleasant trick. Finally, we must not forget to pay due tribute to the prowess of Mr. REED. His 'Nant-Francon' (315) certainly takes rank as one of the most powerful landscapes in the exhibition. The mountains are built up and cleft asunder with a bold hand; and the artist within the compass of his picture comprises space and magnitude, two of the grandest elements that can enter into landscape Art. With this high praise we close our criticism of an exhibition which rises by the merits of some thirty or forty drawings above the level of mediocrity.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVII.—Callot and his school.—Callot's romantic history.—His "Capricci," and other burlesque works.—The "Balli" and the Beggars.—Imitators of Callot; Della Bella.—Examples of Della Bella.—Romain de Hooge.

THE art of engraving on copper, although it had made rapid advances during the sixteenth century, was still very far from perfection; but the close of that century witnessed the birth of a man who was destined not only to give a new character to this art, but also to bring in a new style of caricature and burlesque. This was the celebrated Jacques Callot, a native of Lorraine, and descended from a noble Burgundian family. His father, Jean Callot, held the office of herald of Lorraine. Jacques was born in the year 1592,* at Nancy, and appears to have been destined for the Church, with a view to which his early education was regulated. But the early history of Jacques Callot presents a romantic episode in the history of Art aspirations. While yet hardly more than an infant, he seized every opportunity of neglecting more serious studies to practise drawing, and he displayed especially a very precocious taste for satire, for his artistic talent was shown principally in caricaturing all the people he knew. His father, and, apparently, all his relatives, disapproved of his love for drawing, and did what they could to discourage it; but in vain, for he still found means of indulging it. Claude Henriet, the painter to the court of Lorraine, gave him lessons, and his son, Israel Henriet, formed for him a boy's friendship. He also learnt the elements of the art of engraving of Demange Crocq, the engraver to the Duke of Lorraine.

About this time, the painter Bellange, who had been a pupil of Claude Henriet, returned from Italy, and gave young Callot an exciting account of the wonders of Art to be seen in that country; and soon afterwards Claude Henriet dying, his son Israel went to Rome, and his letters from thence had no less effect on the mind of the young artist at Nancy than the conversation of Bellange. Indeed the passion of the boy for Art was so strong, that, finding his parents obstinately opposed to all his longings in this direction, he left his father's house secretly, and, in the spring of 1604, when he had only just entered his thirteenth year, he set out for Italy on foot, without introductions and almost without money. He was even unacquainted with the road, but after proceeding a short distance he fell in with a band of gipsies, and, as they were going to Florence, he joined their company. His life among the gipsies, which lasted seven or eight weeks, appears to have furnished food to his love of burlesque and caricature, and he has handed down to us his impressions, in a series of four engravings of scenes in gipsy life, admirably executed at a rather later period of his life, which are full of comic humour. When they arrived at Florence, Jacques Callot parted company with the gipsies, and was fortunate enough to meet with an officer of the grand duke's household, who listened to his story, and took so much interest in him, that he obtained him admission to the studio of Remigio Canta Gallina. This artist gave him instructions in drawing and engraving, and sought to correct him of his taste for the grotesque by keeping him employed upon serious subjects.

After studying for some months under Canta Gallina, Jacques Callot left Florence, and proceeded to Rome, to seek his old friend Israel Henriet; but he had hardly arrived when he was recognised in the streets by some merchants from Nancy, who took him, and, in spite of his tears and resistance, carried him home to his parents. He was now kept to his studies more strictly than ever, but nothing could overcome his passion for Art, and, having contrived to lay by some money, after a short interval he again ran away from home. This time he took the road to Lyons, and crossed Mont Cenis, and he had reached Turin when he met in the street of that city his elder brother Jean, who again carried him home to Nancy. Nothing could now repress young Callot's ardour, and soon after this second escapade, he engraved a copy of a portrait of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, to which he put his name and the date 1607, and which, though it displays little skill in engraving, excited considerable interest at the time. His parents were now persuaded that it was useless to thwart any longer his natural inclinations, and they not only allowed him to follow them, but they yielded to his wish to return to Italy. The circumstances of the moment were especially favourable. Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, was dead, and his successor, Henry II., was preparing to send an embassy to Rome to announce his accession. Jean Callot, by his position of herald, had sufficient interest to obtain for his son an appointment in the ambassador's retinue, and Jacques Callot started for Rome on the 1st of December, 1608, under more favourable auspices than those which had attended his former visits to Italy.

Callot reached Rome at the beginning of the year 1609, and now at length he joined the friend of his childhood, Israel Henriet, and began to throw all his energy into his Art-labours. It is more than probable that he studied under Tempesta, with Henriet, who was a pupil of that painter, and another Lorrainer, Claude Dervet. After a time, Callot began to feel the want of money, and obtained employment of a French engraver, then residing in Rome, named Philippe Thomassin, with whom he worked nearly three years, and became perfect in handling the graver. Towards the end of the year 1611, Callot went to Florence, to place himself under Julio Parigi, who then flourished there as a painter and engraver. Tuscany was at this time ruled by its duke Cosmo de' Medicis, a great lover of the Arts, who took Callot under his patronage, giving him the means to advance himself. Hitherto his occupation had been principally copying the works of others, but under Parigi he began to practise more in original design, and his taste for the grotesque came upon him stronger than ever. Although Parigi blamed it, he could not help admiring the talent it betrayed. In 1615, the grand duke gave a great entertainment to the Prince of Urbino, and Callot was employed to make engravings of the festivities; it was his first commencement in a class of designs by which he afterwards attained great celebrity. In the year following, his engagement with Parigi ended, and he became his own master. He now came out unfettered in his own originality. The first-fruits were seen in a new kind of designs, to which he gave the name of "Caprices," a series of which appeared about the year 1617, under the title of "Caprici di varie Figure." Callot re-engraved them at Nancy in later years, and in the new title they were stated to have been originally engraved in 1616. In a short preface, he speaks of these as the first of his works on which he set any value. They now strike us as singular examples of the fanciful creations of a most grotesque imagination, but they no doubt preserve many traits of the festivals, ceremonies, and manners of that land of masquerade, which must have been then familiar to the Florentines; these engravings would, doubtless, be received by them with absolute delight. One is copied in our cut No. 1; it represents a cripple supporting himself on a short crutch, with his right arm in a sling. Our next cut is another example from the same set, and represents a masked clown, with his left hand on the hilt of his dagger, or perhaps of a wooden sword. From this time, although he was very industrious and produced much, Callot engraved only his own designs.

Fig. 1.—A CRIPPLE.

Fig. 2.—A GROTESQUE MASKER.

While employed for others, Callot had worked chiefly with the graver, but now that he was his own master, he laid aside that implement, and devoted himself almost entirely to etching, in which he attained the highest proficiency. His work is remarkable for the cleanness and ease of his lines, and for the life and spirit he gave to his figures. His talent lay especially in the extraordinary skill with which he grouped together great numbers of diminutive figures, each of which preserves its proper and full action and effect. The great annual fair of the Impruneta was held with great festivities, and attended by an immense concourse of people of all classes, on St. Luke's Day, the 18th of October, in the outskirts of Florence. Callot engraved a large picture of this fair, which is absolutely wonderful. The picture embraces an extensive space of ground, which is covered with hundreds of figures, all occupied, singly or in groups, in different manners, conversing, masquerading, buying and selling, playing games, and performing in various ways; each group or figure is a picture in itself. This engraving produced quite a sensation, and it was followed by other pictures of fairs, and, after his final return to Nancy, Callot engraved it anew. It was this talent for grouping large masses of persons which caused the artist to be so often employed in drawing great public ceremonies, sieges, and other warlike operations.

By the Duke of Florence, Cosmo II., Callot was much patronised and loaded with benefits, but on his death the government had to be placed in the hands of a regency, and Art and literature no longer met with the same encouragement. In this state of things, Callot was found by Charles of Lorraine, afterwards Duke Charles IV., and persuaded to return to his native country. He arrived at Nancy in 1622, and began to work there with greater activity even than he had displayed before. It was not long after this that he produced his sets of grotesques, the Balli (or dancers), the Gobbi (or hunchbacks), and the Beggars. The first of these sets, called in the title *Balli*, or *Cucurucu*—the meaning of which latter word does not appear to be known—consists of twenty-four small plates, each of them containing two comic characters in grotesque attitudes, with groups of smaller figures in the distance. Beneath the two prominent figures are their names, now unintelligible, but at that time no doubt well known on the comic stage at Florence. Thus, in the couple given in our cut No. 3, which is taken from the fourth plate of the series, the personage to the left is named Smaraolo

* This is the date fixed by Meaume, in his excellent work on Callot, entitled "Recherches sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Jacques Callot," 2 tom. 8vo., 1860.

Cornuto, which means simply Smaraolo the cuckold; and the one on the right is called Ratsa di Boio. In the original the background is occupied by a street, full of spectators, looking on at a dance of pantaloons, round one who is mounted on stilts and playing on the tabour. The couple in our cut No. 4 represents another of Callot's "Caprices," from a set differing from the first "Caprices," or

Fig. 3.—SMARAOLO CORNUTO.—RATSA DI BOIO.

the Balli. The Gobbi, or hunchbacks, form a set of twenty-one engravings; and the set of the Gipsies, already alluded to, which was also executed at Nancy, was included in four plates, the subjects of which were severally—1, the gipsies travelling; 2, the avant-guard; 3, the halt; and 4, the preparations for the feast. Nothing could be more truthful, and at the same time more comic,

Fig. 4.—A CAPRICE.

than this last set of subjects. We give, as an example of the set of the Baroni, or beggars, Callot's figure of one of that particular class—for beggars and rogues of all kinds were classified in those days—whose part it was to appeal to charity by wounds and sores artificially represented. The false cripple is here holding up his leg to make a show of his pretended infirmity.

Fig. 5.—THE FALSE CRIPPLE.

Callot remained at Nancy, with merely temporary absences, during the remainder of his life. In 1628, he was employed at Brussels in drawing and engraving the 'Siege of Breda,' one of the most finished of his works, and he there made the acquaintance of Vandyck. Early in 1629, he was called to Paris to execute engravings of the siege of La Rochelle and of the defence of the Isle of Rhé, but he returned to Nancy in 1630. Three years afterwards his native country was invaded by the armies of Louis XIII., and Nancy surrendered to the French on the 25th of September, 1633. Callot was required to make engravings to celebrate the fall of his native town; but, although he is said to have been threatened with violence, he refused; and afterwards he commemorated the evils brought upon his country by the French invasion in those two immortal sets of prints, the lesser and greater '*Misères de la Guerre*.' About two years after this, Callot died in the prime of life, on the 24th of March, 1635.

The fame of Callot was great among his contemporaries, and his name is justly respected as one of the most illustrious in the history of French Art. He had, as might be expected, many imitators, and the Caprices, the Balli, and the Gobbi, became very favourite subjects. Among these imitators, the most successful and the most distinguished was Stefano Della Bella; and, indeed, the only one deserving of particular notice. Della Bella was born at Florence, on the 18th of May, 1610;* his father, dying two years afterwards, left him an orphan and his mother in great poverty. As he grew up, he showed, like Callot himself, precocious talents in Art, and of the same kind. He eagerly attended all public festivals, games, &c., and on his return from them made them the subject of grotesque sketches. It was remarked of him, especially, that he had a curious habit of always beginning to draw a human figure from the feet, and proceeding upwards to the head. He was struck at a very early period of his pursuit of Art by the style of Callot, of which, at first, he was a servile imitator, but he afterwards abandoned some of its peculiarities, and adopted a style which was more his own, though still founded upon that of Callot. He almost rivalled Callot in his success in grouping multitudes of figures together, and hence he also was much employed in producing engravings of sieges, festive entertainments, and such elaborate subjects. As Callot's aspirations had been directed towards Italy, those of Della Bella were turned towards France, and when in the latter days of the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu, the Grand Duke of Florence sent Alexandro del Nero as his resident ambassador in Paris, Della Bella was permitted to accompany him. Richelieu was occupied in the siege of Arras, and the engraving of that event was the foundation of Della Bella's fame in France, where he remained about ten years, frequently employed on similar subjects. He subsequently visited Flanders and Holland, and at Amsterdam made the acquaintance of Rembrandt. He returned to Florence in 1650, and died there on the 23rd of July, 1664.

While still in Florence, Della Bella executed four prints of dwarfs, quite in the grotesque style of Callot. In 1637, on the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II., Della Bella published engravings of the different scenes

Fig. 6.—A WITCH MOUNTED.

represented, or performed, on that occasion. These were effected by very elaborate machinery, and were represented in six engravings, the fifth of which (*scena quinta*) represents hell (*d'Inferno*), and is filled with furies, demons, and witches, which might have found a place in Callot's

* The materials for the history of Della Bella and his works will be found in a carefully compiled volume, by C. A. Jombert, entitled, "Essai d'un Catalogue de l'Œuvre d'Etienne de la Bella." 8vo., Paris, 1772.

'Temptation of St. Antony.' A specimen of these is given in our cut No. 6—a naked witch, seated upon a skeleton of an animal that might have been borrowed from some far distant geological period. In 1642, Della Bella executed a set of small "Caprices," consisting of thirteen plates, from the eighth of which we take our cut No. 7.

Fig. 7.—BEGGARY.

It represents a beggar-woman, carrying one child on her back, while another is stretched on the ground. In this class of subjects Della Bella imitated Callot, but the copyist never succeeded in equalling the original. His best style, as an original artist of burlesque and caricature, is shown in a set of five plates of Death carrying away people of different ages, which he executed

Fig 7.—DEATH CARRYING OFF HIS PREY.

in 1648. The fourth of this set is copied in our cut No. 8, and represents Death carrying off, on his shoulder, a young woman, in spite of her struggles to escape from him.

With the close of the seventeenth century these "Caprices" and masquerade scenes began to be no longer in vogue, and caricature and burlesque assumed new forms; but Callot and Della Bella had many followers, and their examples had a lasting influence upon Art.

We must not forget that a celebrated artist, in another country, at the end of the same century, the well-known Romain de Hooge, was produced from the school of Callot, in which he had learnt, not the arts of burlesque and caricature, but that of skilfully grouping multitudes of figures, especially in subjects representing episodes of war, tumults, massacres, and public processions.

REFLECTIONS IN WATER GEOMETRICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY CAPTAIN A. W. DRAYSON, R.A.

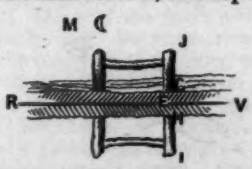
There are few subjects in nature that yield more beauties in an artistic point of view than water. We have in it a mirror which multiplies all the elegancies of form that are around and above it. Endless variations abound in the reflections, which are different in many respects from the original object reflected. The relative distances of objects may, to a great extent, be indicated by their reflections, when no other adequate means can be found; and thus every wood-side pool or still pond is in itself a study worthy even the attention of our leading artists. An able writer on water says, "What I shall here state are a few only of the broadest laws verifiable by the reader's immediate observation, but of which, nevertheless, I have found artists frequently ignorant, owing to their habit of sketching from nature, without thinking or reasoning, and especially of finishing at home. It is not often, I believe, that an artist draws reflections in water as he sees them." These remarks are so applicable to the present paper, that we here quote them, and, in addition, may state that the subject of reflections, especially in still water, having been brought to our notice, we have, during a considerable period, kept a record of those otherwise beautiful works of Art, in which all geometry has been set at defiance, and canvas water made to do what real water never accomplished; and thus as great offence was given to the geometrically trained eye, as though one well skilled in colour had to gaze at pea-green clouds and bright red fields of grass.

Although it may not be necessary to adopt rigidly correct geometrical rules when producing a picture in which there is an abundance of still water, yet the subject of reflections becomes so much simplified, when we know the geometry of the question, and so many palpable errors may then be at once discovered in our previous works, that we immediately become aware that we have gained a great power, in consequence of our geometrical knowledge. We may then venture to finish at home those reflections which were roughly sketched out-of-doors, because, as we know the laws that govern these, we are not likely to violate them, in consequence of being unacquainted with them.

We will divide this subject into two parts, viz., reflections in still water, and reflections in water in motion. The latter part will, however, be very short, the geometrical laws being exactly similar in each case; but some slight variations in details, and important results as to effect, will be found in connection with the latter portion of the subject.

The great law in connection with water is that "*the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection.*" Let us now apply this rule to the subject under discussion, and by the aid of a diagram show the first simple effects of the law.

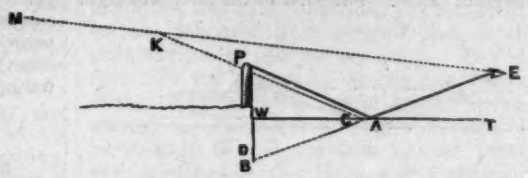
Suppose R E V the water-line, separating the water from the bank above it, G the top of the bank,



on which stand two posts and a rail; we have here the very simplest description of reflection, for it is merely necessary first to measure E H equal to G E, and H I equal to J G, and the reflection of the bank and post is at once found. This is the most simple of problems, and one which scarcely needs any proof in order to show its correctness.

Let us now, however, take an additional item, viz., the moon, as at M, and let us inquire where the reflection of the moon ought to be placed in the still water before us. We have no hesitation in stating that unless simple geometry be brought to bear on this subject, the artist could only place the moon's reflection in the water *by guess*, if he did not by observation note its position. In order to place this reflection correctly in the water, we should examine this diagram in section as below.

W A T represents the still water, E the position of the eye, P the top of the post, and E M the direction of the moon, which would appear just as much above P as was shown in the preceding diagram. Now, as the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection, it is merely necessary, in order to obtain the reflection of the top of the post, to find a point A, so that the angles E A T and P A W are equal, then A and B,



as shown in the picture, will be the position for the reflection of the top of the post. The distance of the moon from E and W being almost infinite compared to the distance E W, it would follow that a line drawn from W to the moon would be almost parallel to one drawn from E to the moon. It would therefore be impossible to find any point between T and W where the moon's reflection would be visible, because, even taking the extreme point W, we should still have the angle E W T greater than any angle made by a line drawn from the moon to the water at W. Thus, although the moon might be seen as at M in diagram I, still its reflection would be invisible to a person at E.

Instead of the object M being at an immense distance, as is the case with the moon, suppose that it was at such a point as K in the same line, its reflection should then be obtained as follows:—Between E and K take a point such as C, so that the angles E C T and K C W are equal, then C will be the position for the reflection of K, and thus on the plane of the picture D will be the object's reflection. Thus, although the point K is seen by direct vision above the top of the post, still its reflection will be seen below it.

From this it will be evident that, according to the distance of K from the water, so will its reflection become altered in position, and thus we can actually indicate the distance of the object K, by means of its reflection in the water.

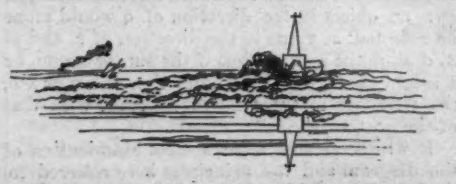
This method of examining our objects in section, will enable us to comprehend exactly the laws which regulate reflections on still waters; but we can in practice adopt another method, which will prevent us from committing some of those blunders which, as we remarked, naturally offend the geometrically trained eye.

W A we suppose the bank of a pond or river of still water; T a tree, distant about a quarter of a

mile from the bank. In what manner should we obtain the true reflection of T?

We should proceed as follows. Suppose the water to extend as far as the tree, and let the water-line be represented by the line S P, which is slightly below the stem of the tree; measure a distance equal to this distance below the line S P, and from the point thus found draw the tree inverted, and equal in length to the real tree; that part only of it which has to be drawn over the water would be its visible reflection.

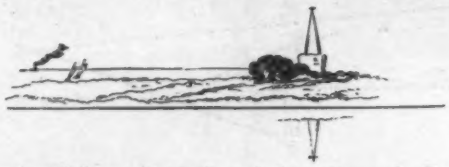
We lately observed in a picture gallery a drawing by an able artist, in which there was a church reflected in the manner shown below; thus giving



an illustration of the way in which nature's laws are sometimes set at defiance by those who despise some of the sciences which at first sight might

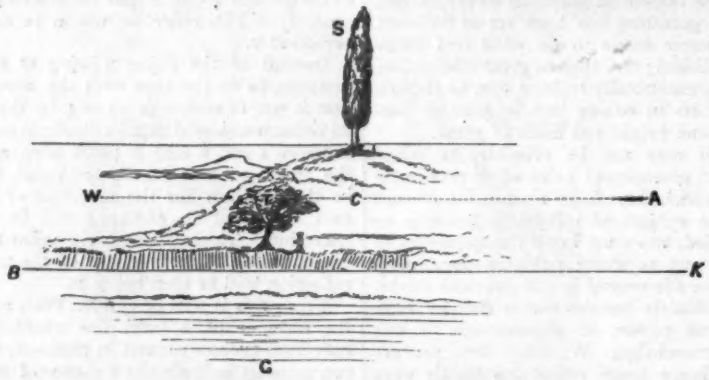
appear to have nothing to do with the artist's craft.

From an examination of the preceding diagram and its explanation, the reader will perceive that this church, distant perhaps half a mile from the river bank, would not, and could not, be reflected as here represented. Produce the water-line, and then invert as before, and a very small portion of the top of the church spire would alone be reflected close to the bank, whilst none of the trees around it would be seen. The correct reflection for this object would be as shown in the diagram below. The bank of the river would, of



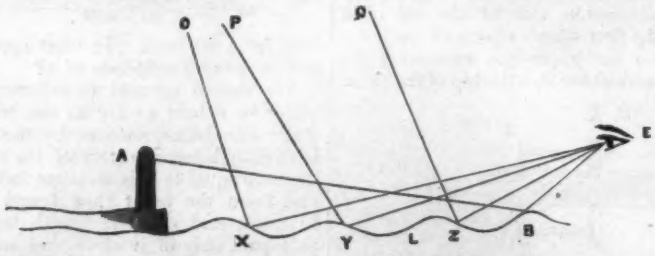
course, obscure a portion of the spire, and allow only the extreme top to be visible. Such an error as the preceding we have observed in a multitude of cases where the artist has ventured to deal with still water; a subject which, although teeming with beauties, is yet rarely handled, perhaps in consequence of its lovers having experienced some of the difficulties which we have here endeavoured to clear away.

Nearly all the reflections of distant objects may be correctly obtained by this one method of considering the water extended until it is exactly



matter of inversion, first inverting the bank, then the tree, so that its summit would in reflection be represented at the point marked G. In order to reflect S correctly, we must imagine the water to extend exactly beneath S, as shown by the line W C A; from C we measure downwards a distance equal to that from C to the root of the tree, then invert the tree, and its reflection will appear in the water. In too many instances we have observed reflections of this kind most erroneously sketched, thus to a great extent damaging the effects of an otherwise able work of Art.

The great principle that "the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection," also holds



possible to see the post A reflected at B, the angle of incidence being there equal to the angle reflected. The reflection of the post, however, would not be seen in a continued line; for example, at Z, an object in the direction of Q would alone be reflected, at Y one in the direction of P, and at X, O might be seen. Thus if the sun or moon, or a bright cloud, were in the direction of Z Q or X O, the reflection of these might alternate with that of the post A.

It will be evident from a close examination of the diagram and the principles here referred to, that it is quite possible to make very serious errors in connection with reflections in moving water, especially when only a partial sketch is

beneath the objects, and then invert them, and represent in the reflection only those parts which would overlap and reach the water. Whether these objects be on a level with or above the water, the same law holds good.

For the sake of additional illustration, let us suppose the following conditions:—A piece of still water, beyond which is a horizontal plain, and on which are upright posts, about twenty yards apart; the observer is several yards from the bank of the plain—required the reflection of these posts. Let B K represent the bank, W the water, C D E F and G the posts. The reflections

can immediately be found by producing the water-line until it is beneath each post; then invert the posts, and the position of the top of each will be found.

A very common source of error is when two objects are at different elevations and distances from the water. Suppose B K the bank of a pond, T a tree standing on the bank, and S a tree at a distance, the relative distances of which may be shown by the two figures which serve as scales.

The reflection of the tree T becomes merely a

good with regard to water in motion, the main difference being that with still water there is a horizontal reflecting surface, whereas where any waves exist, the surface is not horizontal. The general result is that in almost all cases the shadow is lengthened.

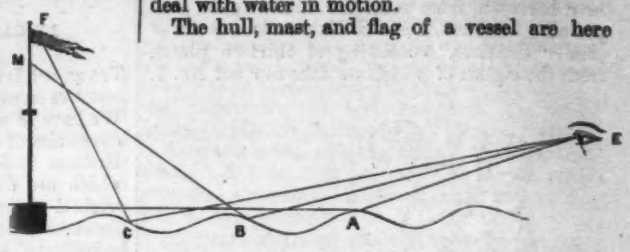
By the aid of a sectional view we may perceive the principle upon which we should draw our reflections in moving water.

Suppose A a post on the bank of a river, X Y Z B the waves, E the position of the eye. If the water were still, the reflection of the top of the post would be visible at about the point marked Y; but in consequence of the waves, it would be

made out of doors, and details are filled in at home. The movement of water also is so rapid, that few artists are capable of grasping at a glance the actual relative positions of the various reflections; consequently, to a great extent, a vagueness exists as regards the reflections to be inserted. When, however, the form of the water or waves has been traced, we may, by the aid of a section, at once ascertain which objects might be reflected, and which it was impossible could be seen.

Another effect of waves is, in many instances, to invert the order of reflections. As a rule, and in still water, objects in the same vertical plane will be so reflected that the highest object will be seen nearest to the observer, whilst the lowest will be the most distant; but on examining the annexed diagram, we find how this rule is found to fail, and how a singular liberty may be taken when we deal with water in motion.

The hull, mast, and flag of a vessel are here



shown, and also the section of some waves, E being the observer's eye.

On account of the slope of the water at C, the reflection of the flag F would there be seen; at B, for the same reason, a portion of the mast at M would be visible, whilst from A the hull of the vessel at H would be seen. If then the flag were red, the mast white, and the hull black, we should have in a portion of our reflections red in the distance and black close to us, an arrangement which could not exist were the water perfectly still.

In some otherwise admirable paintings we have seen reflections of objects in water where it was impossible these could be visible; for example, as in the annexed diagram, which represents a sectional view, S is a portion of a ship, and W a wave in front of the vessel, E being the position of the observer's eye. If now the reflection of the vessel be in the least shown at any portion of the

wave marked W, we have an impossibility, because objects in the direction of W T only would be seen reflected at W.

For the sake of a simple demonstration, we have supposed that the waves are merely undulations of water; in fact, however, this is rarely the case, the sides and tops of waves being usually broken water; thus a slight modification of the above principles becomes admissible. When, however, we know the laws which govern these matters, we can safely allow a slight deviation from a rule, according to circumstances, without any great chance of error.

We will venture but one more remark in connection with this subject, viz., as regards the effect produced by the direction of a wave.

If the line of the wave be at right angles to a line joining the object reflected and the eye of the observer, then the reflection is merely broken in the manner described as regards the post A. If, however, the line of the wave be inclined at any other angle to the line from the observer to the object, then the reflection instead of appearing as a broken straight line, will appear of a serpentine, S, form. The proof of this will be manifest to any reader who has gone over the preceding demonstrations.

During a tolerably still evening, any one of the metropolitan bridges are excellent stations from which to observe reflections in water, the gas lamps affording many examples. But a still pool on a calm day is far better as a study. We there may see the simple reflection in still water, the elongated in broken water, the wavy or serpentine, as a line of waves is caused; and also we may perceive the interesting inversion of order, as regards some of the objects, the cause for which we have endeavoured to explain in this paper. All these facts become doubly interesting, and more appreciated, when, in addition to an artist's eye, we possess also the knowledge of the geometrician; and thus, whilst we appreciate the beauty, we are acquainted with the laws of the various phenomena that we see in the river or pool beneath us.

EXHIBITION OF FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

The arena of this gallery is small, yet within its narrow compass is fought out the great battle of the continental schools. In this one room do we find an epitome of the styles in Art which at the present moment divide Europe—a summary of the modes or methods whereby some of the most famed among living artists have sought to interpret nature, and give to mankind the outward show of their inward aspirations towards the beautiful and the true. Yet a survey of the little but diversified world here laid before us, enforces only still more strongly the one conclusion which now in all lands, whether British or foreign, comes irresistibly upon every observant mind, that artists have forsaken the ideal for the real, the imaginative for the literal, and the generalisation of the Academy for the naturalism of individual studies. That the French school of David of last century has become extinct is, perhaps, no calamity; but that Ary Scheffer should, within the memory of each one of us, have passed away without leaving some small and compact company of disciples to follow in his steps, is, to say the least, a phenomenon which serves to mark the spirit of our times. The current, in short, of modern Art has set fiercely in an opposite direction, as the present admirable exhibition on all sides testifies. Gerome is not so much classic as romantic; Yvon has the rude vigour of positive naturalism; Gallait, in the strength of his genius, casts off the bondage of mere academic rules, and creates for himself a historic style as bold as it is free. Yet while we thus see that English and foreign schools alike are moving in one and the same direction, it were indeed the blindest of errors to suppose that contemporary styles are identical, or, for all intents and purposes, even similar. One of the chief lessons, in fact, to be learnt from a collection such as this, is the wide diversity which reigns among masters united within the same commonwealth of Art. It is, indeed, instructive to mark how each artist, while he conforms to the manner that pertains to his age and country—while he unconsciously obeys the generic laws which sway and sweep across a continent, remains, nevertheless, within the domain of his individual genius, free to assert his independence, and even to foster his eccentricities.

Let us begin with two noted representatives of the grand style and the large scale as now known in France. The reputation which Gerome won by 'The Duel' and 'The Gladiators,' he fully sustains in his present picture, 'Scene on the Nile.' A boat urged onwards by two oarsmen, pulling like demons, carries as its chief cargo a recruit to the army, bound hand and foot, seated at the stern. A gay coxcomb of an Arab sings into the ear of the prisoner a taunting song; and at the prow presides the representative of the pasha, bearing at his girdle a deadly array of pistols and daggers. The picture is small, yet the manner is grand and large. Of a man who can paint such a work, no coming miracle can take us by surprise. The second artist we shall name in this first class is Yvon, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, whom the French receive as the successor to Horace Vernet, and, as such, the painter laureate to the glories of the empire. Yvon is accustomed to cover, as did his predecessor, square miles of canvas, reeking with smoke of cannon, and crowded with soldiers cutting their way to glory with the sword, or dying in pools of gore. A performance on this scale of grandeur could scarcely be expected, save at Versailles. However, here in Pall Mall we are favoured with a minor achievement, which shows the quality of the man. 'Wounded Soldiers removed from the Field—Italy, 1859,' is a picture of comparatively mild horrors. A bullock-waggon transports a cargo of wounded and dying soldiers, heaped together with little regard for personal comfort or pictorial effect. The picture, however, proves a master hand.

Belgium, scarcely second to France in the domain of high Art, is here represented by her three chief leaders, Gallait, Leys, and Wappers. Gallait may be called the Delaroche, Leys the Van Eyck, and Wappers possibly the Rubens of the modern Belgian school. Wappers' contribution, a life-size 'Italia,' is, at all events, large enough to satisfy one of the conditions which the grand painter of Antwerp might possibly have imposed upon his followers. The pride of the gallery are the two noble historic works by Gallait. The style of this painter was made familiar by the Belgian Court of the International Exhibition, and the subject which there excited thrilling interest, 'The Last Honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn,' here finds a prelude, or antecedent, in a picture, if less sensational, at least equal in Art power. The title which the present picture bears is 'The Sentence of Death read to the Counts Egmont and Horn on the eve of their Execution.' In this work we cannot but again be struck with the artist's manly and downright naturalism, with the breadth of his treatment and the boldness of his handling. Every head is firmly modelled, each feature is strong in the tension of its expression, and the hands, by their attitude, interpret and carry out the dramatic action of the entire composition. The drapery is kept subordinate. It becomes instructive to contrast this living naturalism of Gallait with the petrified mediævalism of Leys, manifest in three remarkable works, of which 'Going to Church on New Year's Day, Antwerp, Sixteenth Century,' is in the artist's best manner—archaic, archæologic, and austere. The picture is good, but Van Eyck would have made it better; yet the background of old brick walls and wooden shop-fronts—the best painted portions—could scarcely be surpassed. Leys is certainly the most notable among the Pre-Rubenite school of Flanders. Madame Jerichau, who in the International Exhibition acknowledged the flag of Denmark, sends 'The Shipwrecked,' by far the most successful work she has yet executed.

Small cabinet interiors, playful and pointed in incident, and painstaking in finish, a style and a class in which the French are supremely felicitous, find skilful executants in Plassan, Ruiperez, Duverger, and Frere. 'Saying Grace' is, we think, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the last-named artist, and that is high praise. The sentiment is exquisite, so simple and heartfelt. This family of honest poverty are evidently, in all the acts and relations of daily life, chastened by the elevating and refining spirit of earnest piety. From a mere Art point of view our painters will do well to note the delicate and harmonious blending of the broken and tertiary colours, also a certain sketchy slightness in the execution, especially for the rendering of accessory details—characteristics of the French manner as distinguished from the English. Among Belgian painters, Willems, who might be a descendant of Terbourg, paints in 'The Toilet' a satin dress to admiration, a dexterity which has won him the honour of Chevalier in the Order of Leopold.

In the field of landscape and animal painting the two schools of France and Flanders contend for mastery. Gallic Isabey, in his picture 'The Coast of Brittany,' dilates into large dimensions, and displays his habitual grandeur, yet withal rudeness of manner. Hung face to face with this picture by Isabey, is a sea-piece by the well-known Dusseldorf Achenbach, 'The Jetty at Ostend.' The wild sea foam with which this painter usually crests his waves, recalls, perhaps, too much the soap-suds of a stormy washing-day; yet undoubtedly Achenbach is one of the very few painters in Europe who can venture to contend with the ocean in tempest. The two landscapes by Lambinet are, as ever, luminous in sky and transparent in water. He has painted a poetic effect with a fluent, full, and overflowing brush. Israels, in 'The Poor Widow's Removal,' chaunts one more dirge of desolation and death, shrouded with the dark pall of a shadowed sky. Verboeckhoven's sheep are soft and shaggy in wool, and his landscape accessories as usual crude in colour. Lastly, we must not forget to mention that the genius of the Bonheur family obtains witness in a luminous little picture by Juliette, the sister of Rosa. While writing we are informed that Rosa herself has promised a large work, the companion to 'The Horse Fair,' which we can only hope the enterprise of Mr. Gambart may secure as a further attraction to the French Gallery.

MR. HERBERT'S PICTURE OF MOSES BRINGING DOWN THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

This, the first and most important picture of the proposed series in the Lords' Appeal Court, is at length finished—long, it must be said, after the time stipulated, not because the artist has spared himself, but rather that he has laboured in a manner that, in this case, some may call too earnestly. The picture fills the extremity of the room, which within its four plain walls would be considered too small for a subject so vast; but fortunately this is the best lighted picture yet existing in the Houses of Parliament, and its treatment is such that its expression of space pronounces as reality the blue peaks of distant mountains; and this, next to the atmosphere of sanctity that envelops the whole, is most deeply felt on entering the chamber. It will be well to say that the source of this triumphant effect lies in the studied tenderness and well-guarded scale of the shaded portions of the painting, which, in contrast with shades of furniture and objects in the room, are atmospheric, and descend little below half tones; hence, in short, we look upon the picture as from a window at a scene enacted in the full breadth of daylight. The principal passages of the theme are found in the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus:—"And it came to pass when Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in Moses' hand, when he came down from the Mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with him. And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him." But the compass of the narrative gathers from the entire history of the miraculous passage of the Israelites, as "And a mixed multitude went up also with them," &c.; "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him," &c.; "A golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe," &c.; "And blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair," &c.

We speak of this picture as one of a series. It is now more than twenty years since the publication of those early reports of the Commissioners which detail the proposed decorations of each chamber. Thus the set in this apartment are to illustrate Law and Judgment; the three remaining primary subjects being the Judgment of Daniel in the case of Susannah and the Elders; that of Solomon in the case of the real and the false mother; and the Judgment of God in the case of Balaam and the tribes. The smaller spaces will contain further passages from the histories of Daniel and Solomon.

Mr. Herbert has taken Dean Stanley for his authority, and conscientiously worked out the scene of his picture from the most comprehensive and exact photographs he has been able to procure. The immediate site is a bare rocky slope at the foot of the Gebel Mousa, admirably adapted, from its gentle rise, to assist the symbolical reading of the picture. The colour of the granite is a warm drab, its clefts being divided by ridges, looking upwards as if rough-hewn into every variety of elliptical buttress. On the left we obtain glimpses of the Wady, as it is called, or the valley, in which is encamped the Israelite host; and above it, in blue distance, rise the sharp granite pinnacles of the neighbouring mountains. The scene, in its colour, forms, and combinations, presents, as nearly as is possible by human means, the

present character of what may be accepted as the spot where Moses descended with the tables of the law.

The picture typically forms an arch, of which Moses and the tables are the keystone, and but for whom the whole must fall to pieces; this, by the subtility of the art, we at once feel. In the remaining members of the structure are shown the living elements of the world's future history, of which each person present, from the most important to the least significant, may be said by his presumed posterity to supply a book. Moses descends slowly, as a man travelling warily in a dream, with his eyes fixed, looking not outwardly but inwardly. Round his head is a halo as from the shining of his face, by which many of those near him are dazzled and frightened. On the left stands Aaron, humiliated and penitent in remembrance of the golden calf, and behind him are his two sons, Nadab and Abihu, with an expression of doubtful curiosity in their faces, a foretype of that disobedience in their ministry which caused them to be consumed by fire. Near these stands Joshua, an imposing military figure, confident and devoted, for he had nothing to do with the golden calf. Next in order is Eleazar, the third son of Aaron, who succeeded him in the priesthood (Numbers xx.); near him in a reverential attitude is Nun, the father of Joshua. On the right the construction is continued from Moses by Miriam, the prophetess, who kneels with her face averted. Near her is one of the Midianite shepherds, in his sheepskin vest; Hur, the husband of Miriam; Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, of the tribe of Judah, who was sent to search the land of Canaan; Bezaleel, in whom the Lord put wisdom to work all manner of work for the sanctuary; one of the tribe of Levi, dazzled by the brightness of the countenance of the law-giver; a Nazarite, who, by his growing hair, is known to have separated himself unto the Lord. The structure, comprehensive as it is, is not considered complete without showing its connection with the New Testament, which is effected by a growing spray of the acacia, whereof the crown of thorns was plaited.

It is probable that the personal conceptions and manner of equipments in this most marvellous work will expose Mr. Herbert to the adverse criticism of those who know of nothing but the draperies and contours of the Rhodian Art. A comparison, however, of the most ancient sculptures with the various national eastern dresses, shows that the latter have changed but little since the days of the Pharaohs. Thus the searcher for truth has forced upon him the fact that the existing Arab dress differs in little from that of the days of Abraham. As soon as the Italian schools became acquainted with Greek draperies, they ceased painting their characters in the dresses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and whatever may be the feeling of the admirers of flowing draperies, they may be assured that the days for the presentation of Israelites in Greek robes are numbered.

As to the working of this picture, it has been indescribably laborious. In the head-dress of Miriam, for instance, when sufficiently close, the texture of the cloth is visible, and the naked back of one of the figures, which in "pure" fresco might have been painted in seven hours, has been perfected by six weeks of labour. The picture is painted in stereochrome, the process of which has been described in these pages. It now remains to be seen what determination will be come to with respect to continuing the series; it is difficult to believe that they can be suspended, or that they ought to be, as some argue.

ILLUSTRATED PRAYER-BOOK.*

In the days when books of every kind were few, and those whose duty it was to conduct the offices of the Church were almost the only persons capable of reading what was appointed for her services; when the people were compelled through ignorance to listen to the prayers offered up by the priest, instead of joining audibly in them with the form in their hands; when grave and hooded monks sat for hours in cells which, for the time, bore some resemblance to the studios of painters: then there arose, under the various forms and titles of prayer-books, psalters, *livres d'heures*, missals, &c., those beautiful illuminated works which have come down to us from the mediæval ages, monuments of the taste, skill, ingenuity, and perseverance of the artists of the period, and often so costly in their production as to be kept among the treasures of the fraternity by whom they were executed, or transferred by purchase or gift to the possession of kings and wealthy nobles. The *scriptorium* of the monastery was a school of Art, into which were gathered, for the use of the learned brethren, parchments, and vellums, and pigments, and inks of various colours, gold and silver liquids, with natural objects of all kinds, and especially flowers and plants of the rarest, as well as of the most common, description. These were the materials and the models with and from which the old monks and their coadjutors worked out those exquisite pages we now find carefully preserved in museums and rich libraries as objects worthy of all care and honour.

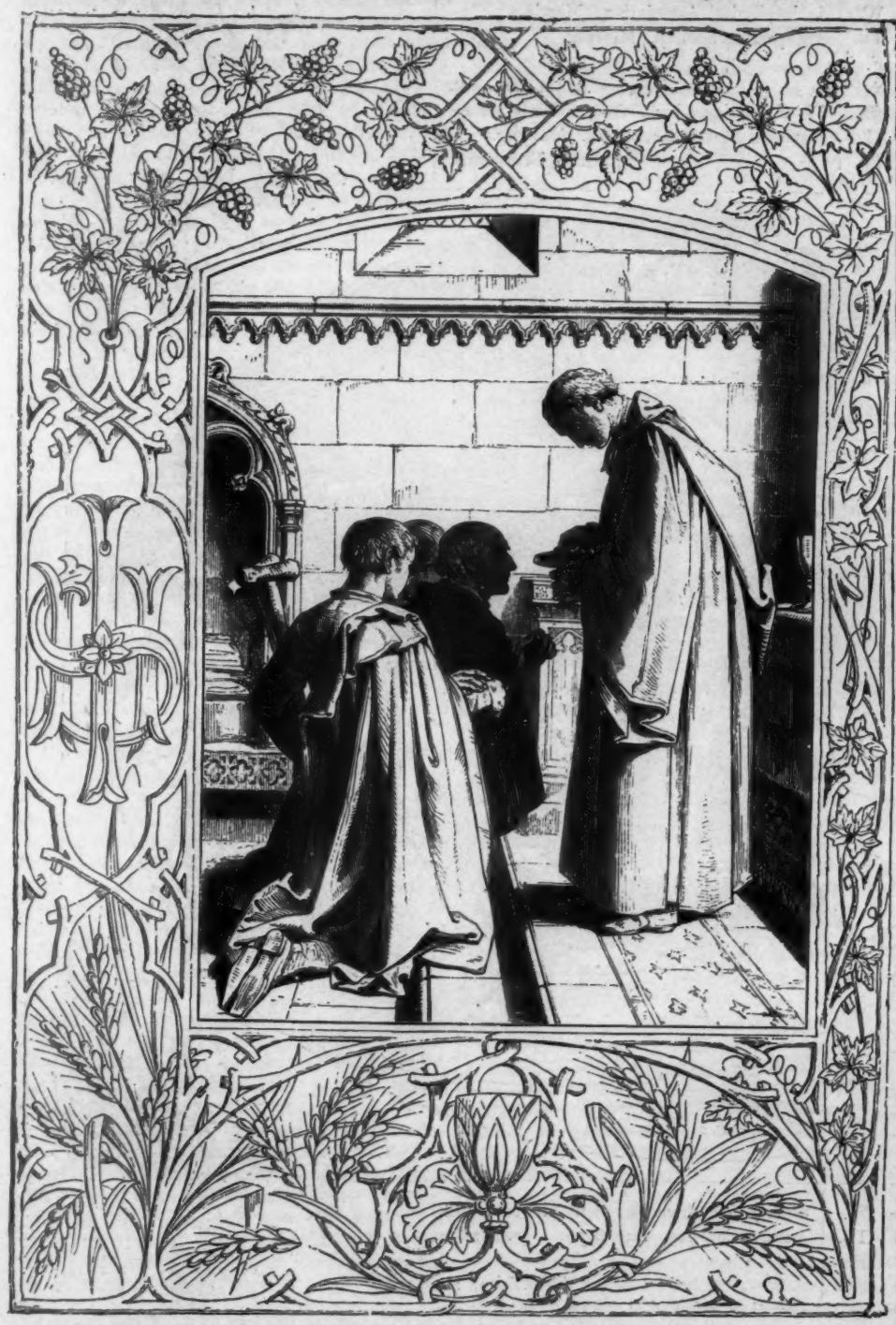
THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The invention of printing superseded in a very great measure the labours of the *scriptores;* books rapidly multiplied, and when the Reformation came, the Scriptures, as well as the forms employed in the services of the Church, circulated more or less among the people. Printing, however, did not entirely do away with the work of illuminating, which, for a time at least, was employed in ornamenting numerous valuable manuscripts and printed books; and now, after the lapse of centuries, the printing press, through the agency of chromo-lithography, has become the medium of supplying every part of the civilised

* The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the Usage of the United Church of England and Ireland. With Notes and Illustrations. Published by J. Murray, London.

world, and at a comparatively nameless cost, with books as artistically beautiful as those which had their birth in the silent cells of the monastic recluse. Such is one of the revolutions made by science in the doings of mankind; the old block book printers of Germany, and our own Caxton, when he set up his press within the limits of the Sanctuary at Westminster, had little idea of what would ultimately come forth from their infantile efforts.

These observations have been suggested by a very elegant edition of "The Book of Common Prayer" recently published by Mr. Murray, now before us; not that it actually comes under the denomination of an illuminated work, for it has no colour except in the initial letters, but because the ornamental portion belongs to the groundwork of illumination; in all but a very few examples it is only pure outline. The side of each page has a graceful floral band, generally of such flowers and plants as are appropriate to the season, or may be accepted as appropriate to it: on each page of the calendar the border is carried all round, and on the same principles; thus, for example, the snowdrop appears as the chief feature in the design for the month of February, the hawthorn in that of May, the rose in June, wheat in July, barley in August, grapes in September, apples in October, and so on. The pictorial illustrations introduced into the gospels and epistles are principally copied from works of the old painters, Fra Angelico, Raffaelle, Da Fiesole, Fra Bartolomeo; there are also two or three by Overbeck, and some by artists whose names do not appear on the engravings: these are all small in size, and very delicately engraved in outline. Larger, and of a more finished character, are the illustrations introduced into the special services; two of these, from drawings, we believe, by J. Callcott Horsley, A.R.A., the publisher has allowed us to place before our readers, who will notice in the borders what we have pointed out—the fitness of the design to its object. The only colour introduced throughout is in the initial letters, which are red.



CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

As a rule, illustrated prayer-books are scarcely to be recommended for church use; but this one is so chaste and subdued, so within legitimate bounds, that not the slightest objection, but rather the contrary, can be urged against it by the most scrupulous advocate of simplicity in all that relates to the services of the temple.

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS FOR ART.

That portion of the Civil Service estimates for the year ending March 31st, 1865, which relates to the above object, is now before us. Taking the document in the order in which it is presented, we find that the expenses of the "General Management" of the Art Department at South Kensington are set down at £5,760, against £5,020 for last year. This increase is caused principally by an additional number of clerks being engaged; for example, four of the first class instead of two, and six of the second class instead of three; an assistant bookkeeper has also been appointed. The sum to be voted for the schools of Art in the United Kingdom, for the South Kensington Museum, Library, &c., is £47,300—an increase of £650; for the current expenses of maintaining, keeping in repair, &c., the Museum at Kensington, £24,655, against £22,971 for the year preceding; and for the "Completion and Decoration of Buildings already in Carcase," and "Continuation of New Buildings (on account)," £24,000—the whole constituting a sum total of £101,725!

There seems to be a remarkable disparity in the amounts demanded under certain heads. For example:—

Purchases for completing Collections with objects	£ 500
Public Attendants, Artisans, Cleaners, &c. ...	3,350
Police	3,500
Fires, Gas, Warming, Ventilating, &c.	2,500
Works and Repairs	6,600

The receipts from the public during the past year amounted to £2,030 3*s.* 6*d.*, and for the sale of catalogues, to £224 5*s.* 3*d.* As no credit appears to be taken for this money, the question naturally arises—"how is it disposed of?"

In the list of officials at Kensington, a new title appears, that of "Art Referees," of whom there are two, with a salary of £500 each, rising to a maximum of £600; for these appointments the sum of £600 is asked in the present estimates. One of these posts is filled, we believe, by Mr. C. J. Robinson, late one of the "Superintendents of Collections," an office now abolished; the other, it appears by a note, is held for the present by the General Inspector for Art, Mr. Henry Cole—it may be presumed gratuitously, as no vote is asked for salary. A sum of £5,000 for "Special Purchases from the International Exhibition" is among the estimates demanded. The Museum was visited by 726,915 persons in 1863.

Passing on to the estimates for the National Gallery, which also include the picture gallery at Kensington, we find these set down at £16,027, against £13,875 for last year; of this increase, £2,000 is set down for the purchase of pictures. During the past year the National Gallery acquired, by purchase, a landscape by John Crome; an altar-piece by B. Lanini; 'The Agony in the Garden,' by G. Bellini; an altar-piece by Bramantino; 'Madonna and Child,' by Boltraffio; an altar-piece by Pesellino; and a portrait of Longoni, by Solario: all of these, except the pictures by Lanini and Solario, were bought at the sale of the late Rev. W. D. Bromley's collection. In addition to the purchases, the nation received by bequest Sir M. A. Shee's portrait of Lewis, the comedian, as the *Marquis*, in "The Midnight Hour," and Uwin's 'Sir Guyon preparing to overcome the Enchantments of Acrasia;' and by donation, 'An Experiment with the Air-pump" painted by Wright, of Derby: these three works have been placed in the gallery at Kensington. The trustees of the National Gallery also, in the past year, came into possession of a reversionary bequest, made by the late Mr. T. D. Lewis, of above £9,000 Consols, the dividends of which are to be applied by them for the use or objects of the Gallery, or otherwise for the improvement of the Fine Arts.

There is a parliamentary commission sitting to inquire into the management of our National Schools of Art—those, we mean, under the direction of the department at South Kensington. Until that inquiry has terminated, and the country is in possession of the report, the House of Commons ought not to be required blindly to vote a large sum of money for an institution now on its trial.

JUNE.

1	W.	
2	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
3	F.	Archæological Institute. Meeting.
4	S.	New Moon. 11h. 40m. A.M.
5	☉.	*Second Sunday after Trinity.*
6	M.	
7	Tu.	
8	W.	Archæological Association. Meeting.
9	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
10	F.	
11	S.	[Quarter. 11h. 48m. A.M.
12	☉.	*Third Sunday after Trinity.*—Moon's First
13	M.	Institute British Architects. Meeting.—
14	Tu.	[Trinity Term ends.

15	W.	Society for Encouragement of Arts. Con-
16	Th.	Antiquarian Soc. Meeting. [versazione.
17	F.	
18	S.	[10h. 54m. P.M.
19	☉.	*Fourth Sunday after Trinity.*—Full Moon.
20	M.	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
21	Tu.	
22	W.	
23	Th.	
24	F.	*Midsummer Day.*—Cambridge Term ends.
25	S.	Kensington Museum opened, 1857.
26	☉.	*Fifth Sunday after Trinity.*—Moon's Last
27	M.	[Quarter. 2h. 14m. P.M.
28	Tu.	Coronation of Queen Victoria, 1838.
29		Society of Arts. Annual Meeting.
30	Th.	

Designed by W. Harvey.] [*Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.*

ART-WORK IN JUNE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

At last we can proclaim the summer, and in this month the sun gives us some idea of the terrible power which he wields under the tropics. During a considerable part of June we have no real night, and even though the moon may be absent from the sky, there is always sufficient light to enable a benighted traveller to guide his steps. Rising at noon to a height of sixty-two degrees above the horizon, the sun does not sink sufficiently below it at night to deprive us of twilight, and the consequence is that the last rays of evening twilight and the first of morning dawn are identical. The hot beams which pour upon the earth soon bring out the flowers and leaves, and during the month of June the lovely vesture of the earth is well-nigh indued. The trees are now in full leafage, and show forth the glory of their varied hues. How wonderful is the contrast which nature provides between the different qualities of green possessed by the forest trees! and harmoniously do they always blend together, relieved, it may be, by the glittering white trunk of a birch, the dark, sombre bark of an oak, the glossy stem of a beech, or perchance the straight, warmly ruddy trunk of the pine.

As to the flowers of the month, it is impossible to enumerate them all, so multitudinous are they. Suffice it to say that in representing a June scene the artist may safely make use of that Undine of flowers, the white water lily; and if he wishes for more brilliant hues, he may take the pink spires of the willow herb as it grows in clusters by the water's edge, as well as the bright yellow petals of the iris which haunts the stream. The forget-me-not also flowers in this month, and its azure blossoms are thickly strewed upon the river bank.

By the sea-shore many marine plants are now in blossom, such as the sun-sponge; the sea eringo, with its thorny root-leaves and its pretty blue petals; the black milkwort, notable for its thick, solid leaves, and its flesh-coloured flowers; and the sea-rocket, with its shining leaves and lilac petals. None of these flowers are very brilliant in hue, but the artist may obtain plenty of colour from two species of marine poppy, one the yellow horned-poppy, which is common enough, and the other the scarlet horned-poppy, which is very rare.

Most of the gaudy poppy race are in full blossom during this month, and chief among them is the common scarlet poppy, which flaunts its fiery head among the corn. There is scarcely one plant in nature more graceful than this poppy when its bud is just beginning to open, and droops, all clad in green and scarlet, from the slender stem. Lovely as is the fully expanded flower, it loses half its grace when it becomes bold and strong enough to lift its drooping head and spread its glowing beauties to the sun. Farmers hate the poppy, but I love it heartily, remembering the sunny fields of France, the many little excursions on everybody's fête day, the bright coquelicot trained with native taste round the dark tresses, and the pleasant evening walk through glowworm-lighted lanes. Then there are poppies of other hues. There is a pale scarlet poppy, and a yellow poppy, and a violet poppy, the last mentioned being a fen-loving flower; and it is said that the beautiful white poppy herself may be found in the fields. She is, however, a visitor, or, at the best, a mere colonist.

In this month the beautiful little pimpernel strews her fiery small blossoms on the ground, the shining yellow buttercups cluster thickly in the field, the pheasant's eye may sometimes be seen in the pasture lands, and the pale blue bugle flowers hide themselves in the woods. Towards the end of the month the ferns are beginning to exhibit their luxuriant fronds, while their young curled leaves push their way through the soil.

The birds have mostly lost their song in this month; but as sounds cannot be inserted in a picture, the deprivation is of no great consequence to the artist. Troops of newly-fledged young now come out under the guidance of their parents, some essaying their wings, and crouching in dire affright on a branch or wall, craning their necks at the awful depth below, and not daring to leave the perch until they are fairly pushed or shaken off. Others have just passed through the initiatory phases of flight, and are fluttering about in all directions, proud of their newly-acquired accomplishment, and improving hourly in skill and strength. They have their enemies, these little birds, for many a crow and magpie is waiting for them, ready to carry off the helpless little things, and take them home as a meal for their hungry brood. The shrike, too, pounces on the young fledgelings, carries them off to its nest, impales them on neighbouring thorns, and so leaves a well-stocked larder round its home. Even the small red-backed shrike will do this, as I can aver from personal experience; and though it may feed its young mostly on insects, yet it often seeks larger prey, and robs the finches and warblers of their offspring. Weasels, too, lurk in the hedges, and run off with many a young bird, and the viper ascends the lower branches and takes the nestlings from their warm home.

Most of the British insects can be seen in this month, but the artist will do well *not* to enliven a June scene with the brimstone butterfly or the herald moth. He may give as many blue and copper butterflies as he pleases, provided he paints them from nature, and not from the depths of his inner consciousness; and he may insert the wonderful humming-bird moth, and show it on the wing at mid-day. The great stag-beetle, too, may safely find a place in a picture, only if the insect be depicted as in the act of flight, the jaws must never be shown open. And whatever insect an artist does draw, in the name of entomology let him look to the antennæ, and not scarify the nature-loving soul by putting knobbed antennæ on a grasshopper, or thread-like antennæ on a butterfly.

Before me lie several pretty drawings by eminent artists. In one of them, an object purporting to be a scorpion is introduced, and the extraordinary monster which is presented to the public under this title is apparently composed of a crayfish with all its antennæ cut off, and with a pair of pincers at the end of the tail instead of a sting. Surely in every museum there are scorpions enough to guard an artist from committing such a solecism of the pencil. The fact that the same scorpion is rather more than a yard in length, and thicker than a man's arm, is perhaps too trifling a blemish to be mentioned. Another artist has drawn a crab which has two carved hooks instead of claws, and has jointed them to the upper surface of the shell. Any one would blame a draughtsman for putting the antlers of a stag on the brow of an ox, or decorating the eagle with the starry train of the peacock. Absurd, however, as such monstrosities may be, they are not one whit more offensive than the beasts, birds, and insects which are continually depicted by artists who will not take the trouble to look at the objects they draw.

Have I not seen the puma covered with spots, an African elephant with a hump back, and an Indian elephant with tusks growing from his under jaw? Have not the eyes of naturalists been offended by Indian monkey gifted with prehensile tails, ostriches with four toes on each foot, falcons seizing their prey in their beaks, mountain goats looking one way and jumping another, baboons with legs as long as a man's, with fancy tails, and with calves as large as a fashionable footman's, together with hundreds of similar absurdities? And, to come to events of every-day life, few except Bewick and Rosa Bonheur have given the right action of a horse, either on the trot or gallop. Two hours in Rotten Row would give the needful instruction, and yet the professed animal painters yearly depict the race-horse and the trotter in attitudes which no horse ever assumed, or could be made to assume. Perhaps when the artists sketch the races, steeple-chases, &c., of the present year, they will remember that in the trot the fore and hind legs of alternate sides are not used simultaneously as in the conventional idea, and that in the gallop there is always a leading foot, so that each hoof sounds separately as it touches the ground.

During this month there is abundance of life about a farm. Sheep-shearing begins, and presents many a pretty subject for a picture. Full of practical defects as is the recognised custom of washing sheep before they are sheared, it is so picturesque that the artist's spirit must conquer the utilitarian, and retain the rude, primitive fashion of tumbling the sheep into the river, ducking them, swimming them, and then tumbling them ashore again. Whether the sheep like it is another question. The shearing, too, is a pretty sight, as the poor patient beasts are laid on their sides, rolled this way and that, snipped, clipped, and shifted according to the pleasure of the shearer, and at last allowed to run off, much bewildered with the unwonted lightness, and more bewildered by the difficulty of recognising its denuded comrades or being recognised by them. A vast amount of bleating and sniffing has to be gone through before the flock is again on speaking terms.

Then, how easy it is to distinguish the work of an expert shearer from that of a novice. The marks of the shears are as different as the handwriting of a village schoolboy and a merchant's clerk. One sheep is covered with lines drawn regularly over the back, met by others that turn the flanks, and agreeing exactly on both sides of the animal. The wool is cut cleanly to the very skin, so that the staple will not lose a quarter of an inch in length nor of an ounce in weight. Another sheep exhibits rows of uncertain, botchy stripes, some cut close to the skin, others protruding some half inch above it, while here and there a little patch of tar shows that the shearer has been too anxious to cut closely, and has included the skin as well as the wool between the blades, giving pain to the sheep, and staining the wool with blood.

Haymaking, too, is, or ought to be, in full operation before the month of June has ended, and is a scene which is ever varied according to place and time, and never fails to afford subjects for many a sketch. Haymaking always is picturesque; and whether the labourers be really working for their daily bread—their old worn garments kept by a trusty dog, and their enormous store of ale or cider in kegs and jars,—or whether they be amateurs, making a half game of their work, but doing it right well notwithstanding their merriment,—or whether they be children pretending to make hay, and ruining it by rolling over the fragrant cocks and flattening them into solid masses of half-dried grass,—they cannot avoid being picturesque, and exciting much gratitude in the painter's heart.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.

A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS," THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

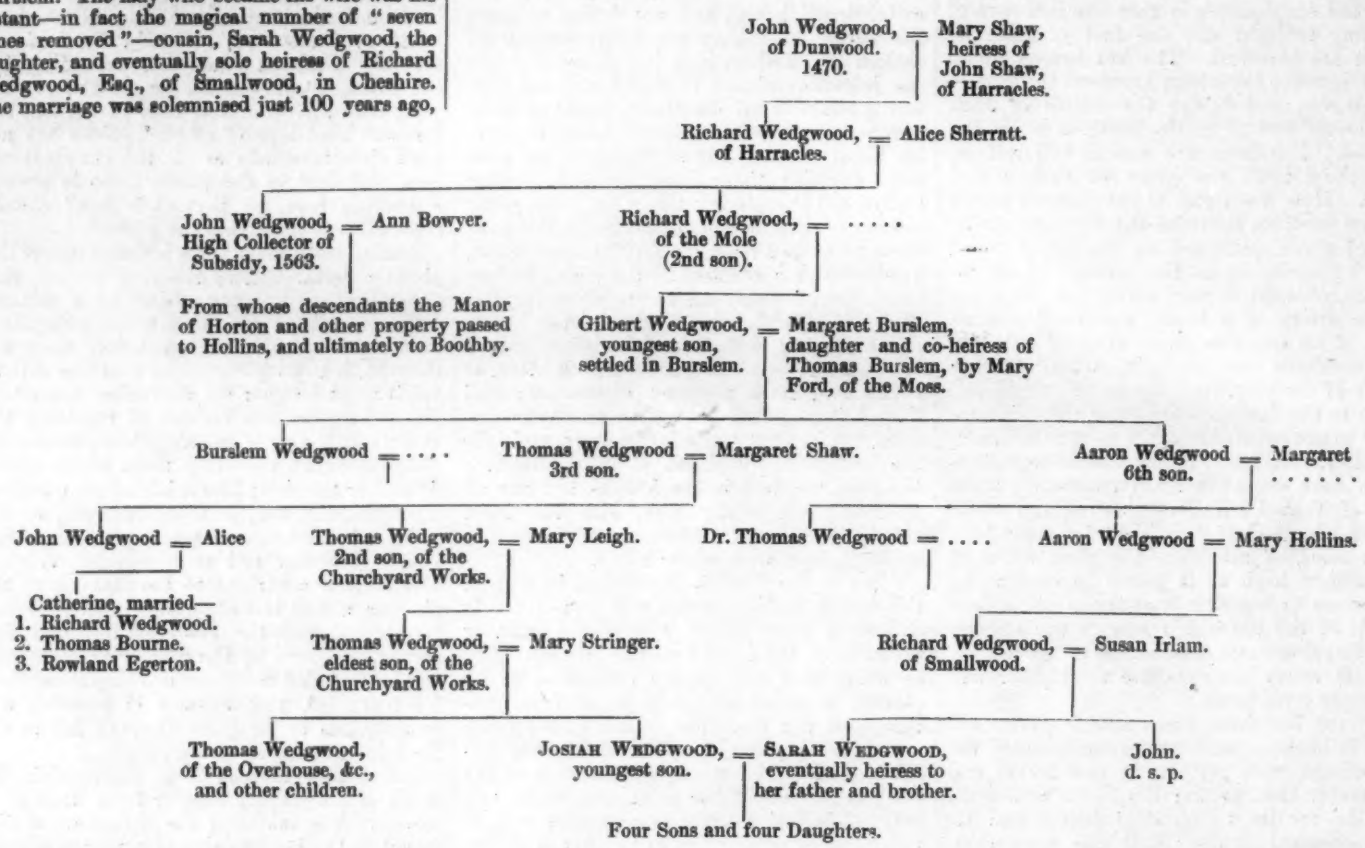
PART III.

IN 1764, Josiah Wedgwood, then in his thirty-fourth year, the sole proprietor of an extensive, lucrative, and rapidly increasing manufactory, and enjoying the proud distinction of being "potter to her Majesty," and of having earned for himself a name and fame which were the envy of all his neighbours, married and brought home his young bride to the Ivy House, at Burslem. The lady who became his wife was his distant—in fact the magical number of "seven times removed"—cousin, Sarah Wedgwood, the daughter, and eventually sole heiress of Richard Wedgwood, Esq., of Smallwood, in Cheshire. The marriage was solemnised just 100 years ago, on the 25th of January, in the year 1764, as will be seen from the following copy of the register of the parish of Astbury, kindly furnished to me by the rector of that place:—

"No. 453. "Astbury Church, Cheshire.
[All the first part of the register not filled in.]
"Married in this church by License, this twenty-fifth day of January, in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-four, by me,
"JOHN HARDING, *Curate.*
"This marriage was solemnised between us,
"JOS. WEDGWOOD,
"SARAH WEDGWOOD.
"In the presence of
"RD. WEDGWOOD,
"JNO. CLARK."

The Richard Wedgwood, one of the witnesses to the marriage, was, of course, Richard Wedgwood, of Smallwood, the father of the bride.

The Wedgwoods of Smallwood were descended from Aaron, the sixth son of Gilbert, from whom also the "Big House" and "Red Lion" families were derived, while Josiah was descended, as I have already shown, from Thomas, the third son of Gilbert, and, therefore, elder brother to Aaron. The following simple table, which I have drawn up, leaving out the collateral branches and descents, will show the relationship that existed between the great Josiah and his bride, and also both his and her descent, through several generations, from the Wedgwoods of Harracles and Leek:—



By his marriage Josiah Wedgwood received an accession to his fortune, in the dowry of his wife, who eventually, as sole heiress to her father, and to her brother John, who died without issue, in 1774, brought to him the whole of the property of the Smallwood branch of the family. This fortune, I have heard it stated, amounted in the end to no less than £20,000—a magnificent sum in those days, and of incalculable use to a rising, energetic, and judicious manufacturer.

About this period, the brothers, Thomas and John Wedgwood, of the "Big House," retired from business, and Josiah made proposals for the purchase of their works and those of the Ivy House, which he then rented under them. This offer, unfortunately for the town, but fortunately for Wedgwood himself, was not accepted. Had the property passed into his hands, he would have formed it into an extensive manufactory, which would have been of incalculable benefit to Burslem. As it was, the rejection of the proposal led him to look elsewhere for a site for his manufactory, and ultimately to establish it where it still stands, a lasting monument to his enterprise, his unwearying industry, and his talents, and of the benefits which he conferred on the neighbourhood and on the kingdom at large.

Thomas and John Wedgwood, of the "Big House," were the sons of Aaron Wedgwood, who died in 1743, by his wife, Mary Hollins. This Aaron Wedgwood, who made the white stoneware of the period, was son of Aaron, the sixth son of the Gilbert Wedgwood, from whom Josiah and the other Burslem branches were descended. He married Mary Hollins, and it is a remarkable circumstance, which is thus recorded in the parish register, that they were both buried in one grave, and on the same day:—

"Aaron Wedgwood and Mary his wife, both of Burslem, were interred in ye same grave, April 24, 1743."

The tomb of this worthy couple still stands in the churchyard, not far from the north door of the church.

About the year 1740, it is said, the two brothers, Thomas and John Wedgwood, left their father Aaron's employ, "as lead-ore glaze potters, and commenced the manufacture of white stoneware upon their own account; but although very industrious and ingenious workmen (one of them being well skilled in burning or firing the ware, and the other an excellent thrower), they were unsuccessful for a long time, and had actually determined to abandon any further attempt to make the white stoneware, when an accidental circumstance encouraged them to proceed. The water with which they prepared the clay, it seems, became highly saturated with salt, owing to the shard ruck or rubbish from their ovens being placed immediately above their water pool, and which rubbish contained much salt. The rain passing through the shard ruck, dissolved the salt, and carried it into the pool, whence it got into the body of the ware, and, in conjunction with the flint and clay, together with the lime which generally adheres to flint stones, formed a fusible body that arrived at a state of vitrification with a lower degree of heat than was requisite to prepare this body for the salt glaze. This discovery induced them to make another trial with purer water; and in this they succeeded beyond expectation. The Wedgwoods followed up their success with unremitting diligence; and shortly afterwards built a new and commodious manufactory, where they had a supply of good water. This was near the Windmill, invented and erected by the celebrated Brindley for reducing flint stones to a fine powder by grinding them in water, and thereby preventing the pernicious effects upon the health of the men employed in preparing the flint according to the old method, by pounding it by hand in a dry state in a mortar. The fine dust of the flint getting into the lungs produced coughs and consumptions, which frequently proved fatal. This building, censured at the time as having been upon too extensive a scale, was the first earthenware manufactory in the Potteries *not covered with thatch.* In 1750 they erected an excellent and substantial dwelling-house adjoining their manufactory, which so far exceeded the other houses in the Potteries in point of size and elegance, that it then was, and now is, distinguished by the appellation of the '*Big House*;' and in the year 1763 these gentlemen retired from business in the possession of an ample fortune, the just and honourable reward of their industry and integrity."

The "Big House" stands at the corner of Wedgwood Street and Market Place, facing down Swan Square, from which place, and from the Waterloo Road, it forms a conspicuous object. It stands back from the street, with a walled enclosure in front. The old pot-works are at the rear, and are now occupied as builder's premises, by Messrs. Harley and Deane. The property, I believe, still belongs to the Wedgwood family.

Thomas and John Wedgwood, the builders of the Big House, and Aaron Wedgwood, the first maker, with Littler, of china at Longton, being brothers of Richard Wedgwood, of Smallwood, were uncles to Sarah, the wife of the great Josiah.

Thomas was, it appears, born in 1703, and married his cousin Mary, daughter of Dr. Thomas Wedgwood. He died without issue, in 1776, and the following somewhat curious epitaph to his memory—for it is not often that an inscription of "*brother of*" so and so is to be found—is still to be seen on the floor of the vestry:—

"Here lies the body of Thomas, brother of John Wedgwood, who died April 8, 1776, aged 73. Also Mary Wedgwood, wife of the above Thomas Wedgwood, who departed the 6th of July, 1781."

John Wedgwood, who was born in 1705, married Mary Alsop, by whom he had issue, and died in 1779. At the time of his marriage, and for some time previously, Josiah Wedgwood had, besides the business of his manufactory, been actively engaged in many schemes for the benefit of his native town, for the furtherance of its commercial interests, and for the good of its inhabitants generally. Accordingly, I find him, in 1760, signing a petition to the lords of the manor, praying for a grant of "a small piece of land lying in Burslem, where the May-pole did formerly stand, in order to errect a piece of Building for a Schoole, as there is but one Schoole in the Town, and for want of an other, two parts of the children out of three are put to Work without any learning, by reason the other Schoole is not sufficient to instruct them." To this petition, which went on to say—"so we humbly beg of your Honours that you will be pleas'd to be aiding and assisting in this, and consider that it is a great piece of charity done by your Honours, which will be in memory of you and your posterity for ever, and the prayers of the Poor will always be with you, so we hope your Honours will be agreeable to this charitable request," were appended a number of names, "being the Gentlemen and Freeholders" of the liberty and manor, who "do firmly promise to advance the sums of money following their names, to be applyed in errecting the piece of Building for the use and purpose above mentioned; that is to say, a Schoole for the education of poore children." In this list, Josiah Wedgwood, and his relatives, Burslem and Thomas Wedgwood, appear for the sum of £10 each, being amongst the highest contributors. This scheme was afterwards altered, and from it sprang the present Town Hall and Market of Burslem.

About the same period he had been busying himself in the project for making a turnpike road through the district, which was achieved by the passing of the Act of Parliament a few months before his marriage. The state of the roads at this time may be gleaned from the following extract from the petition of the potters, in 1762; and it is highly creditable to Wedgwood, that in this, as in the case of the schools, of the Grand Trunk Canal (of which I shall have to speak later on), and of every other scheme which could benefit his native town or its surrounding district, or tend to the increase of its trade, he was not only one of the foremost and most strenuous supporters, but was the prime mover. The petition says:—

"In Burslem and its neighbourhood are near one hundred and fifty separate potteries for making various kinds of stone and earthen ware, which together find constant employment and support for near seven thousand people. The ware of these potteries is exported in vast quantities from London, Bristol, Liverpool, Hull, and other seaports, to our several colonies in America and the West Indies, as well as to almost every port in Europe. Great quantities of flint stones are used in making some of the ware, which are brought by sea from different parts of the coast to Liverpool and Hull; and the clay for making the white ware is brought from Devonshire and Cornwall chiefly to Liverpool, the materials from whence are brought by water up the rivers Mersey and Weaver to Winsford, in Cheshire; those from Hull up the Trent to Willington; and from Winsford and Willington the whole are brought by land carriage to Burslem. The ware, when made, is conveyed to Liverpool and Hull in the same manner as the materials are brought from those places.

"Many thousand tons of shipping, and seamen in proportion, which in summer trade to the northern seas, are employed in winter in carrying materials for the Burslem ware; and as much salt is consumed in glazing one species of it as pays annually near £5,000 duty to government. Add to these considerations the prodigious quantity of coal used in the potteries, and the loading and freight this manufacture constantly supplies as well for land carriage as inland navigation, and it will appear that the manufacturers, sailors, bargemen, carriers, colliers, men employed in the salt works, and others who are supported by the pot trade, amount to a great many thousand people; and every shilling received for ware at foreign markets is so much clear gain to the nation, as not one foreigner is employed in, or any material imported from abroad for, any branch of it; and the trade flourishes so much as to have increased two-thirds within the last fourteen years.

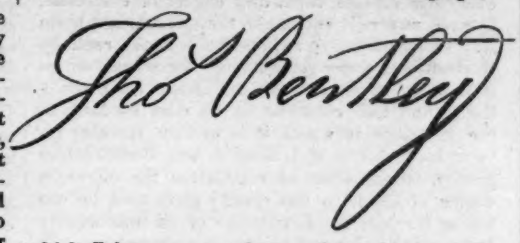
"The potters concerned in this very considerable manufacture, presuming from the above, and many other reasons that might be offered, the pot trade not unworthy the attention of parliament, have presented a petition for leave to bring in a bill to repair and widen the road from the 'Red Bull' at Lawton, in Cheshire, to Cliff Bank, in Staffordshire, which runs right through the potteries, and falls at each end into a turnpike road. This road, especially the northern road from Burslem to the 'Red Bull,' is so very narrow, deep, and foundrous, as to be almost impassable for carriages, and in the winter almost for pack-horses; for which reasons the carriages with materials and ware to and from Liverpool, and the salt works in Cheshire, are obliged to go to Newcastle, and from thence to the 'Red Bull,' which is nine miles and a half (whereof three miles and a half, viz., from Burslem to Newcastle, are not turnpike road), instead of five miles, which is the distance from Burslem to the 'Red Bull' by the road prayed to be amended."

In this scheme, as I have hinted before, Wedgwood and his brother manufacturers met with severe opposition, especially from the inhabitants of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who considered that by diverting the traffic into another channel, their town would be ruined, and their trade, especially that of the innkeepers, destroyed. The Act, however, passed with the alteration, that it ended at Burslem instead of being continued to Cliff Bank. The formation of this turnpike-road—which has the reputation of being the first in the Potteries—was mainly due to the immense exertions of Wedgwood, who only grew more determined as opposition increased, and eventually carried his point, and thus conferred an incalculable benefit on the neighbourhood, much against its will.

In the course of his own business, as well as upon the schemes of the turnpike road and canal, Wedgwood had not unfrequently occasion to go to Liverpool, where, indeed, he had already found an important market for his goods. On one of these visits, in consequence of some accidental aggravation of his old complaint, he was laid up for some weeks, and was then under the charge of, I have reason to believe, Dr. Matthew Turner, a man of high intellectual attainments, and an excellent chemist, who resided in John Street, and to whom the merit of the re-discovery of much of the lost art of glass-staining belongs.*

The doctor was an intimate friend of Mr. Thomas Bentley, of Liverpool, a man of superior attainments, of refined taste, and of most agreeable manners and conversational powers, and "pitying the situation of Mr. Wedgwood, a stranger, and so much afflicted, introduced Mr. Bentley to him as a companion, whose intelligence, vivacity, and philanthropy, would quicken the lingering hours of pain." From this acquaintanceship, so accidentally and strangely brought about, sprang up a lasting friendship which ripened as time drew on, until it culminated in a partnership, and ended only in the death of Bentley.

And here let me correct a wide-spread error regarding this well-known partner of Josiah Wedgwood's, concerning whom I shall have some particulars to give in another chapter. Ward, in his "History of Stoke-upon-Trent," a work written at Burslem, Wedgwood's native place, says, speaking of Josiah Wedgwood,—"He took into partnership Mr. Richard Bentley, son of Dr. Bentley, the celebrated critic and Archdeacon of Ely, a man of great ingenuity, taste, and learning, possessing too a large circle of acquaintance among people of rank and science. To him, it is generally understood, Mr. Wedgwood was chiefly indebted for his classical subjects, for which his establishment became so highly celebrated." This statement has been repeated, with but little variation, in almost every notice which has yet appeared of Wedgwood or of his productions down to the present time. I am enabled, however, to show that this statement is erroneous, and that not only was Wedgwood's partner not the son of Archdeacon Bentley, the critic, but was not even named Richard. The companion, and afterwards partner, of Josiah Wedgwood was, as will be seen from the fac-simile of his autograph,



which I here engrave from a letter in my own possession, *Thomas* Bentley. The letter from which this autograph is copied, is addressed to "My dear Friend," "Mr. Josiah Wedgwood at Etruria," &c. In connection with this autograph I give in the accompanying illustration an engraving of the beautiful medallion of Bentley, pro-

duced by Wedgwood as a companion, probably, to his own, already engraved, from an example in my own collection. The bust, it will be seen, is remarkably bold and fine, and must have been the work of an artist of no common order.

In my next chapter I shall show that Thomas Bentley, about whom too little is at present known, and concerning whom so many errors have been perpetuated, was a native of Derbyshire, and a member, doubtless, of the old family of that name, long connected with that county.

In the same chapter I shall endeavour to trace the career of Josiah Wedgwood from the period at which I now leave it—shortly after his marriage—down through the first years of his connection with Bentley, to the time when he built, and removed to, Etruria—the period, it must be borne in mind, in which many of his most striking and important discoveries were made. In succeeding chapters I shall hope to show, by the aid of illustrations carefully selected from different collections, the progress he so rapidly made in ornamental Art, and the beauty of form and purity of style which even in those his early days characterised his productions.

* This clever man, I believe in conjunction with Mr. Chubbard, executed the south window of St. Anne's Church, Liverpool.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. E. PLINT, ESQ., LEEDS.

CHRISTIAN ENTERING THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., Painter. G. Greatbach, Engraver.

Bunyan's allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress" seems destined to live almost, if not quite, as long as the sacred volume whose doctrines it teaches and whose precepts it enforces. Divines quote it, lecturers make it the subject of their addresses, teachers talk of it to children, artists refer to it for pictures, publishers circulate it in every conceivable form and degree of costliness, learned men edit and make their comments upon it. It has become a household book, read by thousands of every generation,—some from curiosity, some for amusement, and some for instruction,—and will continue to be read so long as the language in which it is written remains intelligible. Little did Keelin, the Bedfordshire justice, think, when he committed the *quondam* tinker of Elton to the county gaol, that he was laying for him the foundation of an immortality wide as the poles and bright as a sunbeam. "It is not in the least degree probable," writes one of Bunyan's biographers, "that he would ever, out of the prison, have begun the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' . . . . The leisure of the Den committed him to it; the straitness of the Den, compelling his imagination into exercise, quickened and increased the ministrations of its beauty; and the very darkness and loneliness of the Den at times helped him onward in it; and he was like Milton in his blindness, with the sublimities of the 'Paradise Lost' thrown upon his inward sight. In open day, among the pursuits of life and the absorbing duties of his ministry, Bunyan's mind would not have been likely to have paused upon the imagery of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' even if it passed before him."

The universal popularity of the story cannot be matter of surprise: independently of the great truths covered, but not concealed, by the manner in which the narrative is set forth, it is related with so much quaint beauty of thought and expression, yet with so great simplicity, that even a child becomes interested in it, and can understand it. More than a hundred thousand copies in English were circulated during the author's lifetime, together with all the editions printed in America, and translations in French, Flemish, Dutch, Welsh, and Gaelic. "It was read," says the same biographer, "in palaces and cottages, by men, women, and children, in cities and in the country, on lonely moors and among the mountains, and across the seas."

Mr. Pickersgill has selected one of the most striking and picturesque incidents in the tale for the painting from which this engraving is taken. When Christian leaves the palace "Beautiful," four of its inmates, Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill that led into the Valley of Humiliation, to render any aid he might require. "So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two." The artist has kept very closely to the letter of the text, without departing from its spirit. Two of his companions, Discretion and Piety, the latter in a white robe, hold him on each side, to keep him from falling; Prudence removes some brambles from his path; and Charity, with an infant in her arms, carries a basket containing "a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins," which is presented to him when they part company. Without caring to inquire whether the armour in which the pilgrim is encased and the dresses of the females agree, chronologically—a point admitting of dispute, perhaps—the group of figures is arranged with great skill and with decided pictorial effect. Throughout the composition there is nothing allegorical; all is natural, beautiful, and most attractive in feeling, expression, and colour.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855.

THE ARTS IN INDIA.

We have received the following communication from Dr. Hunter, superintendent of the School of Industrial Arts at Madras, who has on former occasions favoured us with intelligence on the progress of Art in a portion of our distant Indian possessions:—

"You have noticed our efforts in Madras once or twice, but they are extending so rapidly over other parts of India, that I think the movement ought to receive more attention in Europe than it has hitherto done. The wealthy natives in the Madras Presidency are taking to photography as an amusement, and one or two of the rajahs are establishing schools of design. We have been applied to in Madras for trained teachers, suggestions, drawing lessons, tools, models, and simple machinery for several branches of Art and artistic manufacture; and there are new openings for usefulness turning up for trained, sober, and intelligent men in a number of directions. Drawing classes are being opened in the government, normal, and other schools. A set of masters is being trained for teaching drawing in the different European regiments, and the progress made by many of the soldiers is very encouraging. I believe that in a few years the natives of India will appreciate even the highest walks of Art, and we are trying to pave the way by introducing the best tools from London, Edinburgh, and America; the best models and designs from London and Paris, with casts of hands, feet, ornaments, figures, and animals, from France, Germany, Vienna, Italy, and London. We have received most valuable aid from the Department of Science and Art in London, and from the British Museum and other scientific institutions; and we are now busy making drawings and printing engravings, woodcuts, and photographs of some of our best studies in return for the kindness we have experienced from the Home Department. I think there is quite enough in Indian Art to interest the English public, and to suggest to your artists and manufacturers ideas that might be of great use. For instance, there are elements of grandeur and richness in some of the Hindoo sculptures from the best pagodas of this Presidency, that European artists have not yet had an opportunity of inspecting; while the purity of form in some of the best Mahometan mosques and tombs of the Madras Presidency, in my opinion, far surpass the larger and more pretending Mahometan buildings of Turkey, Egypt, and Upper India. I send you a few photographs we have lately been taking of the old Hindoo sculptures of Itumpree, or Bhijanuggur, and Tarputree, and also of Mahometan tombs of some of the family of Tippoo Sultan, near Vellore. With very little alteration or addition of figures, the latter would make interesting and attractive pictures, and British artists would do well to study the simplicity and grand elegance of some of the native draperies and costumes, as seen daily in our bazaars and roads. Photography will, I believe, be of incalculable benefit to the Fine Arts in India, if we can get the higher walks of it encouraged; but as yet portraiture is the only branch in India that meets with proper encouragement, and that is degenerating into a vulgar, common-place, or insipid manufacture of minute portraits, in which the cut of the coat or dress seems to be of as much consequence as the effect or likeness. We are training young men to out-door photographic work. I send by post an illustrated report upon our school, which will show what we have been doing."

The report alluded to only brings down the operations of the school to the middle of 1862; a later document is, however, almost ready for publication. That which has reached us is in every way of a highly satisfactory character, bearing unqualified evidence of the progress of the native students in the industrial arts especially, and the general attention these arts are receiving in the Presidency of Madras. Many of the European soldiers diligently attend the drawing classes of the school, and bring the knowledge acquired there to a practical result in a variety of occupations. The photographs sent us by Dr. Hunter are excellent specimens of the art; the places represented show, for the most part, magnificent examples of Hindoo architecture, gorgeous in sculptural ornament of the richest kind, and in character most pleasing, even to the eye of a European accustomed to the symmetry and beauty of Gothic and classic decoration. We believe that an artist of the "David Roberts" stamp would find in the scenery and architecture of the East Indies subjects as picturesque and attractive as Mr. Roberts brought away in his portfolio from the Holy Land.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Two more stained-glass windows have recently been added to those previously adorning the cathedral of this city. They are the gifts respectively of the Duke of Montrose and Lord Belhaven, and were designed by Franz Frees, a pupil of Kaulbach. The subjects of the designs are Aaron, Miriam, Joshua, and Deborah, seated, with angels floating above them. The local papers report most favourably of the designs, as well as of the manner in which they are executed. The paintings occupy the couplets under the great north transept window; the total height of this gable is considerable, the three windows presenting a surface of six hundred feet. The entire architectural design forms a remarkable composition, the couplets just placed therein being surmounted by the large six-light window filled with the figures of the prophets, designed by Von Hess, which have already been noticed in our columns.

Cork.—The exhibition of the Cork Fine Arts Society took place last month. The object of this society is chiefly to encourage a taste for Art among the citizens and their neighbours, and to encourage native talent. The School of Art in the city is an old-established one; and many distinguished artists have come forth from it—among them, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Maclise, R.A., and the late Mr. Hogan, the sculptor.

Dublin.—The trustees of the "Taylor Prize Fund," which is in conjunction with the Royal Dublin Society, offer the following prizes for the current year, open to Art-students of Irish birth or attending a school of Art in Ireland, to be awarded at an exhibition to be held in the rooms of the Royal Dublin Society, on November 23rd, where all works intended for competition must be sent on the 14th of the same month:—1. For the best drawing or cartoon in chalk, the figures to a scale of 3 feet (two or more prizes each), £10. Subjects—'The Good Samaritan;' 'The Meeting of Æneas and Dido after the Shipwreck.' 2. For the best landscape in oil colours, £20. To be increased or lowered in amount, or wholly withheld, according to the merit of the works.

Bath.—The late Captain Montagu, R.N., of this city, has bequeathed to the corporation five portraits of individuals once well known in Bath; among them is one of the celebrated Beau Nash.

Cambridge.—An important addition has just been made to the collection of pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum through the munificence of Mr. A. A. Vansittart, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, who has presented seven pictures, all of great merit, and undoubtedly genuine works of the artists to whom they are ascribed. They are as follows:—1. A large landscape, with figures, by Adrian Van de Velde; a magnificent picture. 2 and 3. Views near the Dunes and on the Amstel, by J. Ruysdael, Nos. 206 and 269 in "Smith's Catalogue." 4. 'The Worship of the Golden Calf,' by Old Francks. 5. A small picture of a horse, by Paul Potter. 6. A landscape, by Old Patel, from Lord Montfort's collection. 7. Interior of Great Church at Antwerp, by Van Nikkelen. Mr. Vansittart has likewise presented a collection of coins and medals, chiefly rich in specimens of English workmanship. The Fitzwilliam Museum has also lately come into possession of a picture formerly belonging to the late Archdeacon Hale, and purchased by the University at his death. This picture, a 'Virgin and Child,' is said to be an early Raphael, and, though there may be some doubt about this, there is no doubt that it is an old picture of the school of Perugino.

Manchester.—The annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art was held on the 19th of April. Mr. Mückley, the head master, read his report, recording facts with reference to the recent minutes of the South Kensington Department, which, he said, concerned all schools of Art, and that of Manchester in particular; and which, if persisted in, would irreparably injure the growth of industrial art. Last year the institution had three pupil-teachers and

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE [illegible]

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THE ARTS IN INDIA.

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F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A. PINXT. GEORGE GREATBACH, SCULPT.

CHRISTIAN IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. E. PLINT, ESQ. LEEDS.

seven prize students; and thirty schools for the poor received instruction in drawing through its aid. The pupil-teacherships had been abolished, and in December next it was proposed to cancel the appointments of the prize students, while twelve of the schools alluded to, which were taught drawing through the Art pupil-teachers, had remained untaught during the whole year, from the circumstance of the students of the School of Art being unwilling to accept the terms of the new code. He was glad to be able to report favourably on the condition of the school as to the progress of its students. Mr. Aspden read the report of the committee, who had great pleasure in referring to that of the head master as to the practical working of the school. Their attention had been diverted from the advancement of the pupils to other matters. They had been in correspondence with the managers of other schools, who joined with them in denouncing the conduct of the Department of Science and Art in still further crippling the provincial institutions, whilst so large a sum was bestowed on the parent establishment at Kensington. The committee had sent a deputation to London to give evidence before the select committee. Whatever might be the result of its inquiry, the committee had no hesitation in stating that, unless some government aid was afforded to replace, in part at least, the £300 which the school had been so unjustly deprived of, the institution must inevitably be closed, as it could not exist on local support alone. Other remarks were made strongly condemnatory of the course pursued by the Science and Art Department. The financial statement showed that £381 had been received in subscriptions, £286 in donations, and £550 in students' fees. The total income had been £1,221, and the expenditure had been £1,157. The balance owing at the beginning of the year was £241, and at its close was £177.

Windsor.—Signor Salviati, we learn from the *Builder*, is proceeding rapidly with the enamel mosaic work in the vaulted roof of Cardinal Wolsey's tomb-house, Windsor Castle, under the directions of Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., for her Majesty the Queen. The surface of the panels to be covered by the mosaic work is upwards of two thousand square feet, and more than a half of the whole is already fixed. The cartoons have been designed and drawn by Messrs. Clayton and Bell. All the mosaic work was executed in Venice, and is fixed by Venetian artists, who came hither for the purpose.

Worcester.—The inhabitants of this city are about to present to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales a magnificent *dejeuné* service as a wedding gift. It is manufactured at the famed Royal Porcelain Works of Worcester, and is decorated with paintings copied from the works of Correggio in the church of St. Paul, at Parma.

Yarmouth.—Thirteen medals were awarded by the Government inspector to the pupils of the Yarmouth School of Art at the last annual examination in March.

York.—A stained-glass window, in memory of the late Mr. Justice Wightman, who recently died while "on circuit" here, is to be placed in the cathedral by public subscription.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—At a recent sale of ancient and modern engravings, at the Hotel Drouot, the following specimens reached the prices attached to them, showing that in Paris, as in London, genuine and good works of Art are eagerly sought after:—'The Last Supper,' engraved by R. Morghen, after Leonardo da Vinci, £164; 'The Laocöon,' engraved by C. Bervic, £27; 'The Judgment of Paris,' by Von Bocholt, £20 15*s.*; 'The Virgin *au Poissons*,' by the Baron Desnoyers, after Raffaelle, £36 10*s.*; 'The Virgin *de la Maison d'Albe*,' Desnoyers, after Raffaelle, £24 15*s.*; 'The Virgin *au donataire*,' Desnoyers, after Raffaelle, £36; 'The Virgin *aux Rochers*,' Desnoyers, after Leonardo da Vinci, £24 15*s.*; 'Rebecca receiving Presents from the Servant of Abraham,' Drevet, after A. Coypel, £27; 'Portrait of Bossuet,' by the same, £24; 'Moses striking the Rock,' Estève, after Murillo, £17; 'The Transfiguration,' Morghen, after Raffaelle, £20; 'General de Montcade,' Morghen, after Van Dyck, £21 5*s.*; 'The Madonna di Sisto,' F. Müller, after Raffaelle, £56; 'Marshal Turenne,' F. Müller, £27; 'The Descent from the Cross,' Rembrandt, £25; 'St. Anthony carried into the Air by Demons,' Schongauer, £27; 'Charles I. standing beside his Horse,' Sir R. Strange, after Van Dyck, £20 10*s.*; 'La Sposimo di Sicilia,' Toschi, after Raffaelle, £38; 'The Entry of Henry IV. into Paris,' Toschi, after Gérard, £18 10*s.*; Portrait of André Déonyzoon Wénius, Commissary of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, and called 'The Man with the Pistol,' a very rare engraving, by Cornelius Visscher, £32: a proof of this print was sold, in 1845, at the sale of M. Débois's collection for upwards of £64; 'Angels weeping over the Dead Body of Christ,' Vosterman, after Van Dyck, £19; 'Strolling Musicians,' Vosterman, after Diétricy, £20. The entire collection realised £2,400. —The *Salon* this year is one of the weakest within our recollection, and this extends over a period of more than half a century. The absence of works of a high class is grievously manifest; in fact, few of those by the leading painters of France are seen on the walls: the best pictures are contributed by Belgian artists. The total number of works exhibited is nearly 3,500.

Rome.—We have intelligence from this city that Mr. Mozier, the well-known American sculptor, has nearly completed a statue of 'Undine,' and has also remodelled his 'Wept of the Wish-ton-wish,' introducing into the latter work several alterations which may be regarded as improvements. Mr. Gibson is bringing to a finish a statue of 'Psyche;' report speaks of it as a most graceful figure, pure in character and chaste in expression. Another of our sculptors resident in Rome, Mr. B. E. Spence, has been at work on a statue of 'Sabrina.' This, we hear, is almost, if not quite, completed, and is likely to enhance Mr. Spence's already well-earned reputation. The past season in Rome has not proved favourable to the artists there, especially to those who are mostly dependent on commissions.—The following horrible story appeared lately in the columns of a daily contemporary:—"M. Allard, a distinguished painter of Lyons, who, at the commencement of the winter, went to Rome with his mother, wife, and four children, to study the great masters, has just been murdered in his studio. When found he was in a dying state, having received no less than sixteen wounds on the head with a heavy instrument. The murderer is believed to be a man who had sat to him as a model for a picture representing Judas giving the kiss to our Saviour. The model was sitting for the figure of the betrayer. The man has been since arrested at Civita Vecchia."

Munich.—The venerable artist Vogel von Vogelstein writes to us from this city on the subject of Mr. J. B. Atkinson's paper on "The Revival of Art in Germany," which appeared in our March number. He says:—"It would have given a still higher interest to the article if the writer had mentioned the real source of this movement, which is to be found in the very distressed state of Germany at that time, consequent on the wars of Napoleon I. in our country. In order to console and encourage us, our poets, L. Tieck, the Schlegels, Wackenröder, and many others, highly commended in their writings our majestic Gothic cathedrals with their stained-glass windows, the old German missals and miniatures, oil-paintings, and whatever else of glorious Art the middle ages produced among us. A very general admiration, and consequently a wide-spread imitation, of such works became the fashion. This feeling gave rise to the collection of ancient German pictures made by the brothers Boisseré, then in Cologne, which had considerable effect in promulgating the taste for such works throughout the country. As we artists were aware that Italy was more or less the source of Christian Art, some few of us (myself in the beginning of the year 1813) went to Rome. Thence I visited Florence, Perugia, Assisi, Cortona, and many other places large and small, with my 'Vasari' and my pencil in hand, to search for and study the old masters, such as Giotto, Da Fiesole, Signorelli, Perugino, and others. The works of these old masters were then not to be found in the picture galleries of Italy; they had to be discovered in the convents and other ancient ecclesiastical edifices. In these researches, I made, during several summers, a collection of more than three hundred sketches and drawings after ancient paintings, which I sold about two years ago to the University of Moscow. At the revival of the study of Art promoted by David during the French Revolution and the time of the Republic —an imitation chiefly of the Greek and Roman —painting took the character of antique sculpture. As then our models were principally old paintings of sacred subjects, so the national Art showed a religious character, and a general higher religious feeling took possession of the German nation. To embody in pictures the utmost intensity of this expression, united with the truest character and individuality in the figures, is the great object of this regeneration, which has not only greatly improved our historical painting, but also portrait, landscape, and all other kinds, as we can readily see by comparing them with those of the last century and the beginning of this. I never advocated the opinion that we should imitate literally Giotto and others, but take only the internal spirit of these works, and unite it with the later improvements of our Art." Herr Vogelstein here expresses our own views of what should be the aim of the modern Pre-Raffaellite school.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The pertinacity with which the "official mind" clings to a job, when once its perpetration has been seriously resolved upon, is something as marvellous as it is inscrutable and difficult to contend against. The "official mind" has no shame, is amenable to no argument, and, above all, knows not when it is beat. Adverse decisions of parliament, condemnatory reports of commissions and committees, and loud and indignant expressions of public opinion, have no effect upon its obtuse morality. Besides, on each successive defeat, there is always available the convenient resource of delay, during which the "official mind" lays schemes and plots, and adopts all sorts of disingenuous expedients to strengthen its case, whenever a more convenient opportunity shall occur for attempting its fruition. The "official mind" can afford to wait, and it would be hard, if it wait long enough, that it should not, at one time or other, light on a happy moment when, public watchfulness being temporarily beguiled, it may find opportunity to carry its long-cherished designs by a *coup de main*.

There are few questions of a non-political character which, during many years past, have engaged a larger share of public attention, or been more warmly discussed, than the position of the National Gallery, in its joint occupancy with the Royal Academy of the extremely ugly building on the north side of Trafalgar Square, and its proposed removal from the half of those premises which it occupies, in favour of the latter. We are not now going to re-discuss the question on its merits, including the "moral," if not legal, claim of the Royal Academy, as a private and exclusive body, to enjoy the use of extensive apartments rent free at the public expense. It is sufficient for us that successive responsible ministers have given assurances that, wherever it might eventually be located, the Royal Academy's tenure of the public premises in Trafalgar Square was only temporary and during pleasure; and that successive parliaments, committees, and commissions have confirmed that view of the case. Indeed, in 1850, Earl Russell, acting upon this principle, in view of the exigencies of the public collections occasioned by the accession of the Vernon bequest, actually "gave notice" to the Royal Academy to yield up their apartments to the use of the nation, accompanying the demand by an intimation that he intended to propose a vote of money to the extent of £40,000, to enable the Royal Academy to provide themselves with a home elsewhere. Nor was this "notice to quit" in any way resisted by the Academy, either on legal or "moral" grounds; the matter went off, merely because Parliament refused to grant the money. But still the Royal Academy did not 'turn out," and provision had to be made for the Vernon collection, and afterwards for the Sheepshanks collection and the Turner collection, by building galleries at great cost to the public at South Kensington. And thus the national collection was broken up, and the British portion of it—that very portion most interesting to a general public—consigned to a locality comparatively distant from the living haunts of men.

About this time "a change came o'er" the "official mind," or rather in certain "influential quarters," which bore a potent, though unauthorised, influence over it; the Gore House Estate (the story of which we told at some length in our number for November, 1862) was found to comprise a large extent of ground "eligible for building purposes," and it was suggested that, as the modern pictures of the nation were so comfortably housed at South Kensington, the "old masters" might be sent there also. A plea of health was first put forward in support of this project: the sooty atmosphere of the metropolis, forsooth, was especially prejudicial to these venerable works, and change of air into the country would be in the highest degree beneficial to them. But this argument was speedily disposed of by the concurrent opinions of chemists and experts, including that of the now President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery, that if it became a question of removal upon this score,

there was nothing in favour of so completely suburban a site as that of South Kensington above one actually urban. Nevertheless the question was stoutly contested during several sessions, until at length it was, as was supposed, definitively disposed of by the report of the Royal Commission of 1857, which was agreed to with one dissentient voice (that of Mr. Richmond, an Associate of the Academy), in favour of the retention of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and that emphatically on the ground of its "accessibility to the public."

The only natural consequence of this decision would have been to have taken action for the removal of the Royal Academy from the portion of the building in Trafalgar Square in which they had so long been tenants on sufferance; and accordingly, in 1859, Mr. Disraeli proposed to carry out Earl Russell's intentions of 1850, by dispossessing the latter, offering them, in exchange, liberal provision of building ground on the premises attached to Burlington House. This handsome offer, which amounted, in fact, to a free gift of ground to the value, at the lowest estimate, of £70,000, the Royal Academy accepted, but saddled their acceptance with so many onerous and unreasonable conditions that the negociation was protracted until Lord Derby's ministry resigned.

No one can doubt that if the report of the Commission of 1857 had been even colourably in favour of the removal of the National Gallery, it would have been promptly acted upon, and our glorious Raphaels, Claudes, Titians, &c., have been long ere this ruthlessly torn from their walls, and carted away to South Kensington. But the alternative process of removing the Royal Academy was "flat burglary" in the apprehension of the "official mind," and the old convenient expedient was resorted to of treating an unwelcome decision as if it had no existence. Indeed, with such obdurate persistency was this negative, this recusant policy pursued, that three years ago, when it became absolutely necessary, under the conditions of Turner's will, to remove that great British master's collection to the already overcrowded premises in Trafalgar Square, the Government absolutely built a new gallery there, besides altering other apartments on the public side—at the same time constructing additional accommodation for the Royal Academy in the wing they occupied, at the expense of several thousand pounds.

Next we come to the Royal Academy Commission of last year, appointed on the motion of Lord Elcho, and including, besides his lordship, Mr. Danby Seymour, both of whom, during many years, had been the energetic, the uncompromising, and doubtless conscientious, defenders of the public's right to their National Gallery. Lord Elcho and Mr. D. Seymour in 1859, in their places in the House of Commons, deliberately demanded that the Royal Academy should at once have "notice to quit."

What "charms" may have been used to turn these champions of a people's right from their purpose, we know not, nor do we care to know; certain it is that the report of this commission, and in which these gentlemen concurred, whilst admitting that "no other site (than that in Trafalgar Square) could certainly be selected that would invite so large a concourse of visitors, or be convenient to so many classes of persons"—thus enlarging upon and confirming the principle of the report of 1857—recommended that the National Gallery should be removed from that most eligible site, and the whole of it given up to the "private body of artists" known as "the Royal Academy." And the ministry which had allowed the report of the commission of 1857 to remain so long a dead letter, was prompt to give adhesion to this measure of spoliation. In June last, before the ink of the Elcho report was dry, Mr. William Cowper, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, gave notice in the House "that the Government had under its consideration a plan for the removal of the National Gallery to Burlington House." And this "plan," so coolly announced, quite as *une affaire de rien*, has been quietly maturing in the recesses of the Department of Works ever since, and will be carried into effect with wonderful alacrity, unless it is prevented by a general and authoritative expression of public dissent. There is no longer any doubt that the Government are prepared, if Parliament will permit them, to give up the whole of the national building to the Academy, upon certain conditions. Well, if, in spite of all that has been urged on the score of the rights and convenience of the public, this sacrifice is to be made, let Parliament consider, at least, the responsibility which will rest upon them, to see that the nation gets something tangible, something substantial, in return, in the form of an enlarged and enlightened system of Art-education worthy of the age. It is a notorious fact that the proceedings of the schools of the Academy have been very far from keeping pace with the progress and *status* of Art in our day, whether measured by the amount of money expended upon them, or the number of pupils instructed. Indeed, within the last forty years, during which so much has been doing for Art and by Art in various other quarters, the increase of instruction at the Academy has been ridiculously disproportionate, as may be judged of from the fact that, whilst in the ninety-four years since the establishment of the Academy, the average number of pupils admitted has been 282 in each decennial period, the number admitted between 1848 and 1858 was only 350; and that whilst the annual expenditure on the schools over the whole period has averaged £1,518, the average annual expense in the same ten years only reached £2,394, and that in the ten years preceding only £1,979. This is very lamentable. It is not, we think, unreasonable to state that if the Royal Academy had duly fulfilled its province, there would have been no occasion for a Department of Art, which has cost the country so much, and led to so much disappointment. The question is, whether Government, in proposing to establish the Royal Academy in enlarged premises at the public expense, will take securities for its fulfilling a great national requirement in Art-culture. If they do, they may have Parliament and the country with them; if not, they must prepare to face the odium which will properly attach to the attempted perpetration of a mere job in the interests of a clique.

It is now stated that the Academy have at length tardily addressed to the Queen their answer to the Royal Commission's report, in which, rejecting the proposed infusion of a so-called "lay element," the extent of concession they announce that they are prepared to make to the demands of public opinion, is to increase the number of academicians to fifty, abolishing the separate class of engravers, and placing them in full membership, and to considerably enlarge the body of associates, "so as practically to bring all the best artists of the country, who may be willing to join them, into the corporation." We confidently anticipate that these proposals will not be accepted as a sufficiently satisfactory solution of a long-pending difficulty, either by the legislature or the country. It is intended that much shall be given, and it is demanded that much shall be received; the Academy must no longer be a private and irresponsible body of associated gentlemen, they must be answerable to the public for the due and proper discharge of public duties.*

With all due deference to the superior authority of the learned Chief Commissioner's judgment in point of constitutional law, we venture to submit that, in cases involving the disposal of national property, to move "an address to the Crown" would not be the most proper mode of proceeding. The straightforward and only efficacious course for the House to adopt will be to refuse the grant for any buildings at Burlington House until perfectly satisfied all the bearings of the case upon which it is demanded, involving the future interests both of the National Gallery and of the Royal—or, as it should henceforth more properly be called—the National Academy.

* Since these remarks were written the answer of the Royal Academy has been issued. It is entitled "Observations of the Members of the Royal Academy of Arts upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts." Although it stops far short—very far short—of the "proposals" of the Commissioners, it goes perhaps farther than was generally expected, with a view to their adoption. The document was published at too late a period of the month to enable us to give to it the attention to which it is undoubtedly entitled.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1864.

In our May number we announced that the exhibition of the Royal Dublin Society was to be opened on the 17th of that month. At the desire of his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, that event, which he was to inaugurate, was postponed to the 25th. Before, therefore, our June number is in the hands of our readers, the public will have had access to the exhibition. While we write all arrangements are in a state of active progress, and approaching a successful completion. The clink of the hammer is incessantly heard in the Machinery Court; in the principal hall objects of manufacture and of Art are crowding in, and taking their places in the spaces allotted for them; the great fountain is ready for the play of its waters, the orchestra is erected, the organ being put up, and order and beauty are evolving out of the chaos. The picture gallery, too, is bringing to light its treasures, many of them rare ones; so that we have now the assurance of a successful undertaking. But, as we said, all this will be a reality when our number is published. We lay before our readers views as well of the exterior of the building as of the interior of the courts. The principal building of the Royal Dublin Society, which will be seen in our sketch, the fine house formerly the palatial residence of the Dukes of Leinster, is too well known to require any description; nor is it necessary, as the apartments in it are not to be used in the exhibition, though the library as well as the museum will be thrown open during its continuance. Its large semicircular courtyard will, however, be made available and converted into an extempore garden. On the southern side of this court refreshment rooms have been erected, in connection with the spacious agricultural hall, which contains the principal departments of the exhibition. It is a quadrangle, 216 feet in length, and 108 feet in width, lit from the roof, and divided into a central hall 64 feet wide, and two aisles, each 22 feet wide; on each side of the central hall are galleries, 18 feet wide, supported by light metal pillars. The building is tastefully decorated, and painted with excellent artistic effect, cobalt, vermillion, and white being the prevailing colours. The great central space is occupied with glass cases, in which are displayed objects of delicate fabric and of costly manufacture. Midway between the entrance at the western end and the orchestra at the eastern, stands a handsome fountain, manufactured by the Messrs. Edmundson, of Dublin; while the orchestra, rising from a low elevation to the height of the galleries and backed by the organ built by Mr. Telford, terminates the vista. As the visitor proceeds up the centre, he sees on the right hand articles of linen manufacture of every description, while on the left are displayed the woollen fabrics of the country. Of the aisles, the southern is appropriated to the exhibition of ironmongery, cabinet-work, and furniture of every kind. Irish ship and boat building will be exhibited in the agricultural museum. The northern aisle is partitioned off to form the picture gallery, which is lined with dark red cloth, against which the pictures are hung. The lighting is from the roof, and is excellent.*

There has been no ungenerous response to the solicitations of the committee either abroad or at home. Paintings by K. Baade, Von Baerdemaecker, and T. Scheiss, from Munich. Dusseldorf contributes largely from its famous

* The principal building in which the exhibition is to be holden (the Agricultural Hall) was designed by Frederick O. Clarendon, Esq.; the Machinery Court was designed and erected by Messrs. Grendon and Co., of Drogheda.

school, selected by the first artists there, Arnz Berg, Becker, Bewer, Duntze, Hahn Flamm, Harweng, Fasen Fungheim, Len, Lindler, Heinecke, Schoenfeld, Webb, and others. Amongst the Brussels artists who exhibit are to be found Cecchini, Untenberger, Otto Van Thoren, Kindermans, Roffiaen, Wauters, Madame Geefs, and Van Schendel. Eugene le Gendre sends from Bruges; and from Paris are pictures by Gerard, Gredin, and many others. Sir Robert Peel contributes two paintings from his collection at Drayton Manor; Mr. Gillott, of Manchester, a fine Danby, a Maclise, and an Etty; Mr. Brodie sends 'The Fiery Cross,' and Mr. Edwards, of Birmingham, a number of pictures, some by the celebrated animal painter, Horler; Messrs. Gambart, Colnaghi, Graves, and

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION: INTERIOR.

Cranfield, add several attractions, and the Irish artists are doing their duty. We may thus calculate that from 700 to 800 good pictures will be found in the gallery.

Let us take a brief survey of the Machinery Court. This has been erected for the occasion at a cost of £1,200. It stands at the south-eastern end of the hall, is built of iron, and very prettily decorated, and measures 130 feet in length by 90 in breadth; at the north-eastern angle is erected a powerful steam-engine, liberally contributed by Messrs. Woolstenhulmes and Rye, of Oldham, to drive the various machinery. Amongst these are those of Mr. John Mason, of Rochdale, exhibiting the entire process of the manufacture of woollen cloths, while the manufacture of flax will be shown by the machinery

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION: EXTERIOR.

of Messrs. Lawson, of Leeds. This court will not only be highly attractive, but, we believe, deeply instructive to the Irish artisans and manufacturers.

Ireland has ever been a musical nation, and has given us great masters in modern times, Balfe, Wallace, and others, amongst whom Dr. Stewart, Professor of Music to the University of Dublin, has a deservedly high reputation. At the request of the committee, Dr. Waller has written an original ode for the "opening," to which Dr. Stewart has composed the music: ample provision has been made that the performance of it shall be most efficient.

Although this exhibition is in the main exclusively Irish, there can be no doubt it will interest and attract the people of England.

OBITUARY.

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS.

A quarter of a century ago the name of this gentleman, who died on the 5th of April, was as popularly known in literary and artistic circles as that of any one now living. In the various characters of lyric poet, journalist, and Art-critic, he held a distinguished place among his contemporaries; his memory has a special claim on our columns, because this Journal had some few years ago, occasionally, the assistance of his able pen.

Mr. Watts was born in London, in 1797, and was educated at a school in Kent, where his elder brother was one of the masters. Subsequently he engaged himself as an usher in several schools, and, later, as a private tutor in a family at Manchester. While thus occupied he published his first literary work, "Poetical Sketches," which appeared in 1822. The little volume attracted the attention of several of his literary contemporaries, and passed through five editions in a comparatively short space of time: it was illustrated with designs by Stothard, engraved by Charles Heath. Towards the close of that year Mr. Watts commenced his career as a journalist, having entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, a long established paper of Conservative principles—Mr. Watts was always a strong and consistent advocate of this political creed—to conduct that journal. From this post he removed to edit the *Manchester Courier*; and afterwards came up to London, and assisted in establishing the *Standard*, which for many years was carried on with great success as an evening paper only; the introduction of penny newspapers induced the proprietors to make it a morning publication also, and to lower its price. During a period of ten years Mr. Watts conducted the *United Service Gazette*, of which he was one of the earliest promoters, and its first editor. Few men have rendered greater services by his energy to the Conservative cause than Mr. Watts, for during a period of nearly twenty-five years he was the means of establishing, or assisting with his writings, as many as twenty public organs of the party with which he allied himself.

We have long since adopted a class of Christmas and New Years' gift-books very different from those which Mr. Watts aided to introduce into this country, in 1824, when he started the "Literary Souvenir," one of those elegant little works of Art and literature which found many followers and maintained a long course of popularity; which the leading artists of our school aided with their pencils, and whose pages were graced with much of the best lyric poetry of the present century, written expressly for these books. Mr. Watts carried on the "Literary Souvenir" for ten years. In 1850 he published a selection, under the title of "Lyrics of the Heart," of his own and other poetical writings, with illustrations by Stothard, Danby, Howard, and others. The "Poetical Album," in two volumes, also appeared with his name on the title-page as editor, at different dates: these contained a collection of all the best minor poems published in the magazines, &c., for several years.

Mr. Watts's judgment on modern Art was sound and discriminating, and he exercised it independently when speaking or writing upon such topics. From his long and intimate acquaintance with his contemporaries both artistic and literary, he had acquired a mass of information and anecdote which rendered him, when he chose to be communicative, for "the fit was not ever upon him," a most agreeable companion.

In 1853 the government of the day conferred on him a pension from the Civil List of £100 per annum, "in consequence of services rendered to literature and the Fine Arts through thirty years;" a pension which it is hoped may be continued to his widow, sister of the late J. B. Wiffen, a name not unknown in literary circles. Mr. Watts found in his excellent and accomplished wife most efficient aid in his labours. Their eldest son is wedded to the daughter of William and Mary Howitt, a young lady who has obtained fame both as an author and an artist.

CLAUDE MARIE DUBUFE.

The French school of painting has lost one of its most eminent members in this artist, who died towards the end of April, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Dubufe was born in Paris, and studied in the *atelier* of David. He first appeared as an historical painter in 1810, when he produced 'A Roman Family dying of Famine;' two years afterwards he sent from his studio, 'Achilles taking Iphigenia under his protection.' Among his later principal works are, 'Christ stilling the Tempest,' 'Apollo and Cyparissus,' bought by the government for the Luxembourg Museum, 'Psyche and Venus,' 'The Birth of the Duke of Bordeaux,' 'The Passage of the Bidassoa,' 'Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee,' 'The Deliverance of St. Peter,'—the two last purchased by the municipality of Paris. He received a commission from the French government to paint four pictures for the first saloon of the State Council-chamber, to typify respectively Egypt, Greece, Italy, and France. In 1827 appeared his two paintings, companion works, entitled 'Remembrances' and 'Regrets,' which have become well known on the Continent by the engravings. Among his more popular *genre* subjects may be specified, 'The Nest,' 'The Household,' 'The Slave-Merchant,' and 'The Abandoned.'

As a portrait-painter Dubufe had a high reputation. To the International Exhibition of 1855, in Paris, he contributed only works of this class. Of the numerous portraits from his pencil, we may especially point out those of the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Istria, the Countess Lehon, General Atthalin, and one of Mdlle. Vernon in the character of *Fenella*. He received a medal of the first class in 1831, and was decorated with the ribbon of the *Legion d'Honneur* in 1837. His son, Edward Dubufe, also a portrait-painter of note, resided in London some years ago: there is a picture by him in the Vernon collection, which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* with the rest of that series.

JEAN HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

This artist, another of the most distinguished of the French school, died in March last. We have a notice of him ready, but are compelled to postpone its publication till next month.

ARIEL.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. G. LOUGH.

We know not why sculptors should so frequently refer to classic history for subjects, when the annals and literature of our own country supply them copiously, without much trouble of research, and of a character more original than the legends and history of Greece and Rome. What a glorious gallery of sculptures could the writings of only one man—but that one the greatest of all—Shakspere, call into existence; male and female, heroes and heroines, beings who have walked on the earth, and those who lived only in the poet's wondrous imagination; "airy nothings," and forms of actual flesh and blood, throng his pages, and invite the artist's attention as seductively as the Venuses, the Apollos, Cupids, Psyches, and all the other mythological personages whose stories have descended to us from Greek and Latin writers.

Mr. Lough has found a subject in Ariel, one of Shakspere's most fanciful embodiments. The particular passage that suggested the figure is, it may be presumed, to be found in Ariel's song:—

> "There I crouch when owls do cry,
> On the bat's back I do fly."

His conception of Ariel is not altogether consonant with the ideas usually entertained of the spirit—a light, young, and merry though mischievous creature; the form here is that of womanhood, and the expression of the face is stern; but looking at the statue simply as a work of Art, it presents an example of powerful modelling and striking action, combined with very considerable poetic feeling. It is in the possession of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., M.P., Carlton House Terrace, and has never been publicly exhibited.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The annual general meeting of the members of the Art-Union was held on the 27th of April, by permission of Mr. Webster, in the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council, and for the distribution of the sum allotted for the purchase of works of Art for the year 1864. Lord Monteagle, the president of the society, having taken the chair, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, read the report, in which it was observed that the council did not think it useless to allude to the claims the Art-Union was entitled to make on the confidence of the public. The best qualities of Fine Art were beyond the means of classes whose taste had now been educated up to an appreciation of real excellence, but by the scheme of the Art-Union the best works were placed within their reach. The progressive growth, the firm establishment of the Art-Union, and the amount of the subscriptions show, after such a lengthened probation, a sufficient evidence of the value of the institution as a means of Art-education by the distribution of really meritorious works among classes which, but for such a society, could not possess them. The subscriptions for the present year amount to £12,469 12*s*. The reserve fund now amounts to the sum of £11,549 10*s*.

The amount set apart for the purchase of works of Art from the public exhibitions by the prize-holders themselves, was thus divided:—32 works at £10 each, 32 at £15, 20 at £20, 20 at £25, 12 at £35, 12 at £40, 10 at £50, 6 at £75, 3 at £100, 2 at £150, 1 at £200—the whole being in number 150. To these are added four statuettes in bronze of Foley's 'Caractacus;' 150 statuettes in porcelain, from the statue 'Go to Sleep,' by Durham; 150 busts in porcelain of the bust of the Prince of Wales; 150 pairs of bas-reliefs in fictile ivory, of subjects from Milton, by E. Wyon and R. Jefferson; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Young England;' 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Wild Roses;' 170 volumes of etchings by R. Brandard; and 30 silver medals commemorative of Bacon—in all 1,204 prizes, in addition to the volume of illustrations received by every member, and the Parian busts due to those who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without having gained a prize. In moving the adoption of the report, Lord Monteagle stated that he had been connected with the society for twenty-eight years, and that his association with the institution had been a source of greater satisfaction to him than his connection with any other society; and he believed that the efforts of the Art-Union had tended greatly to advance the interests of Art, and even those of the country generally. The adoption of the report was seconded by Mr. Fahey, and was unanimously agreed to. A vote of thanks was moved to the honorary secretaries by Professor Donaldson for their valuable services, who said it was intended to present to them some more substantial tribute of respect. The model of the testimonial intended for presentation to the honorary secretaries stood on the table: it is to be executed in silver, and will bear a suitable inscription. The cost will be £500, a sum representing in nowise the value of the services so long and so faithfully rendered by these gentlemen, yet serving in some degree as a recognition of those services. But we shame to say it—even the £500 are not yet subscribed! Is this creditable to British artists, so many of whom owe to these gentlemen the foundation of their fortunes? A very small percentage indeed of the enormous sum expended by their means in purchases of pictures would make a very much larger sum than the one required. We know this is a delicate subject to touch upon; we do so at the risk of giving annoyance to the honorary secretaries, who have rightly held themselves aloof from the attempt to do them honour; yet we cannot resist an earnest appeal to "the Profession" not to let a slur and a reproach be cast upon it. This month, at all events, the *Art-Journal* will be read by artists; let them think of the position in which they stood twenty-eight years ago, when it was very difficult to make by Art a sufficient income for the necessaries of life. Let them consider, also, how happily different are circumstances now. We need say no more, but cannot believe we have said too much.

OBITUARY.

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Mr. Watts was born in London, in 1797, and was educated at a school in Kent, where his elder brother was one of the masters. [illegible] himself as an usher [illegible] schools, and once as a private tutor [illegible] at Manchester. While there, [illegible] his first literary work, [illegible] which appeared in 1822 [illegible] attracted the attention of [illegible] [illegible] by Charles Heath. [illegible] year Mr. Watts commenced his career as a [illegible] editor, having entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, a long-established paper of Conservative principles—Mr. Watts was always a strong and consistent advocate of this political creed—to conduct that journal. From this post he removed to edit the *Manchester Courier*, and afterwards came up to London, and assisted in establishing the *Standard*, which for many years was carried on as an evening paper until the introduction of penny newspapers induced the proprietors to make it a morning publication, and also to lower its price. During a period of ten years Mr. Watts conducted the *United Service Gazette*, of which he was one of the earliest proprietors, and its first editor. Few men have rendered greater services by his energy to the Conservative cause than Mr. Watts, for during a period of nearly twenty-five years he was the means of establishing, or assisting with his writings, as many as twenty public organs of the party with which he allied himself.

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CHARLES MARIE [illegible]

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Mr. Leigh has found a subject in a passage of Shakespeare's most fanciful play. The particular passage that suggested the picture is, it may be presumed, to be found in Ariel's song,—

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"On the bat's back I do fly."

His conception of Ariel is not altogether consonant with the idea usually entertained of the spirit—a light, joyous, and merry though [illegible] creature. The form here is that of [illegible], and the expression of the face is [illegible]; but looking at the picture simply as a work of Art, it presents an example of powerful [illegible] and striking [illegible], combined with very considerable [illegible]. It is in the possession of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., M.P., Carlton House Terrace, and has never been publicly exhibited.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The annual general meeting of the members of the Art-Union was held on the 27th of April, by permission of Mr. Webster, in the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council, and for the distribution of the sum allotted for the purchase of works of Art for the year 1864. Lord Monteagle, the president of the society, having taken the chair, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, read the report, in which it was observed that the council did not think it useless to allude to the claims the Art-Union was entitled to make on the confidence of the public. The best qualities of [illegible] Art were beyond the means of classes whose taste had been educated up to an appreciation of their excellence, but by the scheme of the Art-Union the best works were placed within their reach. The progressive growth, the firm establishment of the Art-Union, and the amount of the [illegible] after such a lengthened probation [illegible] sufficient evidence of the value of the [illegible] means of Art-education by the [illegible] of really meritorious works among [illegible] such a society, could not [illegible] The subscriptions for the present year [illegible]. The reserve fund [illegible] the sum of £11,549 10s.

The amount set apart for the purchase of works of Art from the public exhibitions by the prize-holders themselves, was thus divided:—112 works of [illegible] 20 at £21, 20 at £25, 12 at [illegible] 6 at £75, 3 at £100, [illegible]; the whole being in number [illegible]. To these are added [illegible] statuettes in bronze of Foley's 'Caractacus,' [illegible] statuettes in porcelain, from the statue 'Go to Sleep,' by Durham; 150 busts in porcelain of the bust of the Prince of Wales; 100 pairs of bas-reliefs in fictile ivory, of subjects from Milton, by E. Wyon and R. Jefferson; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Young England;' 200 chromo-lithographs, '[illegible] Roses;' 170 volumes of etchings by R. Brandard; and 30 silver medals commemorative of Bacon—in all [illegible] prizes, in addition to the volume of illustrations received by every member, and the bronze busts due to those who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without having gained a prize. In moving the adoption of the report, Lord Monteagle stated that he had been connected with the society for twenty-eight years, and that his association with the institution had been a source of [illegible] he believed that the [illegible] of the Art-Union had tended greatly to [illegible] of the [illegible]. The adoption of the report [illegible] and the unanimously [illegible] A vote of thanks was moved to the [illegible] by Professor Donaldson for [illegible] services, who said it was intended [illegible] testimonial tribute [illegible] to the honorary secretaries [illegible] on the table; it is to be executed in silver, and bear a suitable inscription. The cost will be £500, a sum representing in no wise the value of the services so long and so faithfully rendered by these gentlemen, yet serving in some degree as a recognition of those services. But we shame to say [illegible] the £500 are not yet subscribed! Is this creditable to British artists, so many of whom owe to these gentlemen the foundation of their fortunes? A very small percentage indeed of the enormous sum expended by their visits in purchase of pictures would make a very much larger sum than the one required. We know this is a delicate subject to touch upon; we do so at the risk of giving annoyance to the honorary secretaries, who have rightly held themselves aloof from the attempt to do them honour; yet we cannot resist an earnest appeal to "the Profession" not to let a slur and a reproach to rest upon it. This month, at all events, the subject will be heard by artists; let them think of the position in which they stood twenty-eight years ago, when it was very difficult to make by Art a sufficient income for the necessaries of life. Let them consider, also, how happily different are circumstances now. We need say no more, but cannot believe we have said too much.

[illegible]

ARIEL.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY J. LOUGH.

MR. THOMAS'S PICTURE OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Considering the various shades of difficulty to be met and surmounted in a picture of this kind, Mr. Thomas has accomplished his task in a remarkably short time. In the treatment of such subjects, artists seem hitherto to have agreed to work according to a settled form, and to have been bound to a particular moment in the ceremony; as in a marriage, to the precise time when the ring is put on the finger of the bride, or, in a christening, when the infant is named. In looking at a picture like this, a question suggests itself as to the reality of the dresses, especially those of the ladies. It would have been impossible to secure them by taking each person in turn as a study in the picture itself, for rapidly as they were sketched by Mr. Thomas, he was yet scarcely in time to find them in the perfect state in which they were on the occasion of the ceremony. The dress of the Princess of Wales, for instance, had been dismantled of the orange-flower wreaths by which it was ornamented; these had doubtless been distributed among persons desirous of possessing such a memento of the ceremony. Others again were already in the hands of the modistes for transformation into court, ball, and evening dresses. In many cases, there was, therefore, of necessity a recomposition for the purposes of the artist. Thus nearly all the dresses have been painted from sketches, and had it not been so, it would have been impossible to present them with the spirit and accuracy by which they are characterised. And so with the figures; all have sat to the artist, but he has preferred working from sketches to painting from the life on his canvas, and hence the rapidity with which the work has been accomplished.

Mr. Thomas has, we say, departed from the common forms of construction observed in the representation of courtly ceremony and solemnity, for it is not the actual marriage that is painted, but its conclusion, everybody yet maintaining his or her place, the only movement observable being that among the nearest figures in forming the head of the procession as about to retire from the chapel. We cannot believe that any better view of the whole could be obtained from any other point than that selected, which is in front of the altar. In the centre of the *haut pas*, and immediately in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury, are the Prince and Princess of Wales, the former about to lead the Princess from the altar. The Prince wears the mantle of the Garter over a general's uniform; the Princess wearing of course white, richly trimmed with orange-flower. The supporters of the bride are the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian of Denmark; those of the bridegroom are the Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe Cobourg. Behind the bride and bridegroom is the Archbishop, supported by bishops on his right and by the Dean of Windsor on his left, and further back on each side of the altar are the minor canons. The right of the *haut pas*, that is, looking towards the altar, is occupied by members of the Danish Royal Family, and on the left we see an assemblage of the Royal Family of England, all of whom are at once recognisable from the perfection of the resemblances. Near the bride, and on her right, are the eight bridesmaids—Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Elma Bruce, Lady Victoria Howard, Lady Emily Villiers, Lady Agneta Yorke, Lady Feodore Wellesley, and Lady Eleanor Hare. The extremities of the *haut pas* on both sides are occupied by ambassadors, "ambassadresses," and the high officers of the crown and their ladies, among whom a conspicuous figure, in the glitter of his Oriental attire, is the Maharajah Duleep Sing. Prominent, in the nearest section of the picture, are Sir Edward Cust, heralds, and gentlemen ushers, with their faces turned towards the spectator, as forming the head of the procession, which is about to leave the chapel. The bridegroom has given his arm to his bride, whose train, a little crushed, by the way, from the surrounding pressure, is held by the nearest bridesmaids; the action of all these figures indicating the conclusion of the ceremony and departure. The Queen does not appear in the throng round the altar, but is seen in the royal closet on the right of the altar. The lower part of the picture—a blaze of jewellery supported by a distribution of the most gorgeous colouring—is most happily sustained by the upper part, in which is the large painted window, commemorative of the late Prince Consort, the crimson velvet hangings, the silk banners, the old oak carvings, the delicate alabaster bas-reliefs over the altar, and the richly-gilt altar-plate, all of which in colour yield in nowise to the alternation of dazzling hues below. But that which impresses the observer is, in the first place, the masterly disposition of light and dark; and in the next, the absence of stiffness in the figures and formality in the aggroupments.

Mr. Thomas has dared to deal independently with his subject, and the result is pictorial quality in a measure far beyond what exists in any royal ceremonial that we have ever seen. The *haut pas*, and all the personages that occupy it, are fully lighted. This is as it should be, but it does not seem less a propriety that nearer portions should be in shade. There are not less than one hundred and thirty figures, the majority of which are admirable portraits. Thus is Mr. Thomas's picture—as a description of a state ceremonial—a surprise that at once destroys the settled conviction of conventionality with which for twenty years we have approached all similar works. The purposes of the painter are at once seen; in realising, however, these purposes, he has had recourse to no vulgar expedient, but has conducted his work in the most masterly manner to a triumphant result.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Art-Journal."

THE PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Sir,—I have read in the May number of your Journal that the paintings in the Kensington Galleries deteriorate quickly. When, a few years ago, I made a visit to London, I went there, and saw one of the finest Turners (I believe a view in Venice) placed a few inches above an opening where the hot air was admitted into the room; the sky of the picture had two or three very large cracks in it. I remarked to one of the attendants in the Gallery, that I thought it hazardous to have a painting so near the flue; he said there was no fear, as the heat came out, and had no expansion within. May not this be partly a cause of the damage done to the pictures? I think so, and it ought to be looked to. As to painting with asphaltum, any artist who adopts that bad custom had better pay a visit to the Louvre, and he will there see in perfection its disastrous effects, in pictures of the highest class, by Girodet, Prudhon, Valenciennes, Granet, and Gericault, whose fine painting, the 'Raft of the Medusa,' is actually falling to pieces, and it is proposed to have a copy made of it. There are many more names I could add, but the above may suffice. It was a strange fancy for these artists to adopt—as the master they all followed, David, made little use, if any, of this colour, and his paintings are in the finest preservation.

Paris, May 4. H. B.

[The truth of the remarks we made last month has been questioned by some with whom we have since held verbal communication; but the parliamentary report, to which allusion is made elsewhere, confirms, in a great measure, our statement, for it speaks of certain pictures at Kensington having been *repaired* last year.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

UNINTENDED PHOTOGRAPHS.

Sir,—As many photographers seem to be satisfied that the Soho pictures on paper were copied by some mechanical process, not by photography; and that those on silver plates, though clearly photographs, have been produced since Daguerre's discovery, your readers will be so kind as to qualify to the extent required, the opening paragraph of my article in your April number on "Unintended Photographs."

London, April. C. Tomlinson.

[The above communication reached us too late for insertion in our last number.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

New National Gallery.—It is probable that before these pages are in the hands of the public, the country will be in possession of what the government proposes to do with respect to this building. Mr. Heygate has asked the First Commissioner of Works whether the scheme for erecting a new National Gallery at the rear of Burlington House, and which was last year stated by the First Commissioner of Works to "have been for a considerable time under the consideration of the government," had yet been approved, and if not, to what national purposes it was proposed to devote the estate purchased for the nation in 1854, at a cost of £140,000, and now occupied by Burlington House and Gardens. Mr. Cowper said the government had determined upon proposing to parliament an estimate for the erection of a National Gallery upon the vacant ground in the rear of Burlington House; that estimate was now in course of preparation, and would shortly be laid upon the table. [It has since been made public, and it appears that Parliament will be asked this year for a vote of £10,000, the first instalment of a sum of £152,000, the estimated cost of the proposed edifice at the rear of Burlington House, including decorations and paintings. The details of the Government plan we must leave to a future opportunity.]

The National Portrait Gallery.—The trustees of this institution are fully persuaded of the inadequacy of the present rooms in George Street to the display of the wealth they now possess. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to call attention to the subject in parliament, and it is believed that as soon as arrangements can be conveniently effected, the collection will be removed to a permanent abiding-place, where the merits of the best portraits, and there are many of rare excellence, may be appreciable. In testimony of the growing popularity of the collection, it may be stated that on Easter Monday and Tuesday the rooms were visited by not less than 2,861 persons. The acquisitions made since our last notice are—by presentation, portraits of John Lord Hervey, by the Marquis of Bristol; of Woodfall, by Mr. H. D. Woodfall; a bust of Dr. Arnold, by Behnes, presented by the Bishop of Manchester; and a pencil drawing of Lord St. Vincent, presented by Mrs. Lucretia Kay. The purchases have been, portraits of Lord Mansfield and Lord Heathfield, both by Copley; of Thomas Stanley, the historian of philosophy, by Sir P. Lely; of Queen Catherine of Arragon, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Archbishop Laud, by unknown artists; and of Charles Churchill, by T. Schauk.

The Proposed New Museums at Kensington.—The designs sent in for this proposed structure, in compliance with an invitation to architects issued from the Board of Works in January last, have been exhibited in the Royal Gallery near the House of Lords. Thirty-three "sets" of designs were hung; we have neither time nor space, in this our busiest and most over-crowded month, to enter upon any examination of the drawings; our readers who desire information on this point will find it in the journals especially devoted to architectural subjects. On the 29th of April the Commissioners appointed to award the premiums—Lord Elcho, Mr. Tite, M.P., Mr. David Roberts, R.A., Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. Pennethorne—met to make their final decision, when the first prize, of £400, was awarded to Captain Fowke's design; the second, of £250, to that of Professor Kerr; and the third, of £150, to Mr. Borthwick's. Of course, the names of the authors of the drawings were unknown till their sealed letters were opened by the Chief Commissioner of Works, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.; and there can, therefore, be no ground for supposing that any partiality has been shown in making the awards, or that there was any clue to the authors. But the story of these museums *in posse* is somewhat strange; it appears to us as if the Government had begun the business at the wrong end; it holds the ground in possession, and now it has the designs for the structures, but not the money to pay for the erection; and parliament has hitherto shown itself very sensitive on the point of a grant. When the question was

mooted some time ago in the House of Commons, by some member who desired to know what use would be made of the buildings, Mr. Cowper is reported to have replied that, "the first thing was to get designs, and the use to which the building should be put would be a matter of further consideration." This seems droll in more ways than one; but the strangest feature is, that architects should be called upon to furnish designs for an edifice, without specific information as to the requirements it is absolutely intended to meet. The whole matter reminds us of an old story of a man who called upon a friend to ask the loan of a horse: "No," was the reply given him, "but I can lend you a pair of spurs, if they will be any service." And so Mr. Cowper has the site and the drawings, but not the money; and parliament, we expect, will desire to learn something more about these museums before agreeing to a vote.

The Banquet at the Royal Academy in 1864 was "much as usual." The president, as heretofore, made speeches and said nothing; indeed the only topic on which he aimed to be heard concerned architecture; no word was said as regarded contemplated reforms in the Academy; it was too tender a theme for the members, while the guests, of course, eschewed it in "the presence." The only point of the evening worth recording is the eloquent and graceful compliment to the memory of Dyce, rendered to it by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was proud to style himself the artist's "friend." Literature was represented by Mr. John Foster, who made a brilliant speech; the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke for the visitors; the Lord Mayor returned thanks for himself and his "portrait;" Lord Elcho was heard on behalf of the volunteers. Further than this, record is unnecessary, except in so far as regards the "wines, dessert, and attendance," which the reporter for the *Times* assures us were "all that the most fastidious could desire."

The Royal Horticultural Gardens: Sculpture.—Dr. Lindley, one of the most useful and estimable of public men, has resigned the honorary secretaryship of the society, and his place has been filled by—Mr. Henry Cole! The announcement of this ominous name was at once accepted as evidence of a contemplated job, or, at least, that one would be attempted. The attempt has been made, but it has not succeeded. Last year the efforts of the Sculptors' Institute obtained a singularly interesting and attractive collection of works in sculpture, which not only adorned the gardens, but acted beneficially as regarded the artists and the art. Mr. Henry Cole, however, the "new broom," orders a new plan—sure to prejudice both; he ordains and directs that all works sent in shall be labelled with the price at which *copies may be sold to the public*, in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta; next, that when a plaster model is purchased by the Society, it shall include the right of the Society to make, at its own expense, one copy in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta, *or some other material;* and next, that the artist shall state the price to the Royal Horticultural Society he requires for the right of allowing further copies of the plaster model to be manufactured in terra-cotta, &c. As a result—which anybody but Mr. Henry Cole might have anticipated—there will this year be no exhibition of sculpture in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, or, at least, no exhibition to which our leading sculptors will contribute, the Sculptors' Institute having transmitted to the secretary the following resolution, "passed unanimously:"—"That this Society do not take part in, or support in any way, the proposed exhibition of sculpture at the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, under the Rules dated February, 1864, now submitted to the profession at large."

Society of Arts.—The gold medal established by the society in memory of its late president, the Prince Consort, to be called the "Albert medal," and to be bestowed, from time to time, "for distinguished merit in promoting Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," has been adjudged to Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., in recognition of his eminent services to all classes of the community in the creation of the penny postage system and other postal reforms. The society has appointed two committees, consisting of its most distinguised members, the one to "consider and report" what memorials should record the sites of the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862; the other to "consider and report" how the society may promote the erection of statues or other memorials of persons eminent in Arts, manufactures, and commerce, and whether it is desirable that the society should contribute to the monuments of distinguished individuals, members of the society.

The Patent Office.—This subject has been again brought before Parliament, by an effort on the part of Mr. Dillwyn, the member for Swansea, to locate the establishment in some more accessible quarter than South Kensington. In the course of his speech, he stated his motive to arise mainly from a knowledge of "the *grasping disposition* of the authorities at South Kensington," and added:—"There was something very curious in the absorbing powers of Brompton for museums. The members of the government seemed to have taken a new oath of allegiance which bound them to Brompton. He knew several who used to speak rather disparagingly of the South Kensington concerns when independent members, but who became thorough and devoted supporters of them as soon as they took their seats on the Treasury Bench."

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—The forty-ninth anniversary festival of the founding of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 16th of April, when nearly two hundred and fifty gentlemen—a much larger number than we have seen on a similar occasion for many years—met to support the Lord Bishop of Oxford, who presided. The members of the Royal Academy mustered rather strongly, but Sir C. L. Eastlake, who is rarely absent, was prevented by indisposition from attending. The right reverend chairman advocated in eloquent terms the claims of the institution to public as well as professional support, an appeal which was most liberally answered, the subscriptions announced during the evening amounting to nearly £1,200, more than £300 in excess, we believe, of any previous collection. The list included the sum of £25 from the chairman, and one of 20 guineas from the "Moray Minstrels," an amateur choral society, who volunteered their services for the occasion, and sang in admirable style several part-songs during the evening. The health of these gentlemen having been proposed, Dr. Lavies replied to it on their behalf, and said that as an additional proof of the estimation in which he and his brother minstrels held the Artists' Benevolent Institution, they would contribute towards its funds the sum mentioned.

South Kensington Picture Gallery.—Copley's picture of the 'Death of Major Pierson,' purchased by government at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's collection, is placed in this gallery.

The Architectural Museum.—Art has a zealous advocate in Cardinal Wiseman. On the evening of the 12th of April, his eminence delivered a lecture in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum, before the members of the Architectural Museum, on the following subject: "Judging from the Past and Present, what are the Prospects for good Architecture in London?" The lecturer entered into the details of the question at considerable length, spoke commendably of some of the modern metropolitan buildings, especially of those in the city, deprecated others, and alluded in particular to the want of harmony generally observable in our streets—various styles, strongly opposed to each other, being visible in the same line of buildings. Looking at the past, and judging from it of the present, the Cardinal regretted to find now existing so vast a want of reverence and respect for the great, the good, and the beautiful, in itself or in its associations—the absence of a feeling that everything is not to be balanced by the realisation of a passing advantage or a pecuniary gain. The prospects of architecture in London were very promising, but they would be immensely promoted by exciting in the people a reverence for relics of the past, and a taste for the beautiful.

Baron Marochetti's Statue of 'Cœur de Lion,' like the Nelson column, still waits completion. Mr. Hankey, from his place in parliament, recently asked the First Commissioner of Works why the bas-reliefs intended for the base of the work had not been placed there, and "whether he would communicate with Baron Marochetti, and have them done at an early period." Mr. Cowper was understood to say in reply, that "the matter was still under consideration." We certainly do manage admirably our public works of Art in England. What with the Nelson lions, and the bas-reliefs for Palace Yard, the Baron's studio presents an impenetrable mystery. Over its doorway should be written that significant motto, "*Nulla Spes.*"

Mr. Redgrave, R.A., is engaged in compiling a catalogue of all the pictures now forming the Royal Collections, and deposited in the various palaces dispersed over the country. It is to be illustrated by photographs of all the works, executed upon a uniform scale.

The Architectural Exhibition.—The general impression produced by the designs exhibited this year at the rooms in Conduit Street is, that they are inferior in merit to what has been seen on former occasions. The contributions are numerous, carefully drawn, and many of them very artistically coloured—a system adopted to please the public, but which the professional visitor can very readily dispense with. Architects, like painters, are very apt to shrink from the labour of thought that produces originality, when there is a large demand for their works; and inasmuch as both professions find ample employment just now, there is little expectation of meeting, either in our picture galleries or in Conduit Street, many evidences of great study or of novel ideas.

Stereochrome.—Our experience of water-glass painting, though as yet limited, all but warrants the presumption that we have at length a means of mural painting more suitable to our climate than fresco. Before the works in the upper waiting hall of the Palace of Westminster were as old as Mr. Maclise's finished picture in the Royal Gallery, they showed signs of decay, but the Waterloo picture remains as perfect as when first finished. All honour, then, to Mr. Maclise, *to whom we owe the introduction of the water-glass method*, and whose success has already drawn followers. He it was who applied to the fountain-head at Berlin and Munich, whence he returned with a store of practical knowledge.

Mr. Gregory has given notice of his intention to ask Parliament for an increased payment to Mr. Herbert, for his works in the House of Lords. To such increase he is fully entitled, but not more so than other artists—Mr. Maclise especially—who have so laboured in "the Houses" as very materially to diminish the incomes they would have received from "private practice." The merit of Mr. Herbert no one will gainsay; but who will question that of the other artists employed by the nation? To select one is something very like a vote of censure on the others; the public will naturally infer that to give augmented recompense to one and withhold it from the rest, is equivalent to saying the rest have not earned what the one claims. We trust to the honour and to the liberality of Parliament not to make so invidious and dangerous a distinction. [This subject was brought before Parliament on the 12th of May; a very interesting discussion took place, which, we rejoice to see, indicates a liberal spirit concerning Art in "the Commons." The Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his intention to award an additional £1,500 to Mr. Herbert—a sum to which he is well entitled: but unquestionably Mr. Maclise may claim an amount at least as great. This "boon" will not content Mr. Herbert. Mr. C. Bentinck stated that "*he had the authority of Mr. Herbert for saying that unless he received something like* £5,000 (which he does not receive), *he would never again put his brush upon the walls of the Houses of Parliament.*" Sir S. Northcote subsequently explained that was not what Mr. Herbert *meant;* he meant merely that "it would be impossible for him to continue his work in the House, unless he received such remuneration as would justify him in doing so."]

A Series of six drawings in water colours, by Mr. John Gilbert, has been exhibited during the past month at Mr. Agnew's gallery in Waterloo Place. They illustrate the popular ballad of "The Old English Gentleman," and may be accepted as faithful representations of the life and character of one of these ancient worthies, as history and tradition have handed down their story during the last two centuries. In the first

picture is seen the old gentleman's bountiful relief of the poor; in the second he presides over a banquet in his own baronial hall; in the third and fourth he keeps "merry Christmas," entertaining his friends in the former, while his servants and retainers are feasting in the latter. The fifth subject is a death-bed scene; the days of wassail and rejoicing are over, and the lord of the mansion is taking his last farewell of a large group of children and grandchildren, and bestows his blessing upon them. In the sixth and last picture, the body of the "fine old English gentleman" is borne to the grave on the shoulders of some of his servants, through a long line of mourning friends and tenantry. These drawings are executed in the bold and peculiar style with which the artist's pencil has long made us familiar, and with that knowledge of costume and circumstance which much study and research have given him. They are, moreover, finished with greater elaboration than is usual with Mr. Gilbert.

The Works for the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park have been commenced. There is now a huge boarding in the park, directly opposite the Horticultural Gardens.

The National Gallery of Scotland has obtained, by purchase, Dyce's very beautiful picture of 'Francisca di Rimini.'

British Porcelain.—M. Daniell, of New Bond Street, has exhibited a most superb and very charming dessert service produced by him at the works, Coalport, for a distinguished commoner, whose liberality and taste are well known. The ground is the famous rose du Barry; each plate, compotier, &c., contains a picture, the majority of the pictures being English landscapes. These are entirely the work of English artists; they are all admirably painted, and show the excellence at which our porcelain painters may arrive, if opportunities be given to them.

Busts of Shakspere.—Messrs. Wills Brothers have made two valuable additions to our large store of Shakspere memorials. We have had frequent occasion to direct attention to the productions of these artists; they are sculptors in the higher sense, but they do not disdain to bring Art into active co-operation with manufacture. These busts are placed within reach of the many. They are of terra-cotta, small in size, but finely modelled and charming in colour. The one is taken from the Stratford bust, the other from the "Van Jansen" bust. Messrs. Wills have also produced a group of a more elaborate and ambitious character, representing Titania, on whose lap reposes the transformed Bottom. It is a work of very great merit, and cannot fail to add to the reputation the artists have obtained. These attractive productions may be seen in the Porcelain and Earthenware Court at the Crystal Palace; Mr. Banfield having allotted space to their proper display.

The Shakspere Photographs of Messrs. Cundall and Downes form a very interesting series of views connected with the birthplace, including four of the best authenticated of the portraits and the bust in Stratford Church. There are twelve photographs. The selector of points could not well go wrong. The more attractive of the subjects in this collection are interiors and exteriors of the world-lauded room, Ann Hathaway's cottage, and Trinity Church.

Garibaldi.—Every shop for the sale of photographs in England exhibits portraits of this most remarkable man, so lately the idol of all classes. "Cartes" have been furnished in abundance from Italy; the greater number of these, however, are copies from paintings, and unsatisfactory. Messrs. Maull and Polyblank were fortunate in obtaining sittings at Stafford House; they have produced three photographs of very great excellence, conveying a perfect idea not only of the features, but of the kindly expression of "the General."

American Portrait Photographs.—There is an establishment at No. 1 in the Strand for the sale of photographs, principally produced in America. The exhibition (for so it may be termed) contains portraits of all the remarkable and renowned men and women of the Northern and Southern States, the two presidents, and all the leading generals of both armies—the men of whom we read daily, and, generally, with sadness and sorrow. The collection, however, is not thus limited: the men of peace are here; science, Art, and letters have their representatives. The series is, indeed, very extensive; a selection from it cannot fail to gratify those who, in England, are interested in the issue of a frightful and fearful War, and pray earnestly for the coming of Peace.

The New Zealand Exhibition, 1865.—We have made our readers aware that an exhibition of Art and Art-industry, manufactures, natural productions, &c., will be held at Dunedin, Otago, in January, 1865. For the information of intending exhibitors it may now be stated that applications for space and all other information should be addressed to John Morrison, Esq., the government agent for the colony of New Zealand, 3, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, who has placed the whole correspondence and business details of London management in the hands of Mr. P. L. Simmonds, who, with Dr. Lindley, had the superintendence of the colonial department of the International Exhibition of 1862. The enterprise is being carried out with great spirit and energy by the colonists. The various Australian colonies will take a prominent part. The intercolonial steamers have agreed to convey goods for exhibition to and from for one rate of freight, and the English shipowners have very generally reduced their charges on goods intended for the exhibition.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts held its fourth *conversazione* for the season on the evening of the 13th of April, in the gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street. The *locale*, added to the expectation that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the new president of the society, would then make his first appearance in the chair, attracted an unusually large attendance of the members and their friends. His lordship briefly addressed the company on the objects of the society, with which he expressed his warm sympathy. Some excellent vocal and instrumental music was performed during the evening.

Messrs. Mechi and Bazin, of Regent Street, have completed a very sumptuous dressing-case for the Pasha of Egypt, the instructions given for which prohibited all attempt at ornamental design, but without limit as to expense. The Pasha's desire was that the case should be simply a square box, and such it is, made of sandal and tulip woods, but in size it measures about two feet and a half by two feet, and every article in it to which metal was at all adaptable is made of silver. The lid is inlaid with the crescent and the star, and the letter I. P. (Ishmael Pasha). The influences, it might have been thought, by which the Pasha is surrounded, would have induced him to order his dressing-case in Paris, but that it has been manufactured in London is a wholesome sign of the appreciation in which the solidity and excellence of our manufactures of this class are held.

"The Studio" commences a series of photographic portraits of living artists issued by Mr. Hering, of Regent Street. Part I. contains portraits of Phillip, Calderon, Faed, and Watson. They are capital photographs, and, of course, admirable as likenesses. We question, however, the taste of an arrangement of drapery, by which the artists acquire characters not "in keeping." At all events, if they are to wear ruffs, the ruffs should be true to a period.

The Earl of Derby has been elected to the president's chair of the Commission of the Exhibition, 1851, thus filling the place vacated by the ever-lamented death of the Prince Consort.

A Sunday Afternoon at Hampton Court in the Summer of 1658.—Such is the title of a large picture, by Mr. Charles Lucy, now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, wherein Cromwell is set forth in his family relations. The transcendent renown of the Protector as a statesman and a military leader, has all but silenced the smaller voices which dwell upon his domestic virtues. Mr. Lucy has, we believe, painted Cromwell before with a preference to incidents of his private life. The persons presented in the picture are, besides himself and Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Claypole, Andrew Marvel, Secretary Thurloe, Richard Cromwell, Milton, Lady Faulconbridge, Frances Lady Russell, and others of the family. So carefully painted is the head of Cromwell, that it makes the others look unfinished. In character and expression it comes nearer to the conception that we gather from the best portraits than, perhaps, anything that has been given forth as a posthumous likeness. It has been worked out from the well-known cast, and that miniature by Cooper, rendered famous by Cromwell's insisting to have the small excrescence above the nose faithfully painted. He wears a plain Sunday suit of violet velvet, with netherstocks of the same colour, and is engaged in an animated and earnest conversation with Mrs. Claypole, the subject of which suggests itself—if the interview between the father and daughter on her death-bed be not forgotten. Milton is seated at the organ—at this time he had been totally blind for six years. In 1652 he desired that Andrew Marvel should be associated with him in the secretaryship, but it was not until about a year before the date of this supposed scene, that Marvel was so appointed. In the studious earnestness with which Mr. Lucy has entered upon and completed his work, he has done all justice to his subject, which, though a text of peace, is yet silently eloquent on the troubles of the time. There is also at the Egyptian Hall Mr. Selous' 'Crucifixion,' which was described at length in these columns when exhibited at Messrs. Jennings's. Another great attraction are Mr. Carl Verner's drawings.

M. Troyon.—Many of our readers will regret to hear that this eminent landscape-painter is, according to a statement made in the French journals, at the present time afflicted with that most terrible malady, insanity.

At the Pantheon is exhibited a collection of pictures, originals and copies, by Mr. Nathan Hughes, who has resided many years in Florence, and also in Chili and Peru, whence he has brought interesting memorials. We know not whether Mr. Hughes is an American or an English artist; his feeling seems to incline to French manner. By many persons subjects from Chili and Peru will be regarded with some curiosity, as it is not often that scenes from these countries present themselves. The catalogue is an extensive miscellany of one hundred and twelve numbers, and looking for South American scenery, we find 'Plains of Longomilla, Chili—scene of the great battle of 1851,' 'Chili Miners,' 'View of Lima from the Alameda,' 'The Guano Islands,' with numbers of other studies local and personal. These places commend themselves to notice, but not for picturesque quality. The luxuriance of the vegetation deprives the scenery of that variety that constitutes much of the beauty of landscape. Mr. Hughes has practised extensively as a portraitist, and thus presents some of the celebrities of South America.

'A Drawing Room.'—Mr. Jerry Barrett has just completed a picture of this subject, as held by the Queen at St. James's, for which purpose Mr. Barrett enjoyed the privilege of being present on several occasions, in order the more faithfully to describe the ceremony. The picture was commenced in the spring of 1862, and by command of the Queen every facility has been afforded to the artist. The Queen, the late Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal Family, occupy the left centre of the picture; and the lady in the act of being presented is the Marchioness of Carmarthen. The portraits are fifty or sixty in number, and conspicuous among them are—the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess and the Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Wellington, the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Jocelyn, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, the Maharajah Duleep Sing, Duke of Argyle, Lord Clyde, &c. Mr. Barrett having made studies of the throne-room and all its furniture and ornaments, the picture, with its striking portraits, will be received as a version of the subject as faithful as can possibly be rendered.

The Literary Fund Dinner.—There was a universal feeling of regret, approximating to reproach, that to support the Prince of Wales at the anniversary dinner there was not a single artist of note. We greatly fear the bonds that connect Literature with Art, and Art with Literature, are not strengthening with the present generation: it is a subject on which we shall have much to say hereafter.

REVIEWS.

THE BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SHAKESPEARE. By HENRY G. BOHN. Published for the Philobiblon Society.

It is very seldom that a bookseller takes to literary labour as to a pleasure of an elevating kind, or looks upon the books he publishes in a more respectful light than the trader in bricks glances at his stock. In the olden time all men were more or less learned who had to do with bringing forth an author's labours: Caxton, Pynson, Elzevir, Plantyn, Morell, and many others, were learned men, and encouraged and paid the scholars who were willing to become correctors of their presses. Our mechanical age has made literature in a great degree mechanical too. It is pleasant, however, to find one of our best and busiest booksellers devoting himself to a labour of love, in going over a somewhat wearying field of research for the sole benefit of a few lovers of literature, headed by the Duc d'Aumale, who is a zealous collector of rare books. Mr. Bohn's volume is very carefully compiled, and he has ingeniously managed to get something new and valuable in further illustration of our great poet's career, particularly in early life. He by no means inclines to the derogatory opinions of Farmer and others, who wish to make it appear that all his classical knowledge was obtained through English translations of Greek and Latin authors; and he asserts that Shakespeare must have had some understanding of French and Italian, there being in his time no translation of the Italian tales on which he founded his "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "Twelfth Night." The localities and usages of Venice mentioned in the first of these plays have induced competent critics to believe the poet visited that "city of the sea." Mr. Bohn has, by a train of argument founded on documentary evidence, shown his early familiarity with the players at Stratford; and has amusingly placed in one paragraph the conclusions to which different writers have come as to his first occupation in life, from the presumed technical knowledge exhibited in his works: "according to these ingenious reasoners, therefore, he may have been a glover, a woolstapler, a butcher, a teacher, an attorney's clerk, a doctor, a sailor, a soldier, a psalm-singer, and an actor." More than this has been asserted by some "demented reasoners," that he never wrote his plays at all; and even that he had no existence, except as a *nom-de-plume* for certain anonymous productions of the theatre. Mr. Bohn has added to his volume a wondrous list of books connected with the poet and his works, which will astound all but bibliographers or bibliomaniacs: it would form a very large library in itself, and should be begun in the poet's native town. Mr. Bohn has illustrated his volume with some good engravings, not the least interesting being a copy of the Droeshout portrait, by H. Robinson, which clearly proves the want of talent in the Dutch engraver as the chief objection to its favourable reception. Altogether this volume is a most valuable addition to our long list of Shakespeariana.

'EASTWARD HO! AUGUST, 1857.' 'HOME AGAIN, 1858.' Engraved by W. T. DAVEY, from the Pictures by H. O'Neil, A.R.A. Published by MOORE, MCQUEEN, & Co., London.

The pictures from which these engravings are made are too well known to require any description. They were among the most attractive works in the Royal Academy exhibitions when they hung there, not alone for their intrinsic merits, but because in those years, 1858 and 1859 respectively, the public feeling was all alive to every incident associated with the Indian war. Nor has it at this distance of time so far declined as to leave no interest attached to these paintings, which may be regarded as "national" pictures, for though they do not profess to represent any historic fact, they illustrate what might have taken place under the circumstances to which they refer. Each is, in truth, a passage of English history idealised.

It is well that such works, on account of the story they teach, should have a wider sphere of observation than the galleries of those gentlemen who are their fortunate possessors. We give a welcome, therefore, to these fine engravings, and predict for them what they deserve—an extensive popularity. Mr. Davey has produced a pair of mezzotinto prints forcible in effect, excellent in the distribution of light and shade, and with a considerable amount of delicacy in the treatment, especially of the faces, with which he evidently has taken great pains, and has been most successful in retaining the expression given to them by the painter. The engravings are large, but they "match" admirably, the arrangement of each composition adapting itself most fitly to the other, as if Mr. O'Neil had purposely intended that the two—whether as pictures or prints—should hang side by side.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Printed and published by F. FRITH, Reigate.

A printed notice accompanying these pictures informs us that Mr. Frith proposes to issue to subscribers of one guinea annually, for four years, a series of fifteen photographs, "by the best artists of the day." The first instalment is now on our table: a set of very beautiful views, selected with much judgment, and varied in character. Canterbury affords two, the fine old Christchurch Gateway, and the equally fine old Norman exterior staircase, leading, if we remember rightly, to what is now used as a grammar school. Another specimen of ancient architecture is the doorway of Barfreystone Church, Kent, one of the most striking photographs of the series. These three were photographed by Mr. Bedford. An interior view of a portion of Tintern Abbey, by Mr. Roger Fenton, though a little "foggy" in some of its details, is a forcible representation of that noble ruin. Mr. Rosling's view of Conway Castle is brilliant and picturesque, and his Falls of the Ogwen, North Wales, has a rugged grandeur about it which is most impressive. A doorway in Riveaux Abbey, and an interior view of the same venerable ruin, by Mr. Bedford—but especially the latter, show his perfect mastery over the processes employed to produce the pictures. There are three Yorkshire ruins by Mr. Fenton—all good, but the first supremely so: the Wharfe at Bolton Bridge, the "Stepping-Stones," Bolton Abbey, and a view on the Ribble. We have next three scenes by Mr. Rosling, in one of the most beautiful of our home counties, Surrey:—Betchworth Park, a closely-wooded kind of dell in winter-time, exquisitely manipulated; a view near Reigate, and another on the river Mole; the last beautiful in light and shade. 'The Confessional,' photographed by Mr. Goodman, is, we presume, from a painting. The priest is sitting in a recess of richly ornamented architecture, at the side of which, and seen through some open columnar work, is a young penitent on her knees. The composition is well put together.

The photographs are about eight inches by six in size, and are carefully mounted. When the whole sixty are complete, they will form a truly acceptable series, provided they are continued as begun, of which no doubt need be entertained.

TURNER'S ENGLAND AND WALES: a series of Photographic Copies, by C. C. and M. E. BERTOLACCHI. Part I. Published by them at 89, Great Portland Street, and for them by COLNAGHI & Co., Pall Mall, &c. &c.

The most famous, and certainly the most pleasant and profitable of all the engraved productions of the great landscape painter has long since been "out of print." The engravings were on copper, and therefore rapidly "wore out." We have here *facsimiles* taken from proof impressions, having all the sharpness and brilliancy of the original works. The collection will consist of ninety-six photographs, to be issued in six parts, each part to contain sixteen prints, produced at a comparatively small cost. The subjects are very varied—as varied, indeed, as is the scenery of England and Wales: fair valleys, high hills, rivers and sea coasts, harbours and towns, venerable remains of antiquity, ruined abbey and castles—in a word, we have the choicest pictures of the most interesting and impressive scenes our country supplies. The original work is well known, although few possess it. Its reproduction is a boon of magnitude to Art; and the publication is entitled to the favour and patronage it is destined to receive.

THE AUTOGRAPHIC MIRROR: containing Facsimiles of Documents, Letters, &c., by Sovereigns, Statesmen, Warriors, Divines, Historians, and others. Parts 1 to 5. Published at the office, 110, Strand.

To those who are collectors of autographs, but have not the means of acquiring all they desire; to those also who find an interest in the handwriting of distinguished individuals, independent of its subject, this publication will prove most acceptable. The lithographic process has here brought within the reach of all letters, &c., of men who are associated with a nation's, even with a world's, history; of those who have passed away from the scene of life's labours, and of those who are yet among the living. The import of much that is written may be comparatively valueless, but the handwriting itself cannot but be regarded, in most instances, with great interest. There are persons professing to determine the character and mental qualities of an individual merely from examining the style of his or her penmanship. We know of a lady who has made some very shrewd guesses in this way, concerning people of whom she has never seen or heard. We think, however, it would puzzle the most skilful professor of the art to pronounce with the least approximation to truth upon the characters of some of those whose correspondence appears in the pages before us. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that many of the most celebrated men wrote a clear, fine, and legible hand; for example, Washington, Nesselrode, Pitt, Fox, George IV., and others.

Some of the letters and papers here introduced have historic interest. There is one, however, from a living writer, which ought not to have been made public. It was evidently a private communication, never intended for any one but the person to whom it was addressed; and by whatever means it came into the hands of the editor of the "Autographic Mirror,"—and we have no doubt it was honourably obtained,—it should not, as containing a passage reflecting on the character of the writer himself, have been given to the world. This is the only blot we can discover in this most amusing, and not uninstructive publication. Such a "mistake" is not, we think, likely to occur again.

THE GOSSIPING PHOTOGRAPHER AT HASTINGS. By F. FRITH. Published by the Author, Reigate.

Hastings is as picturesque a watering-place as any to be found on the southern coast of England; and its neighbour, St. Leonard's, is a kind of Brighton on a very small scale. At no considerable distance are two other towns, once of some importance, Rye and Winchelsea, both still possessing numerous attractive objects for the artist. From these four places, Mr. Frith has culled a series of most pleasing photographs, and accompanies the pictures with a history and description of the towns, written in a semi-comic, semi-truthful style, which may amuse some readers, even if it does not afford them much instruction. But the "gossip" is not to our taste. The residents and visitors at St. Leonard's and Hastings are, generally, of the aristocratic order, with whom Mr. Frith's story is not likely to find much favour, whatever his pictures may do, and these merit all the compliments we can pay them. The best literary portion is his "Ballad of the Battle of Hastings," modelled on the style of the "Lays" of Macaulay and Aytoun. It is really a spirited composition, though occasionally marred by the defects alluded to in the prose. It requires the master-mind of a Tom Hood to travesty historical facts in truly unobjectionable language. The "Gossiping Photographer" makes its appearance in a handsome form, as regards binding and type.

ESSAYS ON FICTION. By NASSAU W. SENIOR. Published by LONGMAN & Co.

This volume is a collection of reviews. They possess great interest, not only as the productions of a philosophic scholar whose name is high among thinking men of letters, but as "records" of feelings excited by works of the master-spirits of the age, when they "first came out"—some of them nearly half a century ago, others the issues of a much later time. Thus we have reviews of Walter Scott's earlier novels, and of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," while those of Thackeray and Bulwer come between. They were chiefly contributions to the *Quarterly Review*. Our space permits us to do no more than refer to the sound and judicious views of the accomplished writer; and to the style, graceful and manly, by which these able reviews are distinguished.

MEMORIES: THE BEQUEST OF MY BOYHOOD. By EDMUND FALCONER. Published by TINSLEY BROTHERS.

A volume of poems by an actor and manager is a novelty at least. Mr. Falconer has produced two or three plays of rare excellence, and established a right to prominent rank among authors. There have been few modern comedies so good as "Woman," written by him, and represented under his management at the Lyceum theatre. Here he appears in another guise. These poems are the compositions of a refined and graceful nature. Some of them are, indeed, very beautiful, and may take place beside those of poets better known. The themes are rather solemn and impressive than light or trivial, while there is manifest in the whole of them a lofty and often a religious spirit.